THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

Vol. LXXXVII, No. 11 New York, December 12, 1925 Whole Number 1860

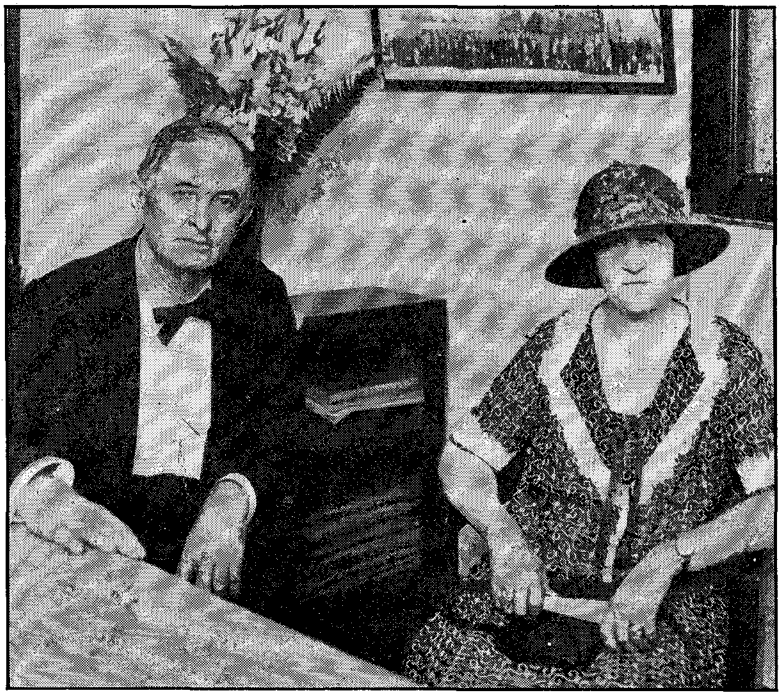
TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

A TEXAS TWISTER BREWING FOR "MA" FERGUSON

THE TERRIFYING SIGHT of an approaching tornado whirling assorted live stock, farm implements, and the wreckage of barns and houses through the air, seems duplicated in the political twister menacing Gov. Miriam Amanda Ferguson of Texas, as we discern, churning and tossing about, through the din and confusion, charges of wasting public money, of grossly abusing the pardoning power, and of failing to enforce the Prohibition Law. We also glimpse amid the flying débris the question of woman's fitness for high office, and the specter of the Ku Klux Klan.

It was an anti-Klan campaign, it will be remembered, that carried Mrs. Ferguson into the Governorship less than a year ago. So it is not surprizing that her first comment on the demand for a special session of the Legislature to investigate certain phases of her Administration with a view to possible impeachment proceedings was: "I guess the Klan is trying to discredit my Administration." But it is interesting to note that the leader of the anti-Ferguson forces, Attorney-General Dan Moody, is himself a famous foe of the Klan, having sent a number of Klansmen to the penitentiary by his vigorous prosecution of a flogging case; and that many others who call for a special investigatory session are no less hostile to a Klan domination of Texas than Governor Ferguson herself. "If Mrs. Ferguson wants to locate the enemy that has done more to make trouble for her Administration than all the Klansmen between the two oceans, she can find him in her own family circle," says the Houston *Post-Dispatch*, a Texas paper which predicted during the campaign that if Mrs. Ferguson should be elected, the State actually would be governed by her husband, the impeached ex-Gov. James E. Ferguson. Believing its prophecy fulfilled, this paper now declares that if Texas is ever again to welcome a married woman as Governor, "we must first have a law for a State allowance for her husband of $10,000 a year, and require him to leave for a two-year trip around the world on Inauguration Day." In the Texas capital, where "Jim" Ferguson has been referred to as "Mussolini the Second," the Austin *American* affirms that "the six million people of Texas do not hold Gov. Miriam A. Ferguson personally responsible, because she is the Governor in name only." But the same paper thinks it "fair to assume that the majority of the people in Texas do desire that former Gov. James E. Ferguson cease to function as Governor of Texas and that he retire as far as possible from participation in the affairs of government." Leaders of the feminist movement in Texas, the Austin correspondents tell us, have little sympathy with Governor "Ma" Ferguson in her political troubles, which they say she has brought on her own head by her acceptance of the rôle of "slave wife" and figurehead. An Austin dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* quotes Mrs. Kate G. Winston, State treasurer of the National Woman's party, as saying:



P. & A. photograph

"JIM" AND "MA"

Former Gov. James E. Ferguson, of Texas, and his wife, Gov. Miriam A. Ferguson. When asked to call a special session of the Legislature to investigate her Administration, she is reported as saying: "Let them assemble if they want to. Let them start something. I'll still be here at the finish. They want me to throw myself to the wolves. Not on your life! I know them too well. I was born and raised with them. I know them."

> "This is not a case of a woman failing in public office. Mrs. Ferguson was elected as a figurehead and she has served as a figurehead. She never has really been in public office. A thing like this could never happen again in a thousand years—a situation in which a woman with little interest in civic affairs is elected. Why, there are many women in Texas with a fine grasp upon governmental affairs and with natural ability who would have made excellent Governors.
>
> "This case must not be taken by the rest of the country as an example of the Texas women in government or as a test of women in public office."

And in the New York *World* Miss Edith Johnson, another prominent Texas feminist, is quoted as saying:

"Feminist leaders are logical in their repudiation of her, for no woman could have played the rôle of tool for her husband more convincingly than she. She had a chance to win the admiration of the whole country, but as an old-fashioned slave-wife, the prospect is that by her weakness she will defeat both herself and her hero, Jim."

The real fight in Texas, as the Milwaukee *Journal* sees it, is "to put an end to the Governorship by proxy of an impeached Governor who has hidden behind his wife's skirts." According to this Wisconsin paper, "Mrs. Ferguson refers to her husband as her 'adviser,' but the word at the capitol is 'See Jim.'" Let us glance back at some of the events leading up to this situation.

James E. Ferguson, serving his second term as Governor in 1917, was impeached on the charge of mishandling State funds. Last year his wife entered the gubernatorial race "to vindicate her husband," and was elected, taking office in January of this year. She was the first woman to be elected Governor in the United States. One of her earliest public acts was to sign an amnesty bill restoring his civil and political rights to Jim.

For a time all seemed to be going well with "Ma" Ferguson's Administration. But during recent weeks rumblings of a gathering storm began to reach the outside world, culminating in serious charges against the Highway Commission, the most powerful of the State boards. This commission controls the spending of about $20,000,000 for building, improving, and maintaining highways. It consisted of three members, appointed by Governor Ferguson, but two of them resigned after Attorney-General Moody began action for the annulment of some of their contracts. Tho not a member of this board, James E. Ferguson, it is said, had been in the habit of attending its meetings. Says Harvey Anderson in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Austin:

> "Extravagance is the prime charge against the Commission. The fight, which resulted in the unseating of Jim Ferguson nine years ago, started in the highway department and over the use of funds. The fight on his wife, who ran for office just to vindicate him, has begun in the same place."

When the Governor was first approached with the suggestion that she call a special session to investigate the actions of the Highway Commission, she replied: "Go to the grand jury with your charges. If there is guilt, then that body can indict and bring to trial." Later the Speaker of the House, Lee Satterwhite, in response to a petition signed by fifty members, announced his intention to call a special session if the Governor failed to act. This petition was prompted by charges that "State money is being wasted in enormous sums." Because Texas receives more than $4,500,000 a year from the Federal Government for roads, a Federal investigation of the Highway Commission's contracts has also been begun.

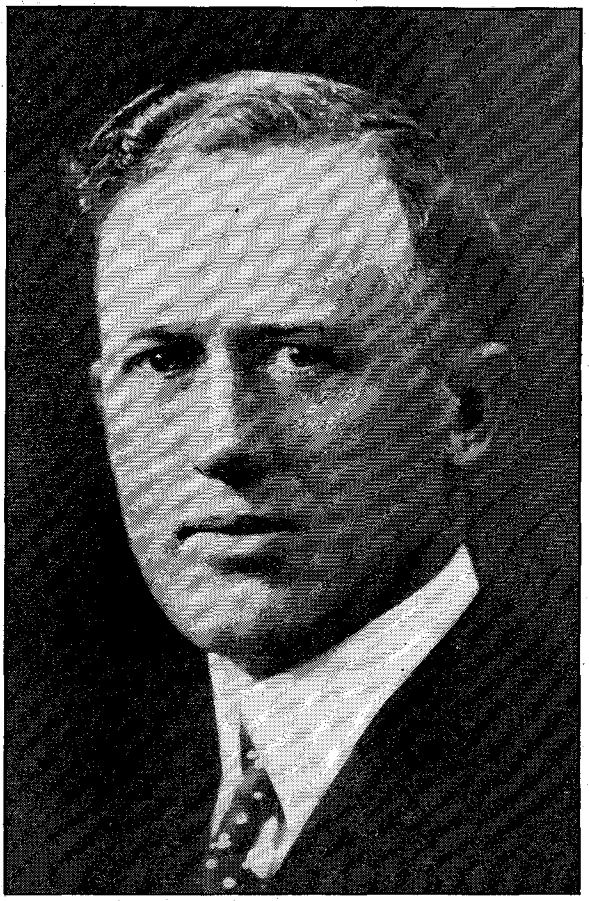
One road-making corporation sued by Attorney-General Moody abandoned its defense and agreed to disgorge $600,000. If the work contracted for by this company had been completed on the terms made with it by the Highway Commission, says the Attorney-General, its profit would have been $1,800,000 on a $2,600,000 job.

From James E. Ferguson, however, we get a different version of Mr. Moody's dealings with this corporation. "As a result of the great legal gymnastics of the youthful Attorney-General," says Mr. Ferguson, "the State will sustain a loss of $1,800,000" on this particular contract. These figures are based on estimates of what it would have cost the corporation to fulfil its contract, and of what it will now cost the State to get the work finished. Mr. Moody calls them "an attempt to throw a smoke-screen over the highway scandal."

But the case against Governor Ferguson, her critics remind us, does not end with the question of road contracts. On Thanksgiving Day, we are told, she released 105 prison inmates, bringing the total number of pardons issued during her Administration to 1,126, making an average of more than 100 a month. "Ma Ferguson's pardoning exploits indicate that in Texas the quality of mercy is not strained—or even sifted," comments the New York *Herald Tribune*. The Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* remarks: "If so many Texas convicts may reasonably be adjudged 'worthy,' what is to be thought of justice in the Lone Star State?" And in Texas the Houston *Post-Dispatch* comments as follows on the Governor's 105 Thanksgiving pardons:

> "The people of Texas have been good to Mrs. Ferguson. They bestowed upon her the highest honor within their gift. When she came with a plea for a chance to vindicate her family name, they granted her that chance.
>
> "How does she repay the people of the State? While the people were gathering in their temples of worship and in their homes to express their gratitude for the good things that had come to them during the year, the Governor of their State was opening the prison doors and bidding a horde of murderers, rapists, liquor-law violators, thieves, and other enemies of society, to come forth and go their way.
>
> "It is worth while to analyze that list of clemency proclamations. Approximately half of those who received pardons, conditional pardons or paroles, had been convicted of the most heinous offenses in the category of crime.
>
> "Twenty-two of the number were serving time for the killing of fellow human beings. Six had been convicted of criminal assault. Thirty-one had been sentenced for burglary, theft or robbery, and twenty-five for violation of the liquor laws. The others were guilty of a variety of offenses.
>
> "These are the Thanksgiving gifts of the Governor of Texas to the people of the State—105 proven criminals, all in a bunch.
>
> "Small wonder it is that crime increases and thoughtful, patriotic citizens verge upon despair when they survey the prevalence of lawlessness."

The Texas conference of the Methodist Church, South, recently accused the public officials of Texas, "from constable up to the seat of authority in the Governor's chair," of "winking


Keystone View Company photograph

LEADER OF THE ANTI-FERGUSON FORCES

Attorney-General Dan Moody, whose charges against the Texas Highway Department led to the demand for a special session to investigate Governor Ferguson's Administration.

Drury College Libra
Springfield, Misso

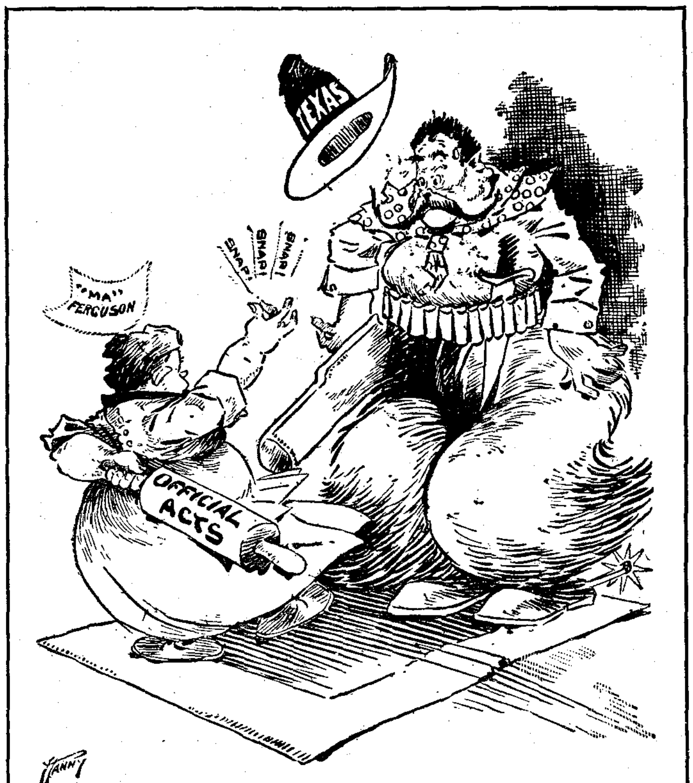
at wide-spread breaking of the Prohibition Law." The Governor, declaring that in Texas the rich drink their liquor unmolested while the poor are sent to jail, issued a formal statement offering a reward of $500 for the arrest and conviction of any person violating the Prohibition Law, provided that person was worth $5,000 or more. She also accused the owner of a Texas newspaper of having been intoxicated at a football game, and called upon him to resign from the board of directors of the Texas Technological College. At about this time the Governor's colored butler, a paroled convict, was arrested on the charge of being a bootlegger.

The storm that is raging around the Ferguson Administration, we are assured by the Governor's husband, is stimulated by "wicked liars." In an article written in Austin by a staff correspondent of the New York *Times*, we find this explanation of "Ma" Ferguson's pardon program:

> "In her pardoning and paroling of more than a thousand penitentiary convicts she has carried out her preelection promise, as announced by her husband. Ferguson took the position that there were a great many men and women in prison who were deserving of pardons or paroles. During the four years that her predecessor, Gov. Pat M. Neff, was in office, only about fifty pardons were issued."

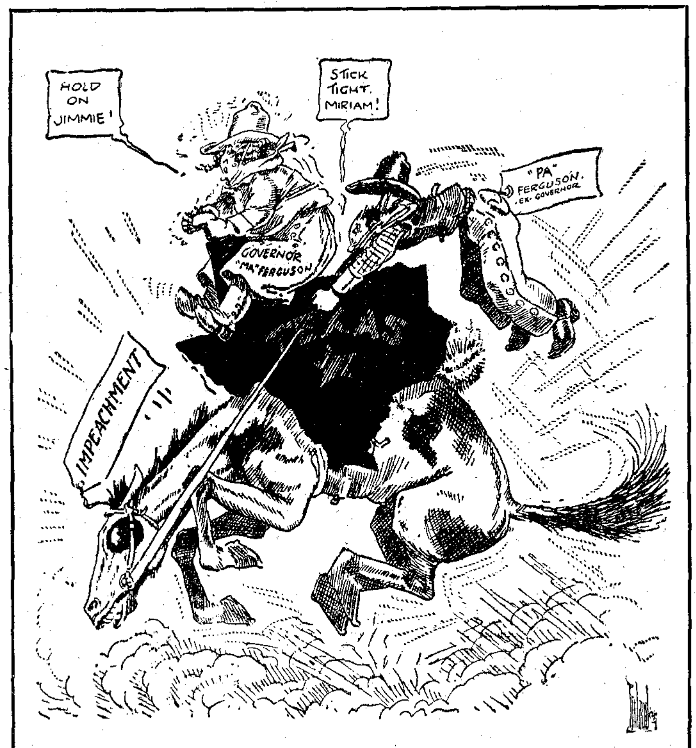
The road contract scandals were the greater shock, remarks the Houston *Chronicle*, because the rest of the Ferguson Administration's record seemed so good. Here, according to this Texas daily, is the picture before the storm-clouds gathered:

> "The Administration started well. We were assured that the deficit of over $3,000,000 handed the Fergusons by the retiring Governor would be wiped out before the first year ended.
>
> "There were no more prison scandals, and the penitentiary system was put on a cash basis for the first time in eight years. The farms made bountiful crops, all debts were paid, and we proudly recorded the fact that the Fergusons had made good.
>
> "Harmony prevailed throughout the State. The Ku Klux Klan, which had been permitted to terrorize all Texas during the Neff Administration, had been forced to recognize the law. The courts and the constabulary of Texas were once more supreme.
>
> "The State was on a cash basis. There was an assurance that by next year the Ferguson Administration would be able to announce a substantial reduction in the tax rate.
>
> "There was a belief that finally Texas had a real business administration."



Copyrighted, 1925, by the Philadelphia Inquirer Company

HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN FROM HER
—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.



THE FERGUSON FAMILY HORSE
—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

"The Ferguson Administration has, in many respects, been one of the best Texas has enjoyed in many years," says the Wichita Falls *Times*, and the chairman of the Farm Labor Political Conference telegraphs us as follows:

> "The Fergusons took over the State in a bankrupt condition last January. Now the State is on a cash basis, and if the Ferguson Administration is not hampered, they will correct the highway muddle."

But we hear also hostile voices in the Texas press. "'Ma' Ferguson will be known in history as Texas' first woman Governor, but the memory will not be a fond one for the State," remarks the Amarillo *News*. "Attorney-General Dan Moody has accomplished the best single service for the State of Texas during the last ten years in breaking up the State highway scandal," says the Waco *News-Tribune*. "Mr. Moody's must not be the only official broom devoted to a clean-sweeping law enforcement," remarks the San Antonio *Express*, which is convinced of the need of a special session. The Dallas *Dispatch* suggests that the Governor should follow the example of her Highway Commissioners and resign. The Governor made a "monumental blunder" in the first place in trying to frustrate the efforts of the Attorney-General, remarks the Dallas *News*. Texas, thinks the Dallas *Times-Herald*, had little reason to expect good results from "an election won by prejudice." And in the San Antonio *American Forum*, a Klan organ, we read: "The people of Texas sowed to the wind last year because of manufactured prejudice against the Klan. They are now reaping the whirlwind."

The Houston *Press*, which claims to have been the first paper in the State to attack the Highway Department, warns the opponents of the Fergusons that they "must be careful not to go too far" and make a martyr of their first woman Governor. Says this paper: "Ferguson has turned one impeachment to his own advantage, and he may make political capital out of an attack upon his wife that oversteps itself."

THE COMING AVIATION FIGHT IN CONGRESS

ONE OF THE LIVELIEST BABIES ever laid on the Congressional door-step was howling loudly when Congress came back home for its winter session, to find the aviation squabble again on its hands, observes one interested editor. The chief issue in all the mass of reports and recommendations on the subject is the sharp difference of opinion between the House committee, which has been investigating aviation, and the President's committee, headed by Mr. Morrow. The Lambert committee believes in uniting our sea, land, and air forces in a new Department of National Defense; the Morrow committee declares flatly against this.

International Newsreel photograph

WE ARE SAFE FROM AIR ATTACK

Says Dwight W. Morrow, head of the President's Aircraft Board, which reports that we need not despair about our air forces, and declares against a single Department of National Defense.

"If President Coolidge should lean more upon the report of the Air Board than upon that of the House committee, the air problem may remain up in the air for some time to come," remarks the Asheville *Times*. So Congress, according to the correspondents, will spend much of its time this session hotly debating not only aviation but the whole subject of national defense. And as if this were not enough, says Walker S. Buel, Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, acrimonious controversy rages about two personalities in the situation: Secretary of the Navy Wilbur and Col. William Mitchell, of the Army Air Service. In the new phase of the controversy, thinks the Philadelphia *Record*, Colonel Mitchell will be replaced as the central figure by the Secretary of the Navy.

The Morrow report, made public just before Congress met, while condemning united defense and a single aviation department, recommended assistant secretaryships of War, Navy and Commerce to handle aviation matters, called for the encouragement of commercial aviation, and suggested certain reforms in the ranking of Army and Navy airmen. In general the papers look upon the Morrow report as conservative, and a compromise. It is also, says the New York *Tribune's* Washington correspondent, a complete repudiation of Col. William Mitchell; "a rebuke," is the New York *World's* phrase. But the Chicago *Tribune* insists that, "in so far as any changes at all are recommended, the report must be considered a vindication of the Colonel." Evidently, says the Brooklyn *Citizen*, "in rejecting the plans suggested by Colonel Mitchell and General Patrick, the views of the bureaucracy were considered more important than those of the experienced aviation men." And the Newark *News* thinks that all the logic is in favor of the Lambert committee's position and against that of the Morrow report:

"In strict logic, this appearance of a third arm in the national service, used by both the older branches and auxiliary to, if not coordinate with, them in importance, suggests the single department. The airplane moves in the common medium of the air and seems to end the old distinction between land- and water-fighting. We already coordinate the older services under the President as commander-in-chief. Now there are three services, and no one can tell which is the most important, why not effect a permanent coordination through a deputy to the President, with appropriate sub-departments?"

But to the New York *World* the Mitchell plan "was essentially a plan to starve the auxiliary services and to build up an immense and threatening aerial armament." It rejoices that this plan was turned down by the committee, for it believes it "was strategically unsound, economically wasteful, and in international affairs dangerous. It offered no real solution of the legitimate grievances of the airmen, and at the end very few airmen actually supported the Mitchell plan." When the Morrow findings are accepted, the country, predicts the Providence *News*, "will have reason to rejoice that the commission has not recommended the setting up of a new bureaucracy with all the possibilities for interservice bickering that it would have." It seems to the New York *Herald Tribune* that the Morrow committee, "wants to build up, not to tear down." For—

"Recognition is given to the obvious fact that dissatisfaction with the present régime arises largely from rank and promotion grievances. The single promotion list is the chief source of complaint. The board favors modifying it for the Army by introducing an infiltration scheme whereby aviation officers may become General-Staff officers without passing the examinations now required. In the Navy aviation officers who came in during the Great War are to be made extra numbers, and aircraft carriers are to be commanded by aviation officers who have had the necessary naval training. Additional assistant secretaries for the War, Navy and Commerce Departments are to be appointed, to have charge of military and commercial flying. These recommendations are an obvious effort to end conditions which have been irksome to the flying personnel. The flying personnel is entitled to the most liberal treatment."

Separate air services in the War and Navy Departments, we read in a United News dispatch from Washington, are, in effect, recommended in the call for the appointment of assistant secretaries to handle the aviation problems of the Army, the Navy, and commerce. "Similarly interested," agrees the Brooklyn *Times*, "the three assistant secretaries will inevitably draw together in their work, and the progress toward concert of action and final unison will be stimulated by the work they are doing."

The striking thing, to the Troy *Record*, in the report of the Morrow committee, is this: "If any one man is responsible for securing action, that man is Colonel Mitchell." While Colonel Mitchell may need disciplining for his attitude toward his superior officers, the Asheville *Times* thinks that "he has rendered a good service to his country by bringing to a head all the discontent and honest dissatisfaction with the administration of the Air Service in the Army and Navy. He has caused the President, the Cabinet, and the country to think about aviation as never before; and for whatever improvements in conditions may now be achieved, to Colonel Mitchell, more than any other man, will be due the credit."

The suggestion of an Assistant Secretary of Commerce to promote and regulate commercial aviation seems especially valuable to the New Haven *Register*, which says:

"Commercial aviation is destined to fill a place in this country of equal or of greater importance than the place occupied by military or naval aviation. Of that fact there can be no doubt. The appointment of a special officer in the Department of Commerce to look after commercial aviation affairs would be fitting, not only because of the duties that should be performed by that Department with regard to commercial aviation, but because it would tend to encourage the proper development of the business of commercial aviation."

The President's Aircraft Board was appointed in September and held hearings for some four weeks. It was composed of Dwight W. Morrow, Maj.-Gen. James G. Harbord (retired), Admiral Frank F. Fletcher (retired), Howard E. Coffin, Senator Hiram Bingham, Representative Carl Vinson, James S. Parker, Judge Arthur C. Denison, and William F. Durand. It handed in unanimous conclusions on December 2. The report is divided into two sections. In the first, certain questions are stated and answered (in part) as follows:

"1. In determining an aviation policy for the United States Government, what should be the relation between the military and civilian services?

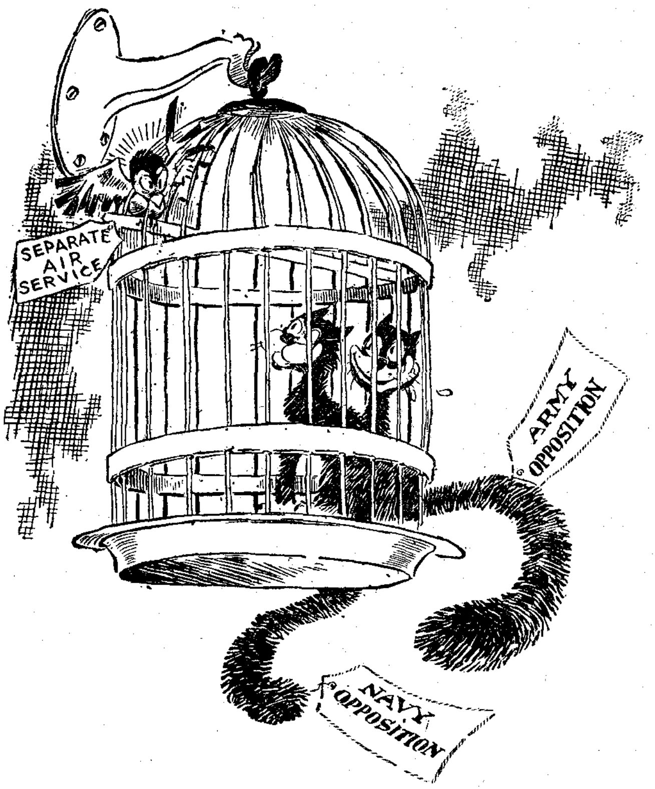
"Our answer to this question is that they should remain distinctly separate.

"2. How can the civilian use of aircraft be promoted?

"We recommend that provision be made for a Bureau of Air Navigation under an additional Assistant Secretary of Commerce. We recommend the progressive extension of the Air Mail Service, preferably by contract, and also that steps be taken to meet the manifest need for airways and air navigation facilities, including an adequate weather service.

"3. What should be the military air policy of the United States?

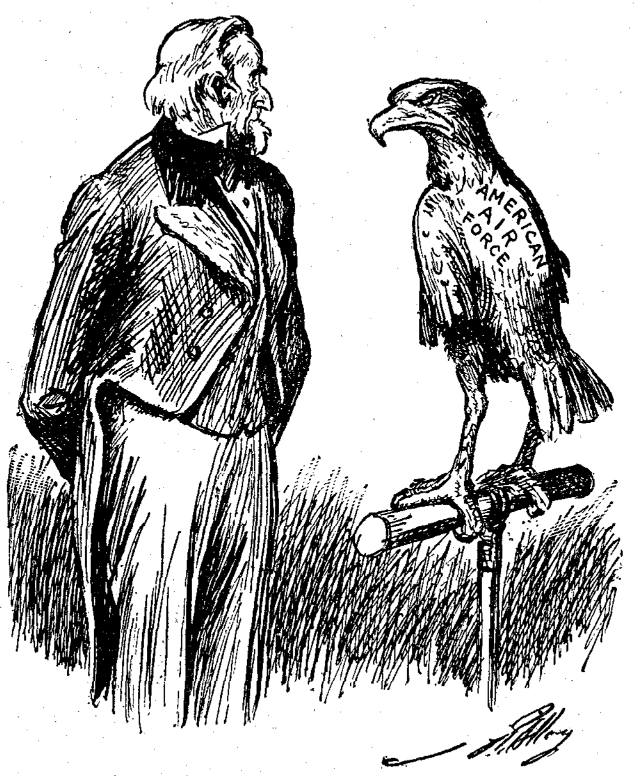
"So far as naval warfare is concerned, . . . our general policy should be to maintain our naval aviation in due relation to the fleet.



Copyrighted, 1925, by the Philadelphia Inquirer Company

ITS FUTURE ISN'T VERY PROMISING

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.



"WELL, HE DOES LOOK A LITTLE PUNY, CONSIDERIN'!"

—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*.

"Our national policy calls for the establishment of the air strength of our Army primarily as an agency of defense. Protected, as the United States is, by broad oceans from possible enemies, . . . there is no present reason for apprehension of any invasion from overseas directly by way of the air.

"4. Is the United States in danger by air attack from any potential enemy of menacing strength?

"Our answer to this question is No.

"5. Should there be a Department of National Defense under which should be grouped all the military defensive organizations of the Government?

"The disadvantages outweigh the advantages.

"6. Should there be formed a separate department for air, coordinate with the present Departments of War and Navy?

"Our answer is No. Modern military and naval operations can not be effectively conducted without such services acting as integral parts of a single command."

The report then turns to the consideration of the aviation needs of the Army and Navy. Army air personnel and matériel are found to compare favorably with those of other nations. It is suggested that the name Air Service be changed to Air Corps; that Army air matters be under the supervision of an additional Assistant Secretary of War; that flyers be represented on the General Staff; and that the regulations be changed to allow more suitable advancement for flyers. No fault is found with Navy personnel or matériel. The appointment of an additional Assistant Secretary of the Navy to handle naval aviation is recommended; as is also the representation of naval aviators on the high supervisory boards and reform in the present system of giving commands and rankings to naval flyers.

The salient features of the Lambert committee's report are thus stated in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times:*

"A recommendation for the creation of a Department of National Defense.

"Rejection of the plan of Col. William Mitchell for a separate air service, with a plea instead for united defense.

"Criticism of the old order in the War and Navy Departments for treating aviation and flying men improperly since the World War.

"Establishment of a single system of procurement for all the air services in the interest of economy."

AMERICAN BUSINESS SAVING $500,000,000 A YEAR

"ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE public documents ever issued by any government is the recent annual report of Secretary of Commerce Hoover," says the Detroit *News*. "It is also the most gratifying," adds the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*. Such a conservative paper as the Brooklyn *Eagle* estimates that American business men, through the cooperation and initiative of the Department of Commerce, are saving the staggering sum of $500,000,000 a year as a result of improved business methods. "Neither Secretary Hoover nor his department is entitled to receive credit for all of this saving," points out the Brooklyn paper, "but the Department's well-organized campaign against waste in industry was an important factor."

Some of the accomplishments noted are greater efficiency of the railroads, a 60 per cent. increase in electric generating capacity, wider provision and use of business statistics as a stabilizing influence, reducing speculation in commodities, the expansion of industrial research, the extension of the building season in the construction industries, and millions saved through "simplified practise." In the opinion of the Minneapolis *Journal*, Mr. Hoover "is the ablest administrator that the United States has had in its service since Alexander Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury."

GAINS OF THE HOOVER RÉGIME

The eleven major directions outlined four years ago by Secretary Hoover, and what has been accomplished, are thus set forth by his assistants, according to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

" '1. Elimination of waste in railway transportation by the provision of adequate facilities and better methods.

" '2. Vigorous improvement of our natural interior water channels for cheaper transportation of bulk commodities.

" '3. Enlarged electrification of the country for the saving in fuel, effort and labor.

" '4. Reduction of the periodic waves of unemployment due to the booms and slumps of the "business cycle."

" '5. Improved statistical services as a contribution to the elimination of hazard in business and, therefore, of wasteful speculation.

" '6. Reduction of seasonal employment in construction and other industries, and intermittent employment in such industries as bituminous coal.

" '7. Reduction of waste in manufacture and distribution through the establishment of grades, standards of quality, dimensions and performance in non-style articles of commerce; through the simplification in dimensions of many articles of manufacture, and the reduction of unnecessary varieties; through more uniform business documents.

" '8. Development of scientific industrial and economic research as the foundation of genuine labor-saving devices, better processes and sounder methods.

" '9. Development of cooperative marketing and better terminal facilities in agricultural products in order to reduce the waste in agricultural distribution.

" '10. Stimulation of commercial arbitration in order to eliminate the wastes of litigation.

" '11. Reduction of the waste arising from industrial strife between employers and employees.' "

Mr. Hoover, notes the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "has the most useful mind now engaged in the public service." "By cooperating with business without interfering with it, he has contributed a good share to what he describes in his report as 'one of the most astonishing transformations in economic history,' " declares the New York *Sun*. "This period ushered in the highest 'real wage' in American history—a wage measured not merely by the number of dollars the worker receives, but by the things he can buy with the dollars." As the Detroit *News* explains:

> "Mr. Hoover has been in office a little more than four years. In that time he has elevated a relatively unimportant Cabinet position to one of major rank, by creating opportunities for endeavor and following them up with all the resources at his disposal. Other Secretaries in times past have had the same resources, but they lacked Mr. Hoover's vision, his organizing ability, and his passion for obtaining results.
>
> "It was freely predicted after the war ended that the United States was threatened by an industrial slump. Europe, with its cheap labor, would undersell American goods all over the world, and might penetrate America herself, regardless of her tariff wall. The American foreign market, built up during the war, would be lost; America would produce for herself alone; there would be hard times, and a vast contraction of industry.
>
> "But there has been nothing of the sort, for the simple reason that Hoover saw the threat to our prosperity. Instead, however, of giving up to pessimism and fear, he worked out the answer. That answer lay in elimination of waste; in greater efficiency; not in cutting wages, but in raising them, so that contented labor would do better work.
>
> "In four years the average weekly car loadings have increased nearly 40 per cent., the number of car miles per day 20 per cent., the average trainload 11 per cent., the ton-miles handled by each employee 22 per cent. The Department of Commerce could not have secured these results without the cooperation of the railways and the shippers; but it was Mr. Hoover's persuasiveness that brought about that cooperation and achieved the results."

Between 1914 and 1923, Mr. Hoover's figures show, the manufacturing output of the United States has increased by fully 60 per cent. In the same years the number of wage-earners employed in this manufacturing output has increased by only 25 per cent. That is, it took only one-fourth as many additional workers in 1923 to perform three-fifths as much additional work. The use of horse-power has increased by 50 per cent. in the same period. Horse-power, intelligent use of the forces of nature, increased adaptivity and expertness on the part of machines, increased vigilance against unnecessary waste, increased intelligence and skill on the part of a great army of workmen who manage the machines—these things, according to Mr. Hoover, account for the amazing progress which American industry has to its credit in the last decade.

Since Mr. Hoover took charge of the Department of Commerce, says a New York *Herald Tribune* summary of the report:

> "Through a committee appointed by Mr. Hoover activity of a large number of contractors on operations throughout the country averaged about a third greater during the three winter months of 1924 than in previous years. The far-reaching practical effect of such developments has been demonstrated during the last year, when the total amount of construction reached a value of more than $6,000,000,000, the highest in our history.
>
> "Our electrical generating capacity increased from 14,280,000 kilowatts in 1920 to over 23,000,000 kilowatts in 1925, an increase of 60 per cent. The development of water-powers connected to electrical systems has been particularly active. Of the total of 8,300,000 horse-power now developed and connected to these systems, 2,500,000 horse-power, or 30 per cent. has been set to work in this period.
>
> "A saving of more than 50,000,000 tons of coal by power plants between 1919 and 1924 is reported. To this can be added the saving of some 6,000,000 tons from the water-power put into operation, making a total of 56,000,000 tons saved.
>
> "Ray M. Hudson, chief of the Bureau of Simplified Practise, contributed a series of estimates as to annual savings made in industry by the reduction in types of articles produced, and general standardization. These amount to $1,000,000 in paving brick, $2,400,000 in sheet steel, $4,500,000 in steel reinforcing bars, $5,500,000 in range boilers, $10,000,000 in builders' hardware, and as much as $200,000,000 in lumber."

Statistics compiled by the Department of Labor are quoted by Secretary Hoover to back up his statements. These show that, using 100 as the average pre-war level, in 1913, the wage rates and wholesale prices here and in Great Britain were as follows:

UNITED STATES			GREAT BRITAIN		
Year	*Wages*	*Prices*	*Year*	*Wages*	*Prices*
1920	199	226	1920	230	283
1921	205	147	1921	260	181
1922	193	149	1922	200	159
1923	211	154	1923	170	162
1924	228	150	1924	170	174

Thus we have had in the United States since 1920 an era of sharply rising wage levels accompanied by an equally sharp decrease in the average of wholesale commodity prices. In Great Britain, on the other hand, wholesale prices have decreased, but with them wages have gone tumbling downward until they are far below the 1920 peak. Mr. Hoover also declared that Prohibition, notable advances in science, and improvement in methods of management were among the contributing factors to a situation which spelled prosperity for the United States.

As the accomplishments of the Department of Commerce are summarized by Mark Sullivan in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Mr. Hoover, during these five years, called more than 900 separate conferences of trades and industries at Washington and set up more than 200 committees, which are still at work. By cooperation among the railroads and between railroads and shippers such promptness of service was brought about that merchants and manufacturers have almost got out of the way of keeping large stocks of goods on hand. Since goods in warehouses or in transit are goods out of use, the saving by this one case of systematized cooperation is enormous.

"By cooperation between builders and the lumber, steel, cement and other industries that provide building materials the seasonal character of building operations was modified and extended.

"One result of this cooperation has been the avoidance of post-war depression, or at least the postponement and softening of it. Another result has been the introduction throughout the whole business structure of America of that new thing in economics, that social innovation which Ford achieved in his manufacture of automobiles, namely, raising the wages of labor while at the same time lowering the price of the product.

"If wages in 1920 be regarded as $1, they had risen by 1924 to $1.14. If the average wholesale price of commodities in 1920 be regarded as $1, then by 1924 they had gone down to 66 cents. That is to say, labor got more dollars for its work and at the same time got more goods for each dollar.

"There was never in all history, in any country or at any time, such a production of goods accompanied by such a diffusion of them. There was never such a democratization of goods, never such an enrichment of the average man, who to-day has access to far more material goods, comforts, conveniences, and luxuries than the richest men had as recently as the lifetime of Abraham Lincoln. . . .

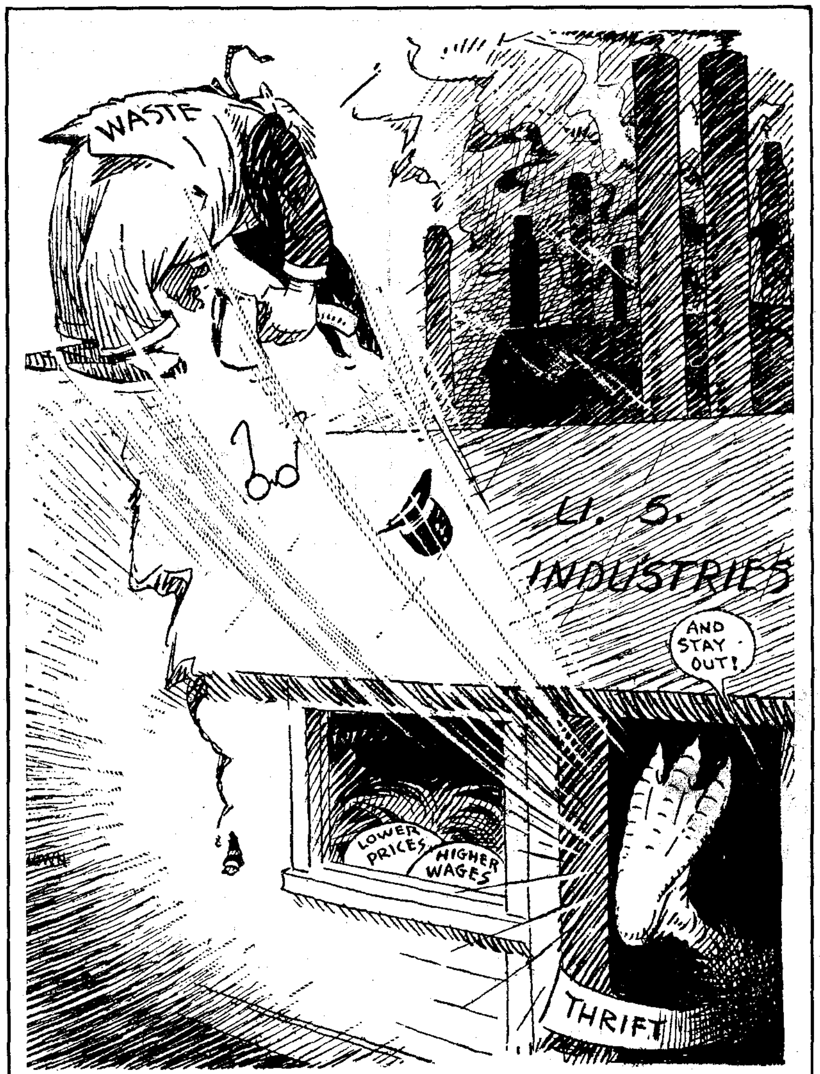
"If all this were the news of a sensational gold discovery it would go on the first page, and recall to older readers the streaming headlines of the Klondike gold rush. Yet all the gold taken from the Klondike during the seven years its richness lasted was less than $100,000,000, whereas the 'astonishing economic transformations' recorded in this Commerce Department report constitute an enrichment of America amounting probably to at least $500,000,000 in a single year."

The New York *World,* on the other hand, declares that Mr. Hoover, in his report, "falls into the same error made by President Coolidge in his speech before the Chamber of Commerce here. He compares wage rates with wholesale prices, a wholly misleading procedure, as wage-earners do not buy at wholesale." Continues this paper:

"In the second place, what he calls an index of wages is only an index for certain classes of union labor and is far from being representative of wages paid to labor as a whole.

"This index, prepared by the Department of Labor, covers only some 700,000 skilled workers, and is accurate enough so far as it goes, but because it shows that the wages of these groups are higher than in 1920 it is an obvious error to jump to the conclusion that this is true for wage-earners throughout the country. In fact, compilations of wages of common labor made by this same department show that the average for this class of workers is 22 per cent. below that for 1920.

"Mr. Hoover also fails to take account of the number of employed at the different dates in estimating labor's purchasing power. Official figures show that the number of employed in New York is about 18 per cent. less than in 1920; in Massachusetts the decrease in numbers on factory payrolls has been 22 per cent. since that year, and in New Jersey there has been a decline of 12 per cent. since 1923."



Copyrighted, 1925, by the New York Tribune, Inc.

THE MODERN GOOSE THAT LAYS GOLDEN EGGS

—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

In a second editorial, headed: "Much Done—And Much Left To Do," *The World* reminds us that—.

"Overcrowded cities continue to grow more overcrowded and less habitable; industry continues to concentrate itself needlessly and disastrously at a few central points; farms lose population steadily to the cities; not one farm in forty has been supplied with electric energy in this electric age; armies of migratory labor tramp the countryside; housing in cities is poor enough for many people to constitute a national disgrace; transportation, for all that it has cost, is still in its first stages as a public service.

"So runs the record even of a first few of those economic problems which a favorable balance of efficiency in our factories should not be permitted to obscure. America, as Mr. Hoover shows in his report, is prosperous and wealthy. All the better argument for an attack upon those problems which no wise nation can successfully ignore."

TRUST-BUSTING THE MOVIES

THE MOTION-PICTURE "TRUST" as *Simon Legree*, cracking his slave whip over the poor movie-house owner or lessee (*Uncle Tom*), who cowers beneath the lash, with the Federal Trade Commission putting on the show at Washington, is the up-to-date version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" visualized by Arthur Sears Henning, Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, in the attempt of the Commission to rescue the small exhibitor and curb the practises of the "trust." The case, which has been pending since 1921, presents an issue which holds far-reaching potentialities for the entire motion-picture business, in the opinion of the Washington *Star*. Fourth among the industries of the United States in the amount of its invested capital; with a daily attendance of 15,000,000 persons and annual receipts of $1,000,000,000; with an investment larger than the capitalization of the United States Steel Corporation, the seventeen-year-old film industry thus comes under its baptism of governmental fire, as have the oil, tobacco, and steel industries before it.

According to counsel for the Federal Trade Commission, the ownership of theaters by film producers and distributers is an "unfair method of competition." Counsel for the movie interests, on the other hand, point to the petroleum, gasoline, and automobile industries, which not only produce their wares, but distribute them throughout the country, and finally dispose of them to the ultimate consumer. That, they claim, is exactly what the great film interests are doing—selling pictures to the public at retail, instead of through a middleman. The legal controversy, which apparently is not taken very seriously by Mr. Henning, is thus outlined in a dispatch to his paper:

"There is no want of plot and action in this actual tragedy of the films, according to the presentation of the case against Adolph Zukor (president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation) and his associates by W. H. Fuller, chief counsel for the Commission.

"Once all was serene and peaceful in the old town, according to the Fuller scenario. The townspeople were happy and free. They paid a nickel or a dime, mayhap, for the laughs and thrills they got from the silver screen. The exhibitors who owned or leased the little movie houses were contented with a fair reward for honest endeavor. But little did they reck what was being cunningly plotted to blot the joy from this idyllic scene, to still the prattling of innocent children, and do a deed more dastardly than any yet depicted by scenario or caption.

"'Comes the morn,' and we perceive that the old town is not what it was. Joy is fled. The people are sad. The exhibitors are paying more for their pictures and hardly making both ends meet, and the patrons are digging deep for the price of their thrills and laughs.

"Whose foul work is this? We naturally inquire and Mr. Fuller promptly flashes the caption, 'Adolph Zukor, the arch villain.' At last Zukor has the motion-picture industry in his power, according to Mr. Fuller, and, tho she begs him to spare her cheild, the villain still pursues her.

"Then, in about thirty-six reels and half a million words of testimony and argument, Mr. Fuller proceeds to delineate the wicked plot that led to the di-i-rty work at the crossroads. He pictures Zukor, Jesse L. Lasky, and their associates 'conspiring and confederating together to unduly hinder competition in the production, distribution, and exhibition of motion-picture films in interstate commerce.'

"He tells how the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation acquired other concerns and how it controls by contract the distribution and exhibition of the pictures of numerous other producers.

"The 'trust' 'compels and coerces exhibitors' by the block-booking system to take all the pictures of the 'trust,' the bad as well as the good.

"As a result of the acquisition of first-run theaters and the imposition of the block-booking system, Zukor and Lasky and Famous Players-Lasky, said Mr. Fuller, have gained 'a dominating control of the motion-picture industry,' and are taking toll from the exhibitors and indirectly from the public at their sweet will.

UNDER FIRE

Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, whose activities in the film world are the subject of an inquiry by the Federal Trade Commission. According to his counsel, Mr. Zukor occupies a place in the world of motion-pictures similar to that of Edison in the electrical field and Henry Ford in the automobile industry.

"But, as always happens in the films, the villains did not completely cover their tracks. Of course, it was the finding of the long-lost pa-a-pers that betrayed them into the hands of the avenging hero, which, it appears, is none other than the Federal Trade Commission, protectors of the people.

"In the last reel of the piece, we were given the other side of the story from the battery of the Zukor-Lasky counsel, headed by Paul D. Cravath. According to the defense, these corporations, organized by Messrs. Zukor, Lasky, and their associates, do not constitute a monopoly, trust or combine. Far from it. They produce only a negligible fraction of the pictures annually put forth. They control only an infinitesimal proportion of movie theaters. They never have conspired, confederated, contrived, instigated, coerced or otherwise departed from an upright course of dealing with the exhibitors and the public generally.

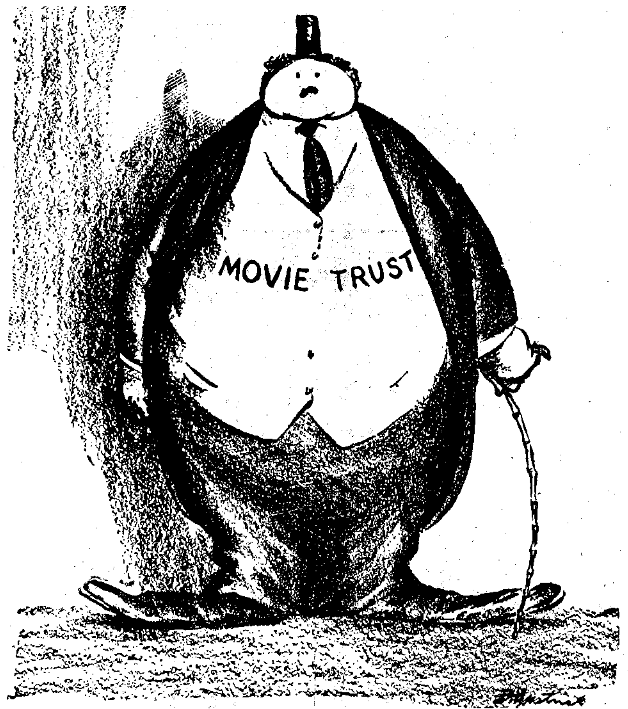
"Right there we are left with the Commission taking the allegations and the defense under advisement, and everybody wondering whether the piece is or is not to have a happy ending."

If the Commission issues an order requiring the separation of the exhibiting from the producing and distributing functions of Famous Players, say Washington dispatches, the case may eventually reach the Supreme Court of the United States.

According to the Commission's counsel, those who control the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation started out in 1919 to control the trade in motion-pictures, and have gone forward steadily in that direction ever since. He declares that if producers continue in the field of distribution and exhibition, the independent theaters eventually will be driven out of business. "Unfair and unscrupulous" business methods are also charged, the chief complaint being against the custom of requiring a theater owner to take a "block" of pictures—the good and the not-so-good. James Robbins, writing in the New York *World*, declares that "it is reiterated throughout the testimony arrayed by Mr. Fuller that the film industry is dominated by Mr. Zukor; that there has been an open attempt to monopolize the business; that oppressive methods have been used to bring about the elimination of independent theater owners, and that there has been throughout the country forced presentation of poor pictures." To quote the Commission's counsel:

"Respondents have acquired theaters in such numbers in important territories as to close that territory to competing producers. Through ownership of a large number of theaters in the Southern States and through the ownership of a large number of first-run theaters in this and other territories they use all of their own pictures before purchasing any pictures of competitors; through the advantage of first-runs in these territories practically exclude pictures of competing manufacturers, save as they are necessary to fill in the time not taken up by Paramount pictures, and in large measure fix the prices of pictures of competing producers and distributers shown in these territories.

"We do not believe that the evidence in this case would warrant an action under the Clayton Act, and it is only by virtue of the power granted to the Federal Trade Commission that the continuance of these unfair methods and practises can be stopt and the door opened to a free and open market for the sale of motion-pictures where every producer will have an equal opportunity."



THE NEW STAR

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

To the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, however, all this is so much piffle. "There will be charges and countercharges, assertions and sweeping denials," predicts this paper, "and in the end the movie industry is likely to be just where it was before." Meanwhile, the New Haven *Register* expects the Government to "make a laughing-stock of itself." Cravath, Henderson, and DeGersdorff, counsel for Zukor and Famous Players, say the Commission's charges can not be sustained, because the Corporation is not exercising a monopoly in the industry, and has no prospect of doing so. Famous Players, they assert, has never produced more than one-fifth of the total number of feature pictures manufactured; distributes about one-eighth and is interested in less than one-hundredth of the motion-picture theaters, and in about one-fifteenth of the "first-run" theaters of the country. Besides, they aver, Famous Players are in constant competition with twelve large producing companies, all of whom have the right to acquire theaters and sell directly to the public. In one of the James Robbins articles in the New York *World* we are told that—

"Counsel for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation contend that the proceeding is primarily an attack upon the right of a manufacturer to sell his product directly to the public; that Famous Players, while the largest corporation in the industry, has no monopoly or dominative position; that the fire of the Commission should be directed at the organized independents and exhibitors who are endeavoring to prevent the manufacturer selling his product directly to the consumer; that stories of unfair methods have been exaggerated; that inferences and conclusions not supported by evidence have been drawn, and that the statements of the Commission's counsel and examiner are misleading as to the facts and in many cases wholly unfounded.

"Five reasons are set forth for the ownership of theaters by producers. First is the advertising of pictures on their initial runs; second is the importance of their having a favorable setting and program of music; third, that first-run theaters in key cities furnish from 25 to 40 per cent. of the total revenue received by producers and distributers in those territories; fourth, the reduction of overhead cost and waste motion, and fifth, the ability to establish standards for the betterment of pictures generally.

"It is recalled that the Federal Trade Commission itself has been the foremost governmental agency in protecting the right of the manufacturer to retail his product. Also there is the reminder that the courts have sustained direct sales and confirmed that cooperative efforts on the part of retailers, wholesalers or others to interfere with the course of direct dealing is itself a violation of the Anti-Trust Law.

"As to block-booking, it is said there is no evidence that when an exhibitor attempted to purchase less than a lot of pictures the prices of selected pictures were raised from 25 to 75 per cent."

"If the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is a monopoly," observes the Newark *News*, "the farmers' cooperative marketing movement, were it not legalized by special legislation, would be a monopoly of monopolies." In short, concludes the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

"The controversy appears largely to revolve about the right of the Federal Trade Commission to break up an organization because of its sheer size. In the past size has not been considered as offering adequate ground for dissolution, as was unequivocally stated in the case against the steel 'trust.' Naturally size implies some incidental restriction of competition, but if it is not a restriction due to unfair methods of competition, if it is not based upon monopolistic advantages precluding the coexistence of competitors, where does ground for action lie?"

Thus we have two sides to the question. There is also the side of the producer of feature pictures who owns no theaters. Such a producer, says Mr. Robbins in another *World* article, is Joseph M. Schenck, whose company distributes the pictures of Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks, and is to handle those of Gloria Swanson and William S. Hart. According to Mr. Schenck:

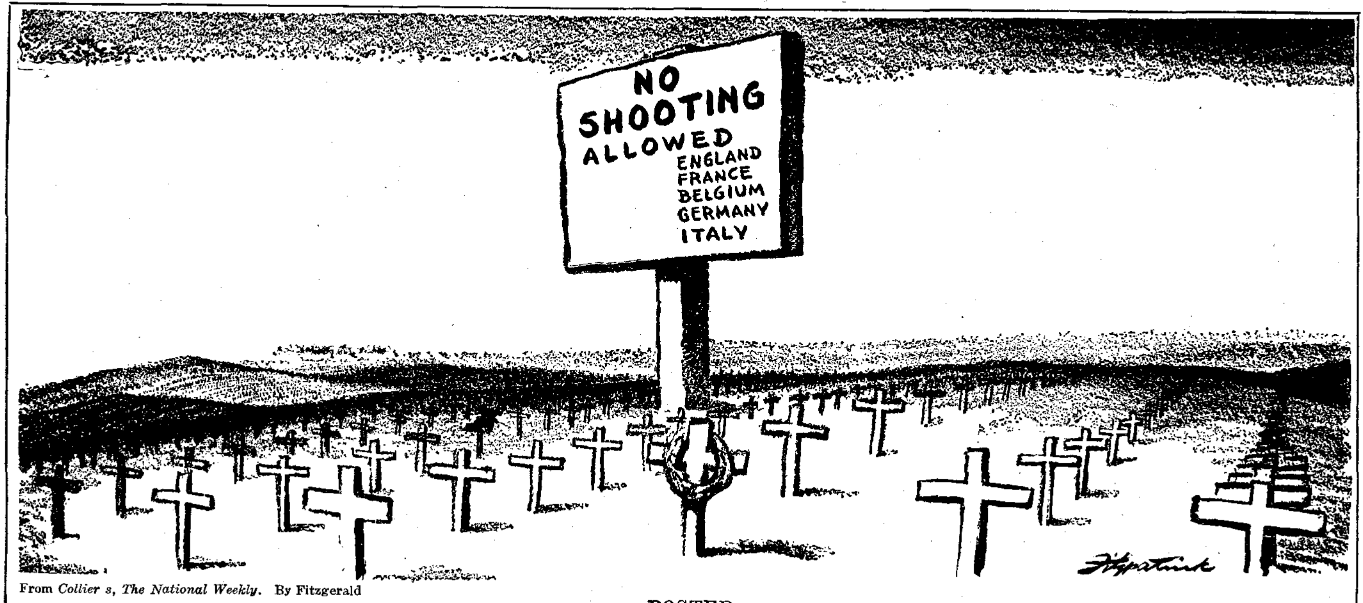
"There is no 'war' against the self-styled independent producers of pictures on the part of Famous Players-Lasky, First National, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Fox Universal, Producers Distributing Corporation, Warner's, or the other large companies. There is no effort being made by them to eliminate any producer, distributer or exhibitor. These companies in no sense form a monopoly.

"On the contrary, there is the keenest sort of competition between all of us in the purchase of stories for picturization, in the engagement of directors and players, in the actual production of pictures, in the sale of pictures, and finally in their exhibition.

"It would be a good thing if the so-called 'independents,' who are raising so much agitation about being put out of business, actually were out of business. It seems to me the so-called 'independents' who produce the worst pictures raise the most fuss. They are injurious to the motion-picture business generally. Their cheaply made and poorly constructed pictures inflict damage upon the reputation of the industry in the Old World. Many of the so-called 'independents' sell their pictures abroad for whatever they can get for them. Unfortunately, pictures of this type are greater in number than the high-class pictures which America sends abroad.

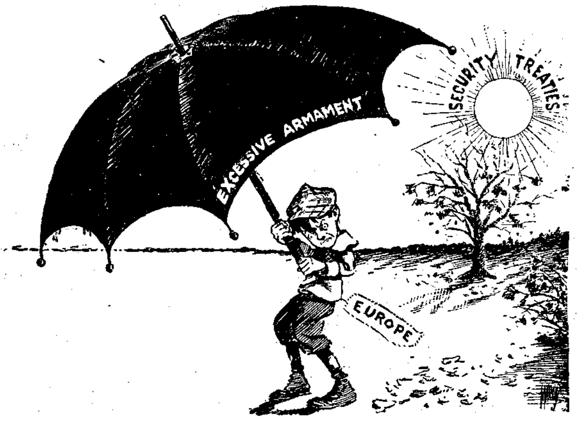
"One of the matters of which the smaller self-styled independents complain is that there has been an increasing tendency on the part of the more important companies to become exhibitors of pictures as well as producers. That is to say, they have found it advisable to own theaters in which to show the pictures which they produce.

"There is nothing new in this business procedure. It obtains in a number of businesses which I might mention offhand. Exactly the same thing is being done with perfect honesty and legality by the leading motion-picture corporations."

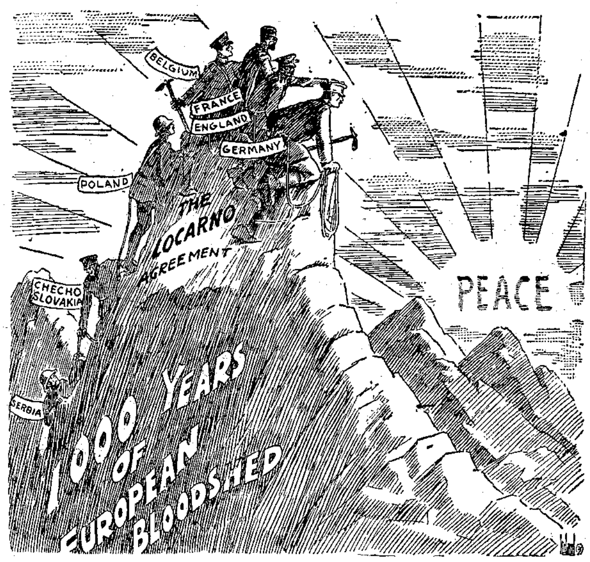

NO SHOOTING ALLOWED
ENGLAND
FRANCE
BELGIUM
GERMANY
ITALY

From *Collier s, The National Weekly*. By Fitzgerald

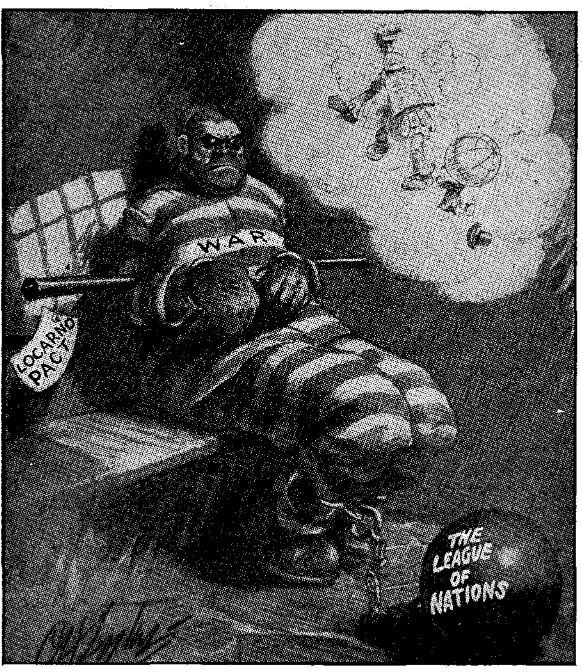
POSTED


EXCESSIVE ARMAMENT
SECURITY TREATIES
EUROPE

FOOLISH TO KEEP IT UP NOW
—Marcus in the New York *Times*.

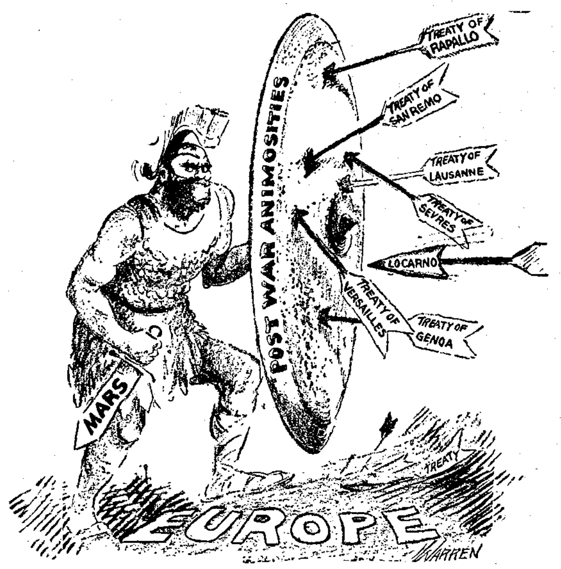

BELGIUM
FRANCE
ENGLAND
GERMANY
POLAND
CHECHO SLOVAKIA
SERBIA
THE LOCARNO AGREEMENT
1000 YEARS OF EUROPEAN BLOODSHED
PEACE

THE HIGHEST POINT EVER REACHED IN EUROPE
—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch.*


WAR
LOCARNO PACT
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

From *Life*. Copyrighted, and reproduced by permission

"THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER!"
—Sykes in *Life*.


POST WAR ANIMOSITIES
TREATY OF RAPALLO
TREATY OF SAN REMO
TREATY OF LAUSANNE
TREATY OF SEVRES
LOCARNO
TREATY OF VERSAILLES
TREATY OF GENOA
TREATY
MARS
EUROPE

A HARD SHIELD TO PENETRATE
—Warren in the Cleveland *News.*

MARS GETS THE "NO" IN LOCARNO

The peace pacts initiated at Locarno on October 16 were signed in London on December 1.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

Mussolini thinks he's the first syllable in Italy.—*Dallas News.*

Only cloud on the horizon just now is soft-coal smoke.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Nothing gets you all up in the air quicker than an inflated ego.—*Columbia Record.*

Home-sites are going up in Florida far more rapidly than homes.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

We sometimes wonder—does Senator Borah always agree with himself?—*Seattle Times.*

There are now but two kinds of anthracite—underground and overpriced.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A musical cigar-box has appeared. The cigar with a jazz band is, of course, already familiar.—*Punch.*

The French language seems to be the hardest tongue to talk war debts in.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

Those New York waiters who were robbed need only be patient. Bandits must eat.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Price of potatoes is getting up to the point where they can be exchanged for lumps of coal.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Farmers are not the only ones who make their living from the soil. Consider the laundry.—*Columbia Record.*

If Peggy gets back her original name with each divorce, she's the world's greatest re-Joycer.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

As we understand it, when Mussolini sneezes he gets reports from all Italian seismograph stations.—*Dallas News.*

Mussolini's Foes May Leave Italy.—*Headline.* They are certain to if he finds out who they are.—*Nashville Banner.*

The argument in Germany for and against the Locarno pact is that it will preserve peace.—*Corvallis (Ore.) Gazette-Times.*

New York Stock Exchange seats are selling for $150,000 each. It takes some standing to sit there.—*Wichita Eagle.*

This talk of killing the feeble-minded may be just another of capital's subtle attacks on the Bolsheviki.—*Bellingham Herald & Reveille.*

In Armenia, we are informed, eggs pass for money. The next thing to know is how one makes change for an egg in Armenia.—*Detroit News.*

Many public schools are named for warriors, but Colorado has named one for Jack Dempsey, famed apostle of peace.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

Nevada bankers will pay $1,000 for a live bandit, and $2,500 for a dead one. No Governor can pardon a dead bandit.—*American Lumberman.*

"Bow-legs are a sign of courage," says a scientist. They certainly are if their owner wears an up-to-date skirt.—*New York American.*

Florida, they say, is being gorged with Republican voters. But the Postal Guide shows there won't be post-offices enough to go around.—*Dallas News.*

Our notion of a man who is hard to please is one who finds The Literary Digest too partizan and *The Saturday Evening Post* too radical.—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

Lord Robert Cecil has given a thousand pounds to the League of Nations for a golf course and tennis courts. This country will join the League yet.—*Wichita Eagle.*

This talk of there being no five-cent cigar on the market is not founded on fact. There are several of them and some of them procurable at as reasonable a price as two for a quarter.—*Detroit News.*

Sir Harry E. Brucewell, London child specialist, says that it is wrong to keep quiet while the baby is asleep, as it ought to be allowed to get used to noises. That is the position taken by the baby toward the family in the night, also.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Among the famous reformers is satiety.—*Sumter (S. C.) Item.*

Hitting the high spots can give a man an awful jolt.—*Columbia Record.*

The Shipping Board seems to be at sea more than its ships.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Among the things there is room for at the top is improvement.—*Bethlehem Globe.*

Communism will work beautifully when love instead of greed inspires it.—*Austin American.*

Not just a tax-reduction the nation needs, but a just tax-reduction.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Still, the new flivver has that same supercilious cough as it goes by on a hill.—*Eugene Guard.*

Mount Etna is active, but Mussolini will no doubt suppress it at the proper time.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Doubtless the world was made in seven days. There were no efficiency experts then.—*El Paso Herald.*

All France has to do is pacify mandates, creditors, and the taxpayers at home.—*Medford Mail-Tribune.*

Good times are those in which people make the debts that worry them in bad times.—*Associated Editors.*

Wonder if Santa Claus will change his red suit or take his chances with Secretary Kellogg?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Giving a man a bad name is a serious matter, but a Pullman car can stand anything.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Mussolini's one regret these days must be that there isn't another Mussolini he can slap in the face.—*Wichita Eagle.*

An eighty-five-year-old man has just learned to drive a motor-car. We had no idea pedestrians lived so long.—*Punch.*

That Hollander who says America has nothing to compare with Dutch windmills should see our cheer leaders.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

It must be awful to be a real-estate man and see such profits in sight and let the land go to somebody else.—*Memphis News-Scimitar.*

If bricklayers' wages go up any more, the future home certainly is going to be the house that jack built.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

P. Green as the new leader of the Reds in America is suggestive of the estate to which they seem to have fallen.—*Springfield Republican.*

A doctor says every busy man should have nine hours of sound sleep. The moral of that is, stay out of the stock market.—*South Bend Tribune.*

A Nairobi message reports that a drought has been terminated by rain. There are, of course, precedents for this curious phenomenon.—*Punch.*

Recent statistics would indicate that we have almost reached the point where marriage is considered sufficient grounds for divorce.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The Federal Trade Commission says the movie production business is controlled by a single group, a deduction based no doubt on the fact that they all use the same plot.—*Detroit News.*

Moths, a bulletin says, cause an annual damage of $200,000,000. Inasmuch as they left our overcoat alone this year, the actual damage for 1925 is only $199,999,982.02.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

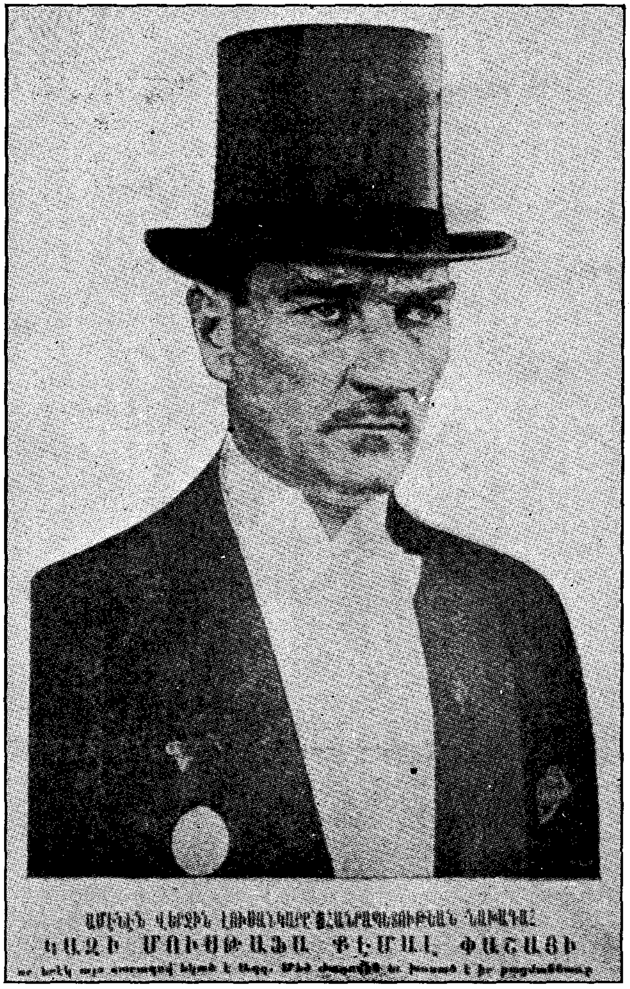
Analysis of the income-tax returns for 1924 shows that the average Republican Senator paid fifteen times as much tax as the average Democratic Senator, while in the House the score was ten to one in favor of the G. O. P. This teaches us the melancholy result of getting crowded away from the pie counter. Meals are not being worn square in Democratic circles these days.—*The New Yorker.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

TURKEY IN TRANSFORMATION

"NOT ONLY WILL WE WEAR HATS, but we will follow Western civilization in all other ways," declared the President of the Turkish Republic, Ghazi (Conqueror) Mustafa Kemal Pasha, in a speech made at Akhissar, a town about seventy-five miles from Smyrna, and he added pregnantly that "the uncivilized peoples are liable to be trodden upon by the civilized nations." Therefore, he warned them that the foundations of revolution ought to be made firm, and as reported in the Constantinople *Millet*, he said further: "Let us not deceive one another; the civilized world is far ahead and we must reach it with the light of guidance and do away with all sophistry and fallacy." Altho he avowed that the new way shown to the Turks is "not the way that I show, but the way that ought to be followed," it is contended by a contributor to the London *Fortnightly Review* that Mustafa Kemal Pasha seems to act on the Rousseau theory that "the people must be forced to be free," and this writer, Maxwell H. H. Macartney, continues:

"He must realize that, whatever the form of Constitution under which Turkey is nominally living, he is himself the mainspring of all the machinery, and that if anything were to happen to him there would be at least a strong danger of the country relapsing again into much of its old habits. He is therefore impelled to act with rapidity while he still has the opportunity, and while the country is still enjoying the benefits of peace and of that immunity which is procured by the preoccupations of Europe. It must be many years before the whole Turkish people can properly grasp the significance of what is being done by the handful of intellectuals who are the intimate collaborators of the Ghazi. But the future is not without good augury. Even the unquestioned devotion of the Army would not have sufficed for the President to carry through some of his daring innovations if large sections of the people had not been prepared to accept on trust those revolutionary measures which must sometimes leave them gasping with bewilderment."



From the Constantinople *Nor Lour*

"THE CONQUEROR"

This is the new name given by the Turks to Mustafa Kemal Pasha, President of Turkey, who is compared to Peter the Great of Russia.

According to this writer, not since Japan threw off the shackles of her Oriental feudalism and set out upon the path which has made her one of the great Powers has there been any parallel to the revolution in Turkey, which began with the Kemalist movement against the Sublime Porte, and is manifesting itself to-day with greater vigor than ever. We are told then:

"The Young Turks had, of course, done valuable pioneer work, and the powerful Committee of Union and Progress would, no doubt, have brought about a great evolution in the customs and traditions of the country if their work had not been arrested by the series of wars in which Turkey found herself so quickly involved. But one can not help feeling that if to-day Turkey is still in revolution, a Turkey in the hands of the C. U. P. [Committee of Union and Progress] would have been undergoing a stage of evolution, and that the sharp distinction implied in these two words is overwhelmingly due to the effective leadership of the State having passed into the hands of the President, Ghazi Mustafa Kemal Pasha."

According to a Smyrna Anatolian News Agency dispatch to the Constantinople *Millet*, a grand entertainment was given in the Girls' Training School of Smyrna in honor of the Turkish President. What to Western minds may seem a quaint feature of the occasion were the following comments, in the form of question and answer, made by Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and which read as follows:

"Q. What is the republic? And what difference is there between a republic and a sultanate?

"A. The republic is an administration based on virtue; the republic is moral excellence; whereas the sultanate was an administration based upon fear and threatening. The administration of the republic produces respectable and virtuous persons; but, inasmuch as the sultanate was based upon threatening and horror, it had produced cowards and a servile population. Such is the difference.

"Q. Have we been successful in our national strife? And what is the reason for our success?

"A. The nation herself carried on the campaign through her sons. The men and women of the nation made the campaign their ideal. The history of the past centuries also registers great victories; but in other times the agents instead of following ideals acted as the slaves of this or that greedy and culpable tyrant. Now in our national campaign the national ideal and dignity was the prompter.

"Q. What must Turkish women be?

"A. Turkish women must have the best cultivated minds, and must be the most virtuous and the most serious ladies in the world. The duties of Turkish women ought to be to prepare future generations who will be able to protect their country mentally, morally and physically. Women being the source of the nation and the basis of human society, they can only fulfil their duty when they are virtuous.

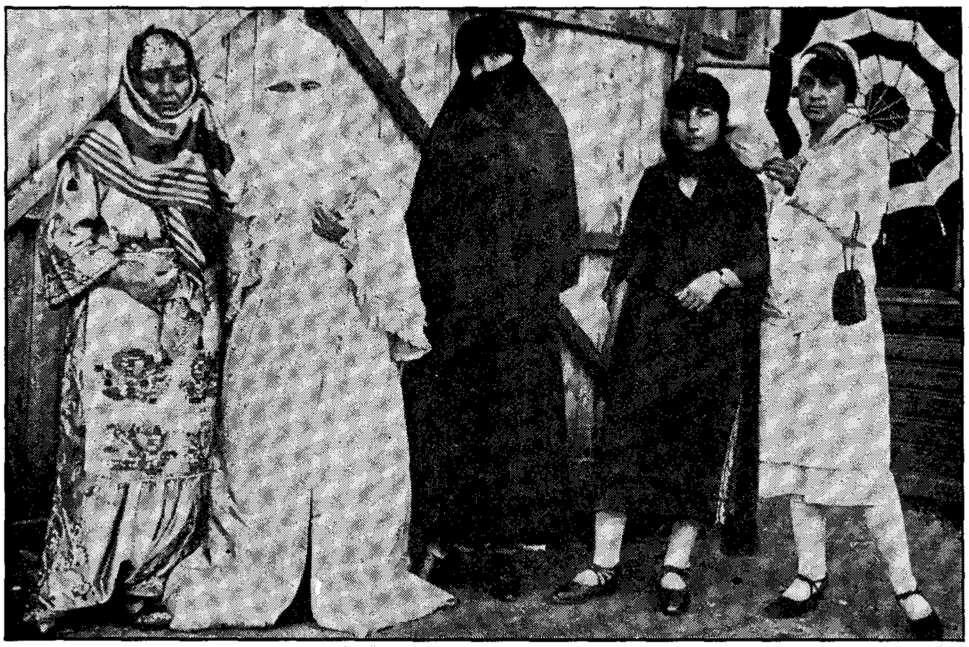
"Q. Is music a necessity for life?

"A. Music is quite necessary for life, because life in itself is music. Those that have no music can not be called human beings. Life can not exist without music. Music is the merry humor, the spirit and the pleasure of life. But the choice of the kind of music must be seriously considered."

We read of an ardent admirer, and a deputy in the Great National Assembly of Turkey, describing Mustafa Kemal Pasha as "the living incarnation of the Turkish nation," which "explains that a nation of 14,000,000 advances with him like one man." As another specimen of native adulation for Turkey's President, we have a report of a speech in the Constantinople *Millet*, which was delivered by the Mayor of Smyrna at a reception of welcome to Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and which reads in part:

"Oh, thou, the great President of the Turks! The great conqueror! The great renovator of the Turks and of history! Thou art the great Turk genius that organized and brought to successful issue a revolution which the past centuries had failed to create. The people of Smyrna are very fortunate to exalt thee; thou, our great Ghazi, having stretched forth thy hand, saved us from endless calamities and brought us back from the edge of a precipice. Thine was a divine hand from heaven. Thou hast brought the Turks to the level of the highest nations. Thou art the greatest hero, not of the Turks only, but of the whole world.

"Smyrna can never forget her centuries of captivity and calamities. Thou hast been a rising sun after the past dark centuries. Under Greek oppression we had never given up the hope for a Turkish victory. With an army which thou created out of a handful of hero Turks, thou hast trodden the cruel and blood-sucking enemies. Even their commanding officers and generals were made prisoners by you. Thou it was who threw those hordes into the blue waves of the Ægean Sea. May God preserve thee and thy devoted colleagues, the whole Army and the whole Turkish nation that so well love you. Like a glorious prophet, confronting all false beliefs and superstitions, thou didst declare: 'The sacred existence of our nation is our divine and exalted law, anything new coming out of that sacred existence must be accomplished.'"



Wide World photograph

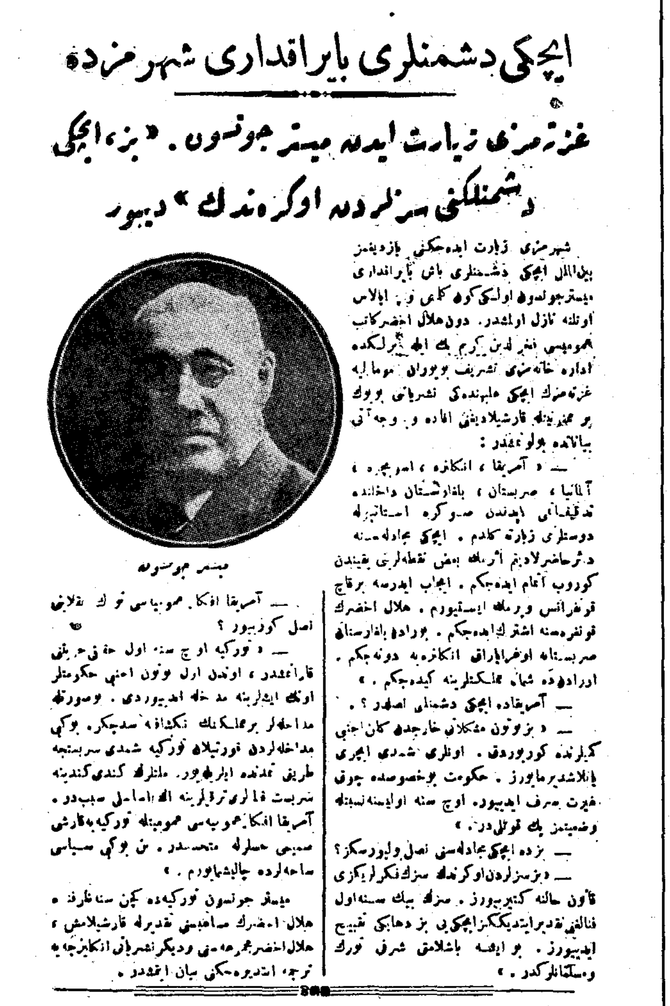
THE ADVANCE OF TURKISH MODES IN ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS

A well-known French authority on the Near East, P. Gentizon, Constantinople correspondent of the Paris *Temps*, tells us that the spectacle of the new Turkey striving each day to assimilate the mentality, the manners, and the customs of Europe, as well as to borrow the social system of the West, is not unique in history, and he proceeds:

"A very curious parallel might be drawn between the present status of Turkey and that of Russia under Peter the Great. In certain phases of their social life, orthodox Russia at the end of the seventeenth century, and Moslem Turkey at the beginning of the twentieth century present a striking resemblance of feature. And this resemblance is the more startling because the two men in the two countries embodying the spirit of renovation, Peter the Great and Mustafa Kemal Pasha, each attacked routine, superstition, and fanaticism.

"However this may be, Mustafa Kemal Pasha, fortified with a moral courage that it would be vain to attempt to belittle, wishes at any price that Turkey progress along the requirements of civilization. He wants to fix his country on a modern base. He wants to give a new form and a reasonable one, free from all mysticism, to all the institutions, manners and customs of his country. That is why in the West there should be no hesitancy to applaud this man, who, facing all Asia, dares to lay hands on old and faded ideas. Through Mustafa Kemal, the new Turkey, freed for the first time from theocratic cliques, which kept it in bonds, will become, in fact, what, until now, she has been only in appearance, namely, a European State."

But the Manchester *Guardian* declares "it would be rash, in view of the secular conservatism of the East, to assume that any permanent westernization of Turkey—or indeed of any Eastern people—is possible."



ایچکی دشمنلری بایراقداری شهرمزده

غزته‌مزی زیارت ایدن میستر جونسون . «بز، ایچکی دشمنلکنی سزلردن اوکره‌ندك» دییور

میستر جونسون

From the Constantinople *Ikdam*

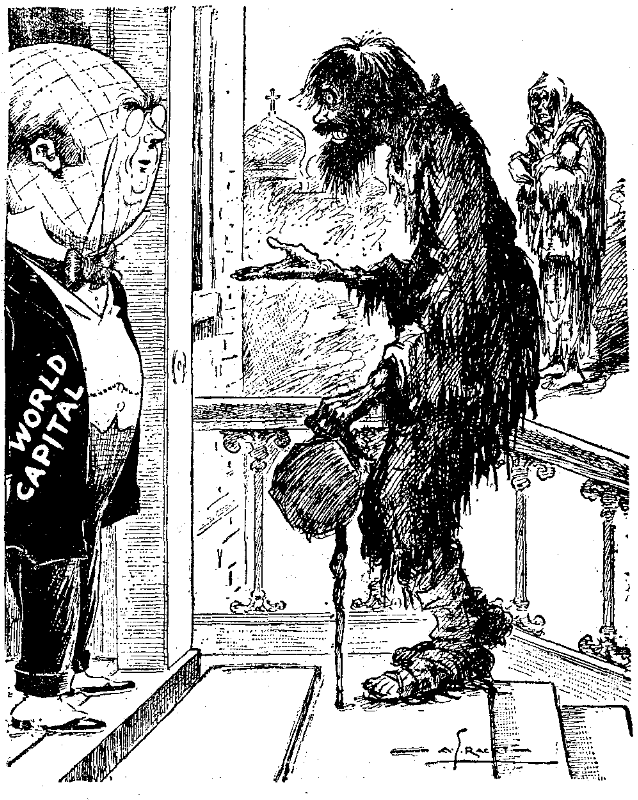
ANOTHER SYMBOL OF MODERN TURKEY

"Pussyfoot" Johnson on crusade for prohibition among the Turks, who are supposedly "dry" in accordance with their creed.

THE RUSSO-GERMAN TRADE ALLIANCE

FRIENDLY RELATIONS between Germany and Russia are said to have been guaranteed by the signing of the Russo-German Trade Treaty a few days before the Locarno treaties were initialed. Public opinion in Germany, however, is inclined to regard this trade treaty as a surrender of German interests, according to the London *Statist*, which informs us that the treaty is based on mutual most-favored-nation treatment, with certain reservations as regards German imports into Russia. It assures full respect for the present economic organization of Soviet Russia, we read, and consequently the representatives of German commercial interests in Russia will only be able to get into touch with the State trusts. This financial authority goes on to say:

"These State trusts, which alone will have the function of redistributing the German goods in Russia, will thus have it in their power to discriminate as between Russian and German goods by increasing their margin of profit on the latter to unjustifiable proportions. An essential condition to the conclusion of the treaty was the grant by German banking interests of short-term credits totaling 100 million marks to finance the importation of German manufactures into Russia."



COLLAPSE

RUSSIAN COMMUNISM: "Help, please! It is impossible to get along without you. Help!" —*The Daily Star* (Montreal).

According to the *Koelnische Zeitung*, it is a question whether the treaty yields any advantage to Germany, and this newspaper declares that a scrutiny of it inclines one to conclude that its indorsement was simply a choice of the lesser of two evils, and it is further asserted that:

"We had to sign it in order to avoid the breaking off of the negotiations. Only political, not economic, considerations justify the signing. It goes without saying that leading political circles of Berlin deny such an interpretation of the treaty, but they do so without sufficient logic. The treaty is more of a political gesture than an economic act. Our economic authorities—except for a few interested groups—unanimously support this opinion and condemn the economic defects of the treaty. The Russians may rejoice over their success. They have found Germany's present situation a favorable moment for inserting articles embodying their aspirations into the treaty. They have profited of the occasion and have made us accept demands hitherto unacceptable. This means nothing less than the introduction of Bolshevik principles into international commercial law. Yet we do not think that the treaty should be aspersed on the ground that it has been necessitated by weighty political rather than by economic considerations. We can not afford to be too particular in distinguishing between political and economic aspects in our relations with foreign Powers. Such pedantry would endanger some of our possibilities. This applies above all to our relations with Russia, a very important factor in our foreign policy."

The official Soviet *Isviestia* (Moscow) alleges that the German press is trying to make people believe that the treaty is a counterpoise to Germany's entry into the League of Nations and to the signing of the Locarno treaties, and that the German papers maintain that the treaty is a proof of Germany's neutrality and of the absence of eastern or western proclivities in her foreign policy. We read then:

"We are far from underrating the importance of the treaty, yet we want to emphasize the fact that it can not be construed as a counterbalance to Germany's entry into the League. The Russo-German commercial treaty is a juridical expression of the natural tendency of Germany's economics toward the East. This tendency can not develop unless it is backed by a certain code of political relations between the two countries. These relations were established by the Russo-German Treaty of Rapallo. The authors of the treaty realized this fact fully well, and have stated in Article III that 'the Treaty of Rapallo remains in force.'

"Yet the security pact and Germany's entry into the League of Nations put Germany on an altogether different political path. The British policy of submitting Germany to England's lead can hardly contribute to the stability of political foundations whose absence would greatly impede the introduction of the treaty into practical fact. The immediate future will show whether German statesmen realize this essential contradiction. It will also show what ways they will find out of it."

The Russian anti-Bolshevik Berlin *Rul* draws the attention of its readers to the fact that the main part of the treaty will be valid for only two years, and adds:

"The shortness of the duration period of the treaty undermines the significance of the whole document. It also explains the reserve with which the German press comment on it. Still more important than the shortness of the term are the considerations by which it was necessitated. One of the most influential German papers summarizes these considerations as follows: No longer term could be fixt for the validity of the treaty, because, in spite of earnest attempts of the Soviet Government to put Russia's economics in order, Russia is still passing through the epoch of experiments. In other words—we must wait and see."

As to the actual trade that has been going on between Russia and Germany, the London *Economic Review* tells us that according to official reports, orders for German goods to a value of 174,000,000 rubles have been placed by the Berlin Trade Representation of the Soviet Union during the economic year 1924-1925, expiring October 1, as against orders to the value of 87,000,000 rubles in the economic year 1923-1924. The gold ruble is worth about 50 cents. Of the 174,000,000 rubles noted above, it is related that 92,000,000 are referred to the first half-year, and the remainder to the second. We read then:

"The distribution of the total sum over the various categories of goods is as follows, in millions of rubles: Industrial raw material 47.3; industrial machines and technical apparatus 45.3; grain products 25.5; chemicals and medicinal preparations 21.9; agricultural machines and tools 10.7; materials for the graphic industry 6.4; textile raw materials 3.8; photographic articles and cinematograph materials 1.7; requirements for home industries 1.2. In addition to these purchases of the Trade Representation the orders of the State and associated economic organizations, working independently but under control of the Trade Representation, must be taken into account. These amounted to about R.45 mill. in the past economic year.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

> "Consequent upon the good harvest and the necessity to import machines and technical apparatus for the reconstruction of Russian industry a great increase in import operations is expected. Of a proposed import figure of R.920 mill. (as against an export program of 994 mill.) purchases for some 300 mill. through the Trade Representation are provided for."

Citing as authority the Berlin *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, this London commercial organ points out that there is a discrepancy between the Russian statements and the figures of the German Foreign Trade Statistics, and it goes on to say:

> "According to the Russian figures the purchases of the Trade Representation coupled with those of the independent economic organizations converted into reichsmarks would amount to about R.Mk.470 mill., whereas according to German official statistics Russia in the first half-year of 1925 bought only R.Mk.96.4 mill. of goods in Germany. [The reichsmark is worth about 24 cents.]"

AFTER OUR MARINES LEFT NICARAGUA

POLITICAL TURMOIL UNRESTRAINED developed in Nicaragua, we are told, shortly after the departure of the American marines, who had been guardians of the peace there for thirteen years. Present conditions are said to menace the little progress made by this Central American Republic "under the careful watch of the 'devil-dogs.'" While the turbulence now agitating Nicaragua is considered by not a few observers as a recurrence of the old revolutionary habit deeply rooted in Central America, others attribute it to "the failure of the American intervention to prepare the people for self-government after thirteen years of paternal vigilance, under which the use of ballot was, to say the least, conventional."

The press of neighboring countries advise us that the origin of the trouble dates from the Presidential election of last year. Then Carlos Solorzano, the candidate of a coalition of the Liberal party and the Conservative-Liberal Alliance, won a clear-cut victory, in what is said to be the first free election held in Nicaragua for more than thirty-five years, over the Conservative candidate, Gen. Emiliano Chamorro, former President of the Republic, and Minister to the United States. Chamorro's dissatisfied followers threatened to create disturbances, but they were stopt by a warning that since Nicaragua is a party to the Central American treaties signed at Washington in 1923, any attempts to upset the constitutional trend of events would be considered as a violation of existing treaties, and any *de facto* government born of a *coup d'état* would not be recognized.

Upon taking power, Solorzano organized his Cabinet from among the members of the Liberal party, which aroused the ire of the Conservatives. Successive ministerial crises had already made the situation untenable, when the marines withdrew from the country in August last. A few days later, General Rivas, who is closely related to President Solorzano, and of Conservative tendencies, seized the fortress dominating the capital, and tried to force the Executive to dismiss all the Liberal elements forming his Cabinet. This move, however, did not satisfy Conservative rancor against Solorzano. Shortly afterward, General Chamorro, the defeated rival of Solorzano, occupied the fortress, and established a virtual dictatorship. In order to avoid bloodshed, President Solorzano accepted all the conditions imposed by General Chamorro, and an agreement was signed, by which the Executive pledged himself to oust all the Liberal members from his Government forever. The Conservatives, for their part, pledged themselves to support the Government and General Chamorro received $10,000 to cover the expenditures incurred in preparing the *coup d'état*. Besides, his troops were allowed government pay for the duration of their services under the revolutionist leader. Finally, General Chamorro was appointed General-in-Chief. This swift succession of events has been variously commented upon, and as a whole, bitterly condemned in other sections of the Isthmus, if we are to believe *La Tribuna*, of Costa Rica, which says:

> "We should try in vain to hide the gravity of the precedent set in this case, since it is the first event falling clearly under the ban on revolutions set by the Central American treaties signed at Washington in 1923.
>
> "According to the pledges given in these pacts, the United States as well as the Central American countries, will not recognize a *de facto* government born of revolution, nor condone the customary *coups d'états*, from which most Latin-American governments are born. Tho no apparent change in government has nominally occurred, it is nevertheless a fact that President Solorzano has been reduced to be a figurehead, and that General Chamorro is a virtual dictator. Why has the State Department condoned such an unprecedented scandal?"

The indignation of this Costa Rican daily is shared by *Nuestro Diario*, of Guatemala, which labels General Chamorro as the "most nefarious man" in Central American public life. General Chamorro, we are informed, is the signer of the Chamorro-Bryan treaty, by which Nicaragua ceded to the United States the right to build an interoceanic canal, and to establish a naval base in the Bay of Fonseca. This paper goes on:

> "What has happened in Nicaragua is a disgrace to Central America. We thought the day past, when a chieftain could play such tricks on a supine people. The official recognition of Chamorro's right to an indemnity of $10,000 for an act meriting court martial, is an intolerable affront to the signers of the Central American treaties of Washington."

Many other newspapers express the same trend of thought, marveling at the "passivity" of the Department of State, which in Central American eyes has become a party to a gross breach of faith. But *El Cronista*, of Honduras, recognizes that the situation of President Solorzano had become untenable, divided as it was, by his preelection pledges of non-partizanship and the exactions of embittered politicians, anxious to exercise control after the long interruption caused by American intervention. We find various editors deploring the lack of self-restraint among Nicaragua's politicians after the evacuation by the marine garrison, and complaining of the half-hearted cooperation of the American authorities in the establishment of democratic Government. American intervention, we are reminded, was extended long after the promised date of termination, owing to the repeated requests of Nicaraguan governments which feared the recurrence of events of the kind now being reviewed.

On the other hand, the press of Salvador looks more sympathetically at the situation, and considers it the natural outgrowth of thirteen years of represt electoral liberty. Says *El Diario Del Salvador:*

> "It is indeed fortunate that common sense should have prevailed, avoiding unnecessary bloodshed. We may now expect the Government of Nicaragua to follow the regular path of democracy, rid of the stumbling-block of partizanship."

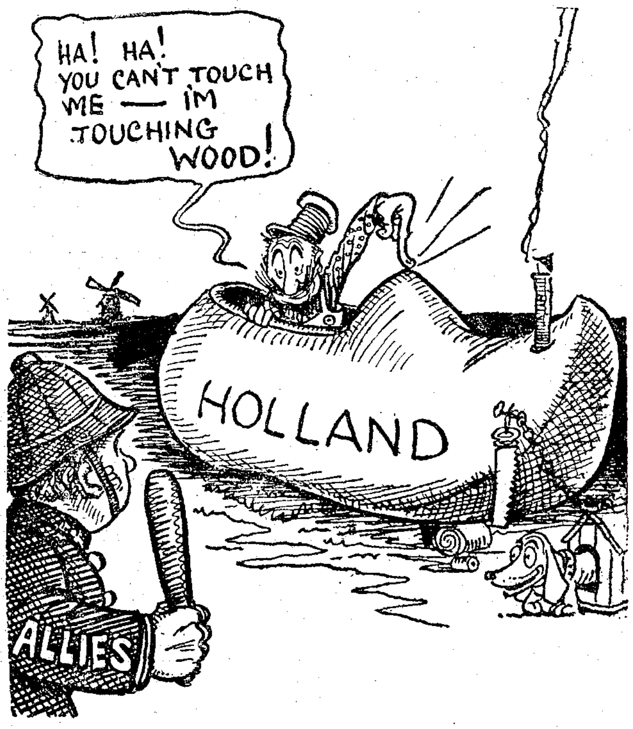
El Imparcial, of Guatemala, calls the Chamorro stroke an "unfortunate attempt," and condemns the deal entered into by the successful revolutionary leader and the Nicaraguan Executive as a "mercenary deal, which has no precedent in Central America." *El Diario*, of Costa Rica, declares sharply:

> "It is not a mystery that nobody would dare do such things without the tacit approval of the United States. The question arises, what did Solorzano do to incur the resentment of the Department of State? Otherwise, Chamorro would not have dreamed of seizing power in the high-handed manner in which he did. The whole affair is a shameful betrayal of democratic principles. The continuance of Solorzano as Executive does not help matters. His conduct denotes him a tool ready to play into the hands of the first bold adventurer anxious to indulge in tropical Fascism. It is apparent to all that he sympathizes with dictatorship. Otherwise, he would have resigned, and this would have been much better for all concerned."

A SEARCHING CLOSE-UP OF THE EX-KAISER

THE ONE PHYSICAL DEFECT with which William of Germany was born, and which is said to have influenced his whole life more than anything else, was a dislocation and tearing of the muscles of the left shoulder at birth, which left the arm paralyzed and almost useless. He was always galled by this injury, it appears from a new German book on his character, always rebelled against it, and his pride suffered a never-healing wound from a defect that made it a matter of extreme awkwardness and difficulty for him to be the great and masterful personality he craved to be. So writes the Berlin correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* about Prof. Emil Ludwig's study of "William the Second," which some call the German best-seller of the holiday season. His physical weakness was accompanied by an intellectual weakness, which made him love the gesture, the outward manner of strength, and of dictatorial power, according to this correspondent, who further relates:

"He feared and hated his strong-willed English mother. This fear and hatred were later on transferred from her to her country. But he also loved and admired England. It was these cross-currents in his soul that dominated his English policy. This would not have mattered so much had they not, by virtue of the German monarchic system, profoundly influenced Germany's policy toward England as well.


HA! HA! YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME — I'M TOUCHING WOOD!
HOLLAND
ALLIES

"NOTHING DOING"

—*The Daily Express* (London).

"His relations with Bismarck were of a like nature. Bismarck was a giant of a man with huge physical strength. His strength of mind and character was even greater. The Kaiser was a pigmy by comparison. And that alone was sufficient to goad him into rancorous hostility toward Bismarck and into unresting efforts to show that he himself was master in Germany. He never succeeded, for in every trial of strength and wits the 'Iron Chancellor' always scored. Bismarck also saw what was coming. He sensed the danger. His foresight was sometimes uncanny. When Hohenlohe demanded a bigger German fleet to defend Germany against aggression, Bismarck said: 'I would like to know who the aggressor is they have in mind. Let us hope it is not a certain Power that might become the aggressor, if a craving for prestige unworthy of us Germans, and hurried naval preparations that might be interpreted as a sign of hostility, should drive this Power into a coalition against us.'"

The war might never have come, according to this informant, if William had listened to Bismarck, who was, after all, "one of the world's greatest statesmen, whose devotion to his country and the monarchy was above a doubt." The Kaiser ignored Bismarck's warning, it is charged, because he feared he might appear submissive, and the weaker of the two. After a long estrangement, during which they never spoke to each other, it is recalled that a reconciliation was patched up and they met again, and for the last time, shortly before Bismarck's death. Even then, it is said, Bismarck tried to impress upon the young monarch the dangers that lay ahead, but the Kaiser "would not listen," was in "a gay mood, and changed the subject abruptly every time Bismarck spoke of politics." Von Moltke, the veteran of 1870, had fears similar to those of Bismarck about the future, and we are told that several of the more intelligent men who surrounded the Kaiser were also apprehensive and have said so in their memoirs. But—

"They never had the courage to speak out. One of the most terrible things shown by Emil Ludwig is the relationship between the weak, vacillating, impressionable monarch and his fawning, servile courtiers, who, in spite of better knowledge, hardly ever moved a finger to save him from himself and so save Germany from him.

"Not that he was without good qualities. He had an almost effeminate sensibility. His memory was prodigious. His mind moved rapidly. He could talk on almost all subjects. He sometimes showed great personal charm. Those who saw him for the first time often thought him wonderful. But his good qualities were mainly negative. He could never concentrate or do any real work; indeed, he was fundamentally lazy, and his life was passed in a kind of nervous haste and idle flutter. At times he became so impossible that his abdication was seriously considered, not by Socialists and Democrats, but by leading Conservatives—a fact not generally known."

When the war drew near, the Kaiser wavered as usual, *The Guardian's* correspondent goes on to say, but he did not really want war and made several sincere attempts to avert it. We read then:

"When war came he found himself at the head of the most powerful army ever known. No one ever had such an opportunity to be a 'great man.' But he was wholly unequal to it. The legend of him as a 'War Lord' who willed, plotted, and waged the world-war is one of the most stupid falsehoods in history."

According to the Berlin correspondent of the London *Observer*, Professor Ludwig finds the key to the Kaiser's character not in his relationship to his father, but to his mother, and he adds:

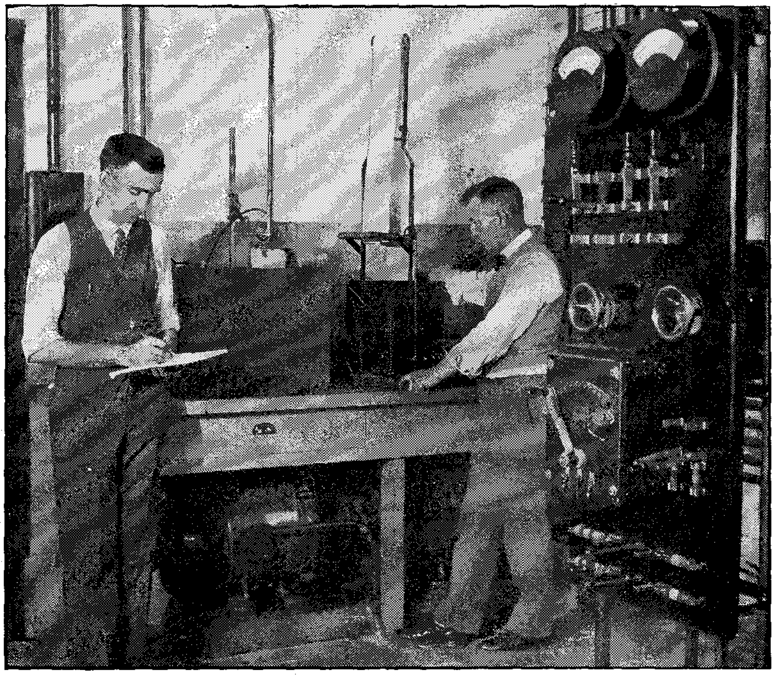
"The Hohenzollern tragedy begins for him in the bedroom where an eighteen-year-old mother lies unconscious to the efforts of her attendants to slap and pinch a feeble infant into life, whose arm, wrenched from the socket by the unskilful obstetricians of the time, was injured beyond all hope of use. This delicate boy is depicted at six years of age, tortured till then by electrical appliances to galvanize the ruined muscles into life, and then told that as nothing can make his arm like that of other boys he must pretend to use it. So the future Kaiser pretended, and succeeded, and was never so proud as when he first managed to gallop up to his father on his pony just as tho the left hand were holding the reins wound round it. The uttermost severity, it is recorded, was necessary to force the child into acting a part—a child so little inclined to adapt himself to anybody else's will. He did not do it out of tenderness to his parents, for he was given to understand his mother's preference for his brother Henry at a very early age.

"This partiality, Professor Ludwig insists, was due to the cold pride of his mother's temperament. Instead of pity she rebelled at the fact that her first-born was not all she had desired him to be. Later on Wilhelm's own self-will was responsible for the ever-widening breach between himself and his mother, but the loveless training of those early days, with his whole ambition and energy concentrated on conquering his natural disabilities, was his undoing. . . . The game of pretending merged into play-acting; that became second nature, and the very real moral victory gained over the intense difficulties of the beginning led to a constant glossing over of realities and the complete collapse of the whole unstable foundation at the end."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

RUBBER-PLATED GOODS

METALLIC ARTICLES, AND EVEN CLOTH and other fabrics, may now be rubber-plated in much the same way that metals are silver-plated. Dr. D. H. Killefer, associate editor of *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*, who describes the new process in *The Scientific American* (New York), believes that it opens up to the manufacturer an entirely new group of possibilities in seamless rubber articles. Rubber, Dr. Killefer reminds us, touches our lives intimately. It has come to play an essential rôle in civilization, and time and thought are devoted to making it more useful. The process for electroplating rubber is a recent result. We read:



Courtesy of *The Scientific American* (New York)

ELECTROPLATING WITH RUBBER

Mr. L. W. Eberlin (at the reader's right) and Mr. C. Beal using the new process.

"At a recent meeting of the American Chemical Society, Dr. S. E. Sheppard and his coworkers announced that they had succeeded in depositing rubber, an excellent insulator, from suspensions or emulsions of rubber in water, upon the pole of an electroplating bath. Not only were they able to deposit rubber itself, but they were able to plate all of the ingredients necessary to make it ready for vulcanization. This process now bids fair to revolutionize a part of the rubber industry.

"Ordinarily, solids are crystalline, that is, they are made up of orderly arrangements of more or less closely packed molecules. But if we dissolve a solid in some solvent, such as water, we immediately separate it into particles very little, if any, larger than single molecules and often much smaller. Thus the solid loses all structure. On the other hand, if we mix a solid or a liquid with some liquid which will not dissolve it, and if we grind the suspension very finely, we will ultimately reach a stage somewhere between a solid suspension and a true solution. Such a stage is said to be colloidal. In this state the particles of the solid are considerably larger than single molecules, and they exhibit some very interesting properties. The most remarkable of these properties is that the minute particles are capable of darting about freely in the liquid, and that they will readily take up electric charges and will be influenced by them. An electrically charged colloidal particle behaves very much like a charged ion of metal, produced by dissolving a metallic salt in water.

"Now rubber latex, which is derived from the rubber-tree, is such a colloid; and it consists of minute globules of rubber surrounded by little sacs of protein, similar to white of egg; and just as the electrically charged atoms of metal in a solution may be attracted to an oppositely charged plate, so may the electrically charged particles in a colloidal suspension of rubber be attracted and made to stick to a plate.

"Rubber did not become useful until nearly a hundred years ago, when Charles Goodyear found out that it could be hardened and its stickiness removed by heating it with sulfur.

"Pure rubber is purposely 'adulterated' with a variety of things in order to make it fit to use. Sulfur, always, and a number of other things that give it desirable properties must be added to it, and then the whole mixture is subjected to a heat treatment, called vulcanization, before it ceases to be sticky and gummy.

"In order to get these various necessary impurities evenly distributed, this mixture is milled between large rollers that blend it perfectly and prepare it for vulcanization. Unfortunately, this rolling process also reduces the strength of the rubber, and it therefore has to be minimized wherever possible."

Now we may return to Dr. Sheppard, who has succeeded in electroplating rubber. His process is quite simple, and the most remarkable thing about it, remarks Dr. Killefer, is that no one has thought of it before. He proceeds:

"A few years ago many investigators were looking for a method of getting rubber directly out of the latex of the rubber-tree, and one of them chanced upon an electrical method of doing it. He added a little ammonia to the milky latex. Thus he succeeded in producing the desired negative charge on each of the tiny globules of rubber in it. This accomplished, it was comparatively simple to plate the rubber out. Unfortunately, however, the Orient, where most of our rubber is now grown, is not supplied with bountiful electric power. Nor was the electric process particularly economical in other respects.

"Dr. Sheppard, working on the other side of the world, came upon this discarded method and added to it just the one thing needed for success—he made the remarkable observation that he could mix all the necessary impurities into the latex, along with a little ammonia, and then electroplate a coating of rubber all ready to vulcanize without milling! It seems that the little albuminous sac surrounding the minute globules of rubber latex will absorb the impurities readily. Therefore, the rubber layer, as plated out of the solution, is already mixed even better than prolonged milling would do it.

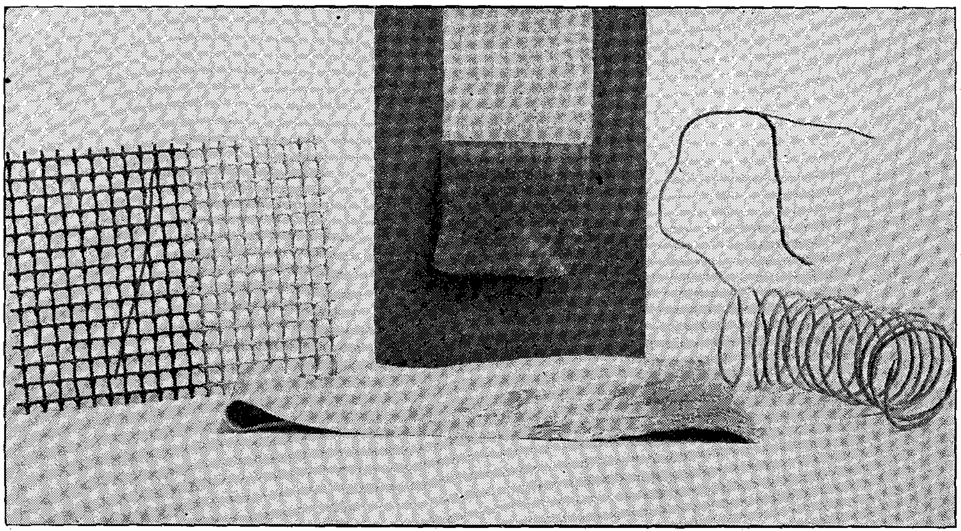
"In addition to being able to use the latex just as it comes, it was found that a colloidal suspension of rubber prepared from scrap, which has always been difficult to handle, would behave in the same way. This provides a useful way to utilize this scrap. The reclaimed scrap rubber is simply mixed with some solvent, emulsified with water and finely ground to make the whole colloidal.

"Once the solution is properly prepared, with the sulfur and pigment added, it is only necessary to put two plates into it, connect them up with a source of direct electric current, and out comes the layer of rubber on the positive plate.

"After vulcanization, the electroplated rubber has even more strength than similar rubber prepared by the ordinary methods. Plates as thick as one-fifth of an inch after vulcanization are readily deposited and there is no reason to believe that that is the limit in thickness.

"The surprizing point about the whole thing is that quite as good a coating can be put on cloth or wood as on metal. Soon we will undoubtedly be wearing rubber overcoats, electroplated without a seam in the rubber after the cloth body has been completely formed.

"Electrodeposition on collapsible forms offers other new possibilities, particularly in view of the way that the rubber coating spreads itself evenly over the whole. No end of other things may be similarly made without seams in the rubber—seams which might open and make leaks."



Courtesy of *The Scientific American* (New York)

A FEW RUBBER-COATED ARTICLES

At the left is a rubber-plated metal wire gage, with eighteen-gage wire and a quarter-inch mesh; above, in center, sheet metal rubber-plated; below it a piece of mercerized fabric, coated with rubber one-fifteenth of an inch thick; at the right, rubber-plated twenty-gage wire.

NEGATIVE EVIDENCE IN THE MERCURY-GOLD CASE

WHEN A SAW A MAN AND B DIDN'T SEE HIM, the evidence of B is usually not highly regarded. Dr. Adolph Miethe and others say that they have produced gold from pure mercury. Experts employed by *The Scientific American* have tried the process without success. This is negative testimony, but in the opinion of *The Engineering and Mining Journal-Press* (New York), the conditions and details of the experiment are such that it must be considered as discrediting the news from Germany and Japan. We read:

"Some time ago we duly chronicled the claim of Dr. Adolph Miethe, of Germany, that he had transmuted mercury into gold, and the rival claims reported to have been made by a Japanese scientist that he had done the same thing and done it first. While we, like all the world, recognized that individuality of an element is no longer secure, since various elements have been shown to change into others, and therefore that transmutation of cheaper metals into gold was a possibility, yet we pointed out editorially the unlikelihood that Dr. Miethe had accomplished what he claimed; and further suggested that Dr. Miethe had committed the amateurish error of not testing his raw material and determining whether gold were not present in the mercury in the beginning. We observed that 'mercury almost invariably contains a small impurity of gold, the proportion of which coincides in a general way with the amount of gold held to have been formed by transmutation by the scientists in Berlin and in Tokyo.'

"*The Scientific American* has had Dr. Miethe's tests repeated by competent scientists, and it has just given out the results, which are negative. It finds that the method does not change the mercury into gold. The Spanish mercury used by Dr. Miethe, it states, contains a little gold; and this gold separated out during the experiment. The observers state that the mercury that they used was California mercury and therefore free from gold, but our editorial shows that California mercury does, as a rule, contain gold, altho the *Scientific American* workers did not find it in the material with which they worked. Their report closes with a sardonic seriousness: 'Gold can be extracted from mercury, but mercury can not be transmuted into gold.'"

28-DAY CONCRETE IN 24 HOURS

THAT THIS DESIRABLE RESULT has been reached, we are assured by the manufacturers of a new type of hydraulic cement, called in its American form Lumnite, and said to be the outcome of endeavors to bring about quick results in emergency concrete-work during the war. We quote below from an article contributed to the New York *Commercial* by William Whittam, formerly a special agent of the U. S. Department of Commerce. The new cement, Mr. Whittam asserts, gives a service possible with no other material—full strength 28-day concrete in 24 hours—a saving of time that a competent construction executive can quickly turn into terms of money on any given job. He writes:

"To-day one French concern turns out yearly hundreds of thousands of barrels of cement similar to Lumnite, with the rate of output steadily increasing. Likewise, the British took to the new war-tested cement, despite a reputation for being ultra-conservative in their attitude to innovations.

"This remarkable characteristic of developing greater strength in 24 hours than that developed by other building cements and mortars in 28 days, is due to its chemical composition and results from the use of high-grade aluminum ore (bauxite) as the principal raw material. Bauxite and other raw materials are first burned, and then ground to a considerably greater fineness than that required by standard specifications. It took a ten-year test by the U. S. Bureau of Standards to establish scientifically the advantages of fine grinding. Lumnite is not, however, 'quick setting.' It affords the usual time for mixing, transporting and pouring into forms. It is after setting that its high strength develops with great rapidity. Mixing and handling methods differ little from those for Portland cement."

Typical laboratory tests confirm the remarkable characteristics of the new cement, we are told. They are thus summarized:

"The most interesting property demonstrated by these tests is the very high strength attained by Lumnite cement at 24 hours, the strength being greater than that of Portland cement at 28 days. The strength of the best 1:2:4 Lumnite cement concrete at 5 days was almost exactly twice as great as the strength of the best 1:2:4 Portland cement concrete at 28 days."

To continue our quotation of Mr. Whittam's article:

"Another service which has distinct value is that 'setting' begins at the interior of the mass, just the opposite process to that followed by Portland cement. The chemical action thus set up generates internal heat, which acts as a substantial protection against frost.

"Another characteristic of Lumnite, of no mean value under certain peculiar conditions, lies in the fact that there is absence of moisture during the curing period.

"A sweeping change is now possible in cement-building construction, into which goes 25 per cent. of our Portland-cement production. Build a concrete foundation to-day, remove the forms and put it in service within 24 hours. Pour a base for dynamos or heavy-duty machinery to-day, put the machine in operation to-morrow. Railroads and traction companies are avoiding costly and irritating traffic interruptions, concrete piles are made, and driven 26 hours later. A two-ton, 54-inch concrete pipe was dropt five times from a height of five feet without injury, 24 hours after pouring. In the Texas and Mid-Continental oil-fields Lumnite cement is saving days of valuable time in setting casings and insuring protection against collapses and corrosion. Drilling is resumed a day after the cementing of the well.

"In other instances, Lumnite bridges carried locomotives and loaded cars in 48 hours. Again, 26 hours after a Lumnite concrete roadbed was poured, a 32-ton trolley-car was operated and the pavement opened to general traffic. On street work in freezing weather, safety islands were placed in service within 40 hours after pouring. A street intersection in New Orleans, over which some 14,000 vehicles pass daily, was reopened to traffic 24 hours after the placing of Lumnite cement concrete. Indeed, the fact that most of the State highway departments east of the Mississippi and many counties and cities are using Lumnite in increasing volume for highways is convincing proof of its value in speed for road work.

"Besides savings to the owner, the contractor benefits greatly in that Lumnite permits the early removal of forms, reducing form costs by making possible the more frequent use of the same form material.

"So many possibilities are before the user of Lumnite that it would be rash to predict into what new spheres of usefulness users and research men may find a place for it. While it is revolutionary as a cement, only the future can disclose how it will revolutionize processes, equipments, application and the general conception of the place of cement in the industrial world."

Photographs by courtesy of Davenport Locomotive Works

AND NOW THEY ARE OUT OF A JOB

A llama train on the Andean heights, 15,000 feet above sea-level. Now displaced by a railroad.

LOCOMOTIVES OUST ANDEAN LLAMAS

HIGH IN THE ANDES of Peru, 15,500 feet above the sea, modern facilities are overcoming natural obstacles in the recovery of hitherto inaccessible mineral wealth. The rarefied atmosphere, climatic conditions, and mountainous country have made the questions of labor and transportation so imposing in the past that vast resources—first hinted at by early Spanish explorers—have gone largely undeveloped. We read in *The Earth Mover* (Aurora, Ill.):

"It was not even known until the early part of this century that a great black deposit, previously located as coal, near Cerro de Pasco, Peru, was in reality a sulfide of vanadium, rich in this remarkable metal so little of which, when alloyed with steel, gives us a steel of unusual tensile strength, elastic limit, and cutting quality. It would be hard, indeed, to estimate the far-reaching importance of such a discovery.

"It remained for the Vanadium Corporation of America, spurred on by the great demand for this new metal during the war, to develop the means for its recovery. And to-day 90 per cent. of the world's vanadium comes from this deposit.

"Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the development at Mina Ragra is the way in which the transportation problem has been solved.

"The ore, roasted to eliminate the majority of sulfur and a large percentage of the weight, is loaded into sacks for shipment. For years these sacks were transported on the backs of llamas, one sack to an animal, to the railroad twenty-eight miles away. As the demand for vanadium rapidly grew, and the extent of the excavation became larger, it was evident that better and more certain transportation facilities were necessary to take care of the demands.

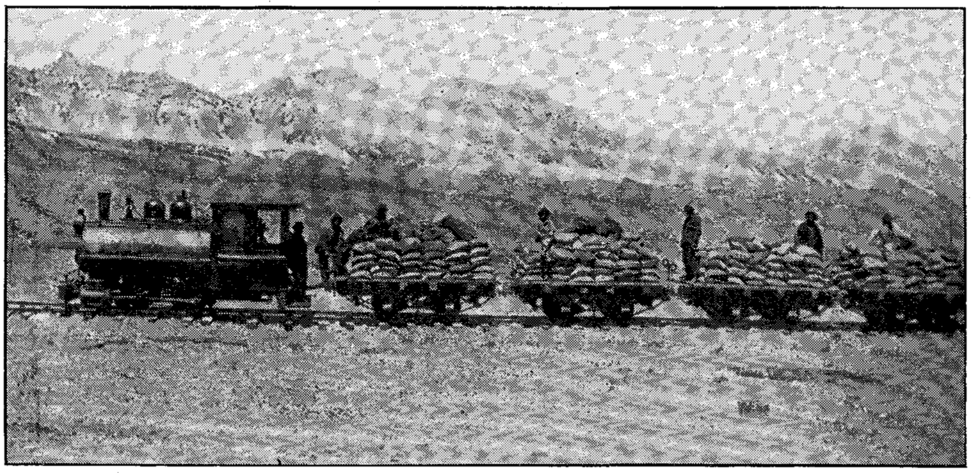
"Two narrow-gage railroads replaced the old method and small steam locomotives have supplanted the picturesque llama. These locomotives had to be particularly chosen for their ability to handle heavy loads over light track and on severe grades. A glance at the scenic photographs gives a good impression of the territory over which they must operate. Five of them are doing the work of hundreds of llamas.

"The first of these narrow-gage railroads carries the sacks from the mine six miles to Jumasha on Lake Pun Run. Transported on barges across the lake it is then picked up by the second railroad and carried twelve miles to the Ricran station on the railroad to Calao. From this port it is shipped to the reduction works at Bridgeville, Pennsylvania.

"Probably none of the elements has had a more remarkable history than vanadium. It was named, first of all, after Vanadis, a Scandinavian goddess, by the Swedish chemist Sefstrom, who discovered it in 1830 in the Taberg iron ores of Sweden. For three-quarters of a century it was considered one of the rarest of the metallic elements. In 1900 Prof. J. O. Arnold, of Sheffield University, carried on extensive investigations which proved conclusively the remarkable qualities imparted to steel by a small percentage of the metal. During the war it came into universal demand for armor plate, helmets, airplane fittings, and uses of every description where strength and lightness had to be combined.

"To-day it is used widely in the automotive industry, it plays an increasingly important rôle in airplane manufacture, and the Liberty motor owes its lightness and dependability largely to this remarkable metal.

"It is interesting to note in closing that with the discovery of an almost limitless source, perfected processes of stripping, roasting and transportation, the supplanting of the llama by the small locomotive and the successful operation, one might almost say, of a railroad in the sky, the location of this great deposit is at such an altitude that we are still dependent on Indians—perhaps descendants of the original Incas—for the labor at Mina Ragra. More than 90 per cent. of the world's vanadium comes from a source so located that white men can not work it."



FIVE OF THEM DO THE WORK OF HUNDREDS OF LLAMAS

One of the new steam locomotives used for hauling vanadium in the Andes.

POWER BY RADIO

WHENEVER THIS SUBJECT IS MENTIONED to the average scientist or radio man, says Hugo Gernsback, editor of *Radio News* (New York), you will see him lift his eyebrows and look at you with a sort of pitying expression. The reason is simple. Take an ordinary broadcast station operating on 500 watts, then take the most sensitive measuring apparatus a mile away from the station, and you will find that the energy received at that distance is not enough to lift the smallest snowflake. At 100 miles, the power delivered from a broadcast station to a receiving set becomes so incredibly small that it is almost impossible to express it in figures. He goes on:

"Therefore, we should not be surprized, when we talk of power by radio, to find the radio scientist become extremely annoyed. Nevertheless, what seems impossible to-day is a reality to-morrow. Had you mentioned to any great scientist thirty years ago that it would be possible to speak in New York into an electrical instrument and, without any intervening wires, hear the voice in Europe, the scientist would, of course, have laughed aloud and have chided you for your nonsense. He would have told you that it is not possible to do it even over a transatlantic cable, because if you put only a little power on the cable you burn it out—so why attempt to speak across the ocean without any wires at all?

"Now from speculation to facts: Not so long ago, at the seashore, I had occasion to talk with an eminent radio man on the subject of radio power. He looked at me sharply, as if he doubted my sanity. Then he made several jocular remarks on the subject and refused to treat it seriously. So I finally told him that the thing had already been done, that power by radio was an accomplished fact, and that thousands of horse-power were being transmitted every day for thousands of miles.

"This statement caused my friend to laugh uproariously, as he naturally assumed it to be a good joke. We were walking along the beach, and I told him that on the spot on which he was standing, right in front of his very nose, there was being transmitted a power of almost three-quarter horse-power per hour to the square foot. My friend still looking bewildered, I continued:

"'The sun, 93 million miles distant from you, is shooting energy down to us by means of electromagnetic waves, which you probably will not deny. All wave motions, whether light, heat, or radio, being the same, and varying only as to their length, I believe that I have a perfect right to call light waves radio waves, because all of them are electromagnetic waves, according to Clerk Maxwell, Heinrich Herz, and many other undisputed authorities. The energy which we receive from our luminary is radiant energy, the same as Marconi's directed radio beam. Both are exactly the same, except that the wave-length varies, radio waves being rather long, while light waves are short. You will also note that the energy which comes to us from the sun comes through space without any conductor whatsoever.'

"In Egypt and out West we now have sun-power motors, which deliver quite a good deal of energy per square foot—0.67 horse-power per hour, to be exact. Two or three years ago it was demonstrated by Dr. E. F. Nichols and J. D. Tear, that radio waves can be made so short that they lapse into the heat-wave band. The wave-length used was astoundingly low—only $^{1}/_{100}$ of an inch.

"*In other words, radio waves have become heat waves.* What does all of this mean? Simply this—at some future date it will be possible to transform electrical energy into an electromagnetic wave which can then be radiated from an aerial or other tower into space, to be received at the receiving end with hardly any loss of power. As a matter of fact, I believe that sending power through space will be very much more economical than sending it through conductors, because conductors have resistance, whereas free space has none.

"Naturally the question will immediately arise: Suppose we do accomplish broadcasting of power by radio, what safeguard has the future power company? The answer is simple. If you have a power line running near your property to-day it is an easy matter to tap it and use the power. However, if you have a conscience and a proper fear for the law, you will do nothing of the sort, because you know that you would get yourself into trouble with the authorities. You can not steal power any more than you can steal any other commodity. So, finally, when power is radiated by radio or by other electromagnetic means, laws will be enacted to protect the interests that radiate the power. Meters will be installed, and there will be no more stealing of power than there is to-day.

"My friend, while agreeing with me in the main, then had some doubts as to what would happen to radio broadcasting, should radio-power transmission come into vogue. What would happen to the two? Would they not interfere with each other, making one or the other impossible?

"'I don't believe that this will be the case,' I said, 'for the following and very good reasons: I have an idea that the power transmission, for reasons I mentioned a little while ago, will be done on exceedingly short wave-lengths—on the order of a centimeter or less. Broadcasting may come down to perhaps one or two meters, which will still leave a tremendous gap between the two, so that I do not think there will be any possibility of interference, any more than sound waves to-day interfere with radio waves.'"

STELLAR SPEEDERS

RUNAWAY STARS and new variable stars that periodically become bright and then faint are being discovered by Prof. Frank E. Ross, of the Yerkes Observatory, as a result of the study of photographic plates in the observatory's files, we are told by Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). We read:

"Various fields of stars, largely in the Milky Way, were photographed some twenty years ago by the late Prof. E. E. Barnard, who used the Bruce photographic telescope. This instrument is a camera with several lenses, the largest ten inches in diameter, and it is mounted so as to follow the stars in their apparent daily motion across the sky. Thus these photographs show the sky as it appeared about two decades ago. To discover what has happened in the interval Professor Ross is comparing them with similar photographs which he is making of the same regions through the Bruce telescope.

"To compare two pictures, each showing thousands of tiny dots representing stars, all but half a dozen of which are precisely the same, and to locate the ones that have moved or otherwise changed in the interval, would seem like a hopelessly complicated task, but the use of an ingenious instrument known as the blink microscope makes it relatively easy. This consists of what might be called a double periscope. One photographic plate is placed at each end. By oscillating a small lever, the observer can see first one and then the other in as rapid succession as he desires.

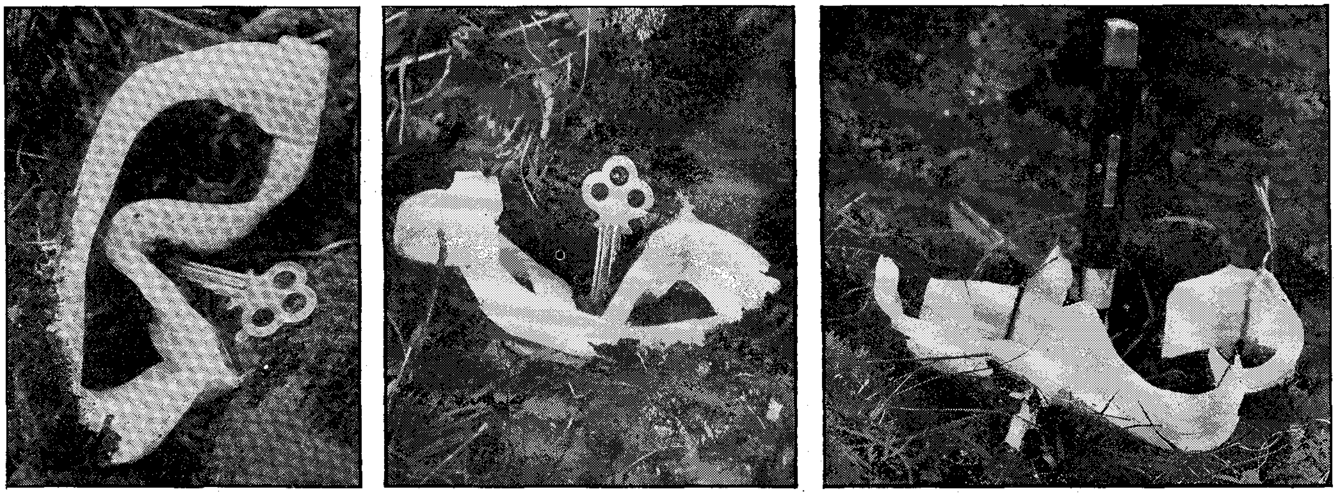
"The stars that are the same on each plate undergo no change in appearance, but if one has moved, between the two exposures, it seems to dance to and fro as the lever is moved. If a star has varied in light, the image dot seems to grow larger and smaller, while if a new star has burst out, its image will appear and disappear.

"So far, Professor Ross has examined twenty-five pairs of plates in this way and has found more than 150 rapidly moving, or 'proper motion' stars, and forty variables, that were not known before. Some of the proper motion stars are moving faster than two seconds of arc a year, which in about 900 years would take them over a distance equal to the moon's apparent diameter in the sky.

"This may not seem very rapid, but the most rapid star in the sky known to astronomers, which was also discovered by Professor Barnard, is only moving at about five times this speed. And of the countless legions of stars only about 200 have been known up to the present that move faster than one second of arc a year.

"But these plates only measure motion across the sky, and if a star happens to be moving directly to or from the earth, its motion will not be apparent. Such motion, called 'radial velocity,' may be detected by analyzing the star's light in a spectroscope, for the light waves are crowded together from an approaching star, and spread out if it is receding. A similar effect makes a fire-engine bell, for example, seem shriller when coming toward one than when going away.

"For three nights a week, when weather permits, the great 40-inch refracting telescope at Yerkes, the largest of its kind in the world, is used to make these spectrum photographs. This work was begun by Prof. Edwin B. Frost, director of the observatory, and is now being carried on by Prof. S. B. Barrett and Dr. Otto Struve. Dr. Struve is a young Russian astronomer, and belongs to the third generation of a family of astronomers that includes some of the best-known names in the history of the science."



Photographs by courtesy of W. J. Humphreys, U. S. Weather Bureau

BEAUTIFUL AND MYSTERIOUS ICE RIBBONS THAT FORM ON THE STEMS OF THE *CUNILA*

Their size is indicated by the key and by the pen-knife, which has a three-inch handle. The writer of the accompanying article tells something about how they are formed. But there is much still to be learned.

ICE RIBBONS

CURIOUS FROST-FORMATIONS around the stems of certain plants are described and discust by Dr. W. J. Humphreys, of the U. S. Weather Bureau, in *The Scientific Monthly* (New York). He concludes that the manner of their production is not yet completely understood, altho they are certainly due to the progressive freezing of water brought up from the soil through ducts in the stem. Writes Dr. Humphreys:

"Did you ever see the Christmas ribbons Jack Frost ties about *Cunila?* If not, and if you are a lover of the beautiful in nature, then hunt for them any cold morning of early winter, when the ground is neither frozen nor covered with snow. Where? Almost anywhere along the whole Appalachian system and its borders, the home of *Cunila—Cunila origanoides*, to be exact—Jack Frost's especial favorite. A few other plants receive a little of his ribbon gifts, but mere scraps and ends left over from the lavish adornment of his particular pet.

"'Cunila' is the old Latin name of a plant of some kind, no one knows what, while 'origanoides' means 'like origanum' (wild marjoram), whose name, also Latin, was adopted from the Greek, in which it signifies delight of the mountain. No wonder then many of us, perhaps even botanists too when off their formal guard, prefer to call this aromatic herb by some simpler name, such as stone mint, or American dittany.

"But call it what you will, this plant, about a foot to eighteen inches high, and having in late summer many small purple flowers, is common in the Eastern portion of the United States. Its somewhat angular stem has a pithy core and a woody shell threaded with long and large sap ducts, the supply tubes during the growth of the ice ribbons.

"The stem dies in the autumn, but the roots live on and the sap tubes through capillary action remain full of water up to some inches above the ground. Then when a freeze sets in, from one to several, but usually two, ribbons of ice start growing out from the side of the stem, each as if (tho actually not) from a wide crack or slit. The ribbons are about as thick as the blade of a table knife, half an inch to two inches broad, roughly, and of varying lengths. Those shown in the picture with the key were each about seven inches long. An occasional ribbon is nearly transparent, but the great majority are snow white. All are fibrous with a silky sheen, the fibers running lengthwise of the ribbon. Nearly all, too, are gracefully curved, and, at a little distance, look like so many large white flowers.

"The earliest account of this strange ice formation that has come to my attention appeared in 1824, in the second volume of Stephen Elliot's 'Sketch of the Botany of South Carolina and Georgia.' In 1833 Sir John Herschel published in *The Philosophical Magazine* a brief account of the same phenomenon, tho less well-developed, on the stems, near the ground, of thistles and heliotropes. The first careful study of these ribbons, on a different plant however, *Pluchea* or fleabane, was made by the physicist John Le Conte, then at the University of Georgia. He found that they are owing neither to frost deposition nor to physiological action—the stem of the plant being dead—but, presumably, to the progressive freezing, at the surface of the woody portion of the stem, of water brought from the ground by the porous central pith and forced out along the medullary or pith rays. He also showed that the ribbons did not grow out from perceptible rifts or longitudinal cracks in the stem. His interesting report was presented at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1850. In 1893 Lester F. Ward published a brief and interesting description of these ribbons; a short illustrated account of them was given also in the Missouri Botanical Garden *Bulletin* for October, 1924.

"However, more than sixty years passed after Le Conte's studies before this subject was again seriously examined. This last investigation, by W. W. Coblentz, in 1914, is the most elaborate yet given to the formation of these ice ribbons. Coblentz confirmed in the main the earlier conclusions of Le Conte, but showed that the supply of water from the ground is by way of the large sap tubes in the thin woody shell of the stem and not the central pith. He also showed that the ribbons form readily on dead stems stuck in damp soil or vessels of water, thus proving that the root system is not essential. He found, too, that the ribbons begin as a row, along and normal to the stem, of closely spaced hair-like crystals. These are soon bound together by a connecting web of ice, and the whole grows out to a greater or less extent, a fringe at first and then a ribbon of ice. Furthermore, the ribbons form repeatedly, freeze after freeze, at the same place on the stem.

"But is the water that is fashioned into a ribbon supplied by a single tube or by many? What is the nature of the openings from the supply tube or tubes to the surface? Are they finer capillaries inherently present, or mere ruptures or partial tears incident to the drying of the dead stem, or owing indeed to some other cause? Why does not the water in the capillaries also freeze? Is this owing to the liberated heat of fusion, to impurities that the process of freezing tends to concentrate within the supply tubes, to both of these, or even, in part at least, to some different factor? But why investigate these trivial matters? Because they occur, and we do not fully understand how."

HOW NOT TO DRINK—School children should be instructed to "bite the bubble," and not to suck the water directly from the metal parts of drinking-fountains, says *The Nation's Health* (Chicago). Dr. William J. O'Shea, New York State superintendent of schools, is quoted as follows:

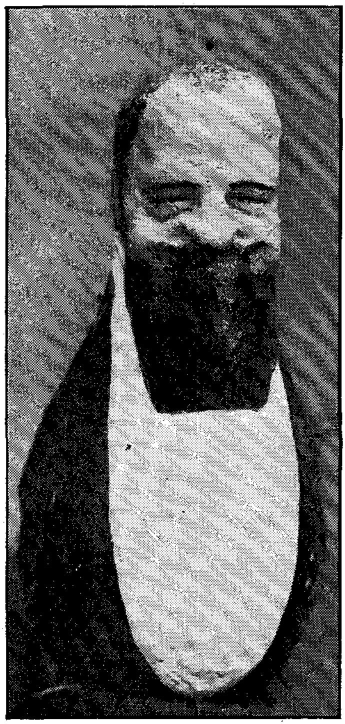
"Pupils should be told that bubble fountains may be a source of infectious diseases common among school children, if they are used improperly. Abuses, such as placing the mouth directly in contact with the metal spout of the bubble fountain, deposit of saliva, intentionally or unintentionally, on any part of the bubble fountain, or the placing of foreign matter on any of the parts of the drinking-fountain, or the use of the drinking-fountain during acute colds or other infectious diseases must be avoided."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

MOSCOW TRANSFORMS THE OPERAS

Another wave of Moscow dramatic art has broken upon our shores, stirring up some vigorous eddies on its way here. The Moscow Musical Studio players of the Moscow Art Theater are here to teach us ways of bringing the moribund operas of old to life again, and offering a challenge to the good old traditions observed at the Metropolitan. On the way here the company stopt in Berlin and stirred up a pretty shindy between traditionalists and those falling ready victims to innovating ways, and some broken heads are reported as the price of a too tenacious hold on artistic convictions. Whether the company find us so devoted remains for future revelation. "Carmen," under a new title, "Carmencita and the Soldier," is the storm center of the company's repertory, doubtless because it is the best-known and most definitely crystallized into traditional forms. Aristophanes's "Lysistrata" went more easily because it was too remote to have acquired protecting sentimental wrappings; Lecocq's "La Fille de Madame Angot" was too enchanting to be fought over. These, or one or all, will perhaps form a battle-ground here. Meantime we cull the reports of the doings in Berlin, Bella Cohen writing in the New York *World:*



Courtesy of Morris Gest

A DANTCHENKO DOLL

Modeled after the celebrated Russian sculptor, N. Andreieff. The original was cofounder with Stanislavsky of the Moscow Art Theater.

"'Lysistrata,' their opening offer, evoked whole-souled praise. The *Berliner Tageblatt* went so far as to say that it was inclined to rate the Russian production even higher than that of Max Reinhardt.

"Adolf Weissmann (deemed by the intelligentsia here the leading critic), in his review in the *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag*, said:

"'We can not compare the production of Max Reinhardt with the Musical Studio of the Moscow Art Theater presentation. For the Russians, "Lysistrata" means something entirely different. To them it is the bridge between play and opera. . . . The Russian Aristophanes approaches the Greek much closer than the German. The Russian word rings out very much like the Greek. The entire production was marked by a classical unity. There was no gap. The music held it tight together. The music of the actors' speech wound its way through the music of the composition, rising at times to marvelous climaxes.'

"Dr. R. Biedrzynski, dramatic mentor of the *Deutsche Zeitung*, Nationalist paper, which makes it a point never to praise anything not German, broke into a veritable hallelujah of approval.

"After expressing deep surprize at the fact that, despite the language barrier between the Russian actor-singers and the German audience, the powerful mimicry and the Gliere music more than made up for the lack of word comprehension, he says:

"'The originality and the freedom with which the Russian actors turned themselves into the Greek comedians are directly responsible for their amazing success. The stage picture was distinctly new and compelling. The actors themselves moved the scenes, and in their costumes made brilliant moving color. As deeply impressive as Olga Baklanowa, who was *Lysistrata*, was the constant interchange of the groups as they came together, separated and half met.

"'The impression as a whole with which I left was one of exquisite merriment. Despite the foreign language, the audience felt that they had witnessed an example of the highest art and power.'"

Those familiar with "Carmen" and its method of presentation will get an idea of the Moscow radicals from Henrietta Malkiel in *Musical America:*

"In the Moscow Musical Studio's version which Berlin has just seen and which Morris Gest will bring to America, the opera is called 'Carmencita and the Soldier.' It tells the story not as does the conventionalized Bizet opera. It is a new 'Carmen' and yet an old one. It is the *Carmen* of the Merimée novel.

"'Carmen' is produced on two levels. The action goes on on the stage and the chorus appears in a gallery in the background in the manner of the Greek chorus. It comments on and interprets the action; it appears in visions, but it takes no part in the dramatic movement of the plot. It is the background and the atmosphere and it leaves the stage free for the principal actors.

"This 'Carmen' has no *Micaela.* To Dantchenko she seemed a stupid character, who for some unknown reason had been given beautiful music to sing. It is the music of a pure love, of the ideals of youth. It recalls to *José* his childhood home. Dantchenko has brought back from the Merimée original old *Dorothea*, *José's* mother, and given the music to her. She appears to him in a vision when he thinks of the scenes of his youth and the music finds its place.

"In this, as in all his productions, Dantchenko's object is to give dramatic conviction to opera, to free it from its outworn conventionalities, to make the music and the libretto a harmonious whole. Most operas, he insists, have lived through their music and in spite of their librettos. Opera, to mean anything to a modern world, must be alive, it must be as effective as a play and more so, for the music supplies an additional enjoyment. The music, he feels, must be predominant. He does not want to sacrifice it to the dramatic action, but he does not want it swamped by stupid operatic traditions.

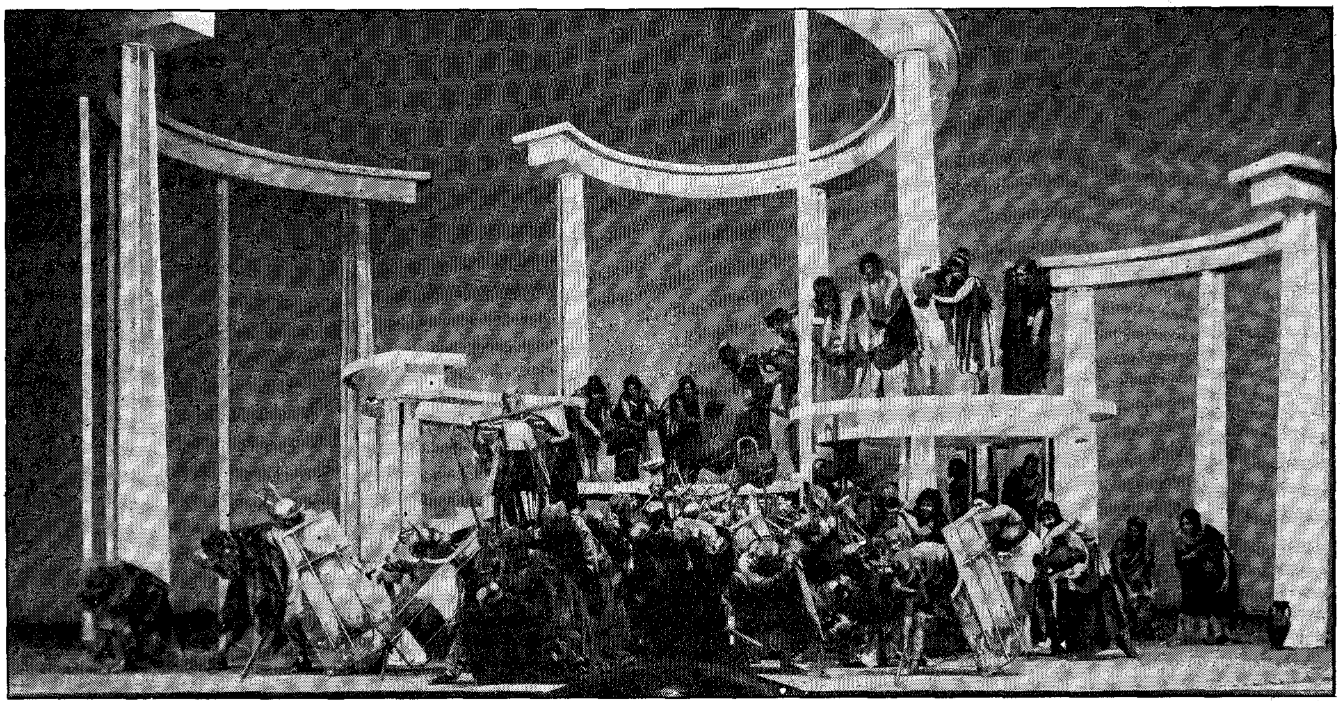
"His artists must be actors, but they must be singers first. He is attempting to reach a combination of the two schools which will make opera a living art. He has created what is a real revolution in opera. In 'Carmen' he has kept the Bizet score, but it has been rearranged to fit in with the new libretto. He has outraged the conservatives, but he has made 'Carmen' a thrilling play."

What Berlin thought of it we get by returning to Miss Cohen's comments:

"The second offering of the Russians was 'Carmencita and the Soldier'—better known as 'Carmen'—and Berlin waited with a battle-ax. One would have thought that it was Herr Hans Schmidt who had written the libretto for Bizet's opera and not Merimée. The Germans did not like having the libretto rewritten, even if it was in the name of art and reality. They had no personal animosity toward Lipskeroff, the man who made *José*, the soldier, the leading character of his libretto, but—

"At the first night of 'Carmencita' the intermission saw dramatic and music critic almost in each other's arms—not lovingly, but in antagonism bound.

"They agreed that the dull gold set that serves as background for street, smuggler's cave and entrance to the bull-fighting stadium with only a rearrangement of the stairs to indicate a change either in time or place—they agreed that the set was impressive. The dramatic critics pointed out that Lipskeroff's



Courtesy of Morris Gest

REVOLT OF THE WOMEN IN "LYSISTRATA"

Turning against their war-mad men they empty the contents of water jars over their cowering heads. The framework is symbolical for a city, according to modern stage decoration. "The stage picture," says a Berlin critic, "was distinctly new and compelling."

libretto was no worse than Merimée's, except that he preferred to lay stress on destiny and the man rather than whim and the woman.

"The music critics said nothing to this, but demanded the reason for making quintets out of duets and vice versa. In their opinion Bizet had been attacked.

"The reviews appeared the next day in four columns and two columns, and even three columns.

"Said the *Neue Berliner* through Klaus Pringsheim:

"'What we saw last night with "Carmencita and the Soldier" was a mixture of Stanislavsky and Tairoff. What we saw last night was an opera that was beautiful, human and untheatrical, free of all opera pose and opera pathos. It was a spectacle that made us believe that it could only be given once—so spontaneous did it appear to be. The Russians have an art of living their music. And they have an art of never once looking at the conductor, which no German conductor would ever permit.'

"Weissmann in the *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag*, congratulated the Russians on their possessing a *José* who had some life and substance in contrast to the other *Josés* that feebly tread the operatic boards here. *Carmencita* (played by Baklanova) is not devilish enough for him.

"'Her skirts are too long,' wailed Herr Weissmann.

"Manfred Georg, critic on the *8 Uhr Abendblatt*, the most popular evening paper here, didn't mind Baklanova's modesty at all. Baklanova to him sets a new high mark in *Carmens*.

"'These Russians do not present pictures,' he said. 'They live them. And at no point in the opera is there a dead moment. Not a single member of this remarkable chorus made a single false step.

"'It isn't saying too much to predict that through such musical progress as the Russians indicate will there not only be the basis for a new and more intensive world appreciation of opera, but that it will also inspire us—a phenomenon these days.

"'With the Russians, we have an ensemble to deal with (an ensemble in the opera!) where the second smuggler deserves as much praise as Baklanova's *Carmencita* or Welikanov's foolish soldier. "Carmencita and the Soldier" is a piece for the brain. From this production we look to a new horizon.'"

The report, happily contradicted, that Stanislavsky, head of the Moscow Art Theater which visited us two seasons ago, had gone blind, calls forth a tribute from the New York *World* that has its application to the spirit of Russian dramatic art in general. So we quote it here as an earnest of what may be expected from the new-comers:

"What was there about him that so endeared Stanislavsky to us? Probably the bland naïveté with which he approached his art. He approached it as a child might approach it, with a feather in his cap and a song on his lips. He was a reproach to those dolts who regard it with a stupid reverence, thus robbing it of its joy, and those other dolts who regard it as a means of inflating their egos, thus debasing it to the level of a vehicle for 'stars.' His simplicity, and the repression of vanity that went with it, was a national trait. He came of a race which sent us a steady procession of envoys with painted faces, and they all showed the same infectious spontaneity, the same willingness to forego their personal plaudits in order that we who looked on might feel the maximum delight. It has been said of them that they play like professionals with the spirit of amateurs. Stanislavsky took this racial tradition and applied it to serious drama. The atmosphere that was so playful in the Chauve-Souris developed terrific hitting power when it was injected into 'The Cherry Orchard' and 'The Lower Depths.' These plays, and others like them, which had seemed so tedious before, glowed and sparkled under Stanislavsky's direction. The thing was a revelation to American audiences. We could not understand Russian, but we flocked to see, and we saw many things that astonished us. We saw actors playing leading rôles one night relegated to small rôles the next night. We saw all minor effects relegated to one main effect. And we realized, perhaps for the first time, that cold professionalism and cheap individual acclaim have no necessary place in the theater; that art has a vital appeal in its own right; that the play is the thing."

THE COVER—It is natural that a family of painters should paint family life. The De Braekeleers painted the happy and the unhappy family. It is the happy one that we choose for representation. The elder Ferdinandus was a historical and genre painter, born in Antwerp, and a pupil at the Academy there. He was successful as a teacher and drew into his classes his sons and nephews. The son Henri sought for his inspiration in the old Dutch masters, especially Pieter de Hoogh. Another son was Ferdinandus (1828-57), likewise a pupil of his father and of Leys. It is said that his early death prevented him from fulfilling the promise of youth. Brussels and Antwerp hold most of the canvases of this Belgian family, tho the Corcoran Art Gallery holds the two family pictures mentioned.

HOW BIOGRAPHIES ARE "WRITTEN UP"

BIOGRAPHY HAS BEEN REVOLUTIONIZED by Mr. Lytton Strachey. Since his "Queen Victoria" people try to use the Strachean formula, even on this side. The recent lives of Barnum and Brigham Young are said to follow the formula. It chiefly needs such a temperament as Mr. Strachey possesses, and for safety it also needs a sense of fact. Even the master comes a cropper if his sense of fact, as may be, becomes weakened by his temperament. The Manchester *Guardian* shows Mr. Strachey in such a predicament over the life of Florence Nightingale. His unmasker, it appears, is a Mrs. Vaughan Nash. But first we have an elucidation of the "method":

"As in the case of the great Dr. Arnold, so in that of Florence Nightingale Mr. Strachey's method was to take his facts from an admiring previous biographer, and then to pump in an atmosphere of his own making which had the curious effect of taking whole cubits off the reputed stature of the distinguished person round whom this atmosphere was shed. Simply by the skilful use of his own temperament he presented a set of admired Victorians as much less likable and less exemplary than most of those who had known them had believed them to be. As he is a vivacious and engaging writer he did it most persuasively, and some of the famous portraits which he thus converted into delicate caricatures will probably never recover their old authority, however much more accurate they may be than Mr. Strachey's witty perversions. For a written thing which can make people read it will always have more influence than a written thing which has passed into the limbo of old books suspected of being dull.

"Mrs. Nash, in her retributive Appendix, has the gentle malice to furnish specimens of Mr. Strachey's mode of using, and at the same time guying, the biographical material that he found ready to his hand. In some American newspaper offices, we believe, there is employed a functionary called a 'writer-up.' To him some meager and matter-of-fact telegram about a murder or a battle is handed and he enriches it with all kinds of picturesque detail, obtained solely by wealth of temperament—set faces, flashing eyes, fiendish fury, and all the rest of it. So, apparently, Mr. Strachey found in Sir Edward Cook's 'Life' the dry and jejune record that 'Sir Douglas Dawson, on the King's behalf, brought the Order [of Merit] . . . to South Street. Miss Nightingale understood that some kindness had been done to her, but hardly more. "Too kind, too kind," she said.' As 'written up' by Mr. Strachey, this becomes—

"'The Order of Merit was brought to South Street, and there was a little ceremony of presentation. Sir Douglas Dawson, after a short speech, stept forward and handed the insignia of the Order to Miss Nightingale. Propt up by pillows, she dimly recognized that some compliment was being paid to her. "Too kind, too kind," she murmured; and she was not ironical.'

"You might not suppose that much harm had been done there, apart from the wickedness of using two words where one will do. And yet, Mrs. Nash assures us, Mr. Strachey added almost as many mistakes as he did words. 'There was no little ceremony. Sir Douglas Dawson did not make a speech, short or long, did not step forward, and did not hand the insignia of the Order to Miss Nightingale. On the contrary, he stayed down-stairs with members of Miss Nightingale's family, while the Order was taken to her by one of her cousins and her private secretary.' Such are the pitfalls awaiting the vivid and vivacious writer-up."

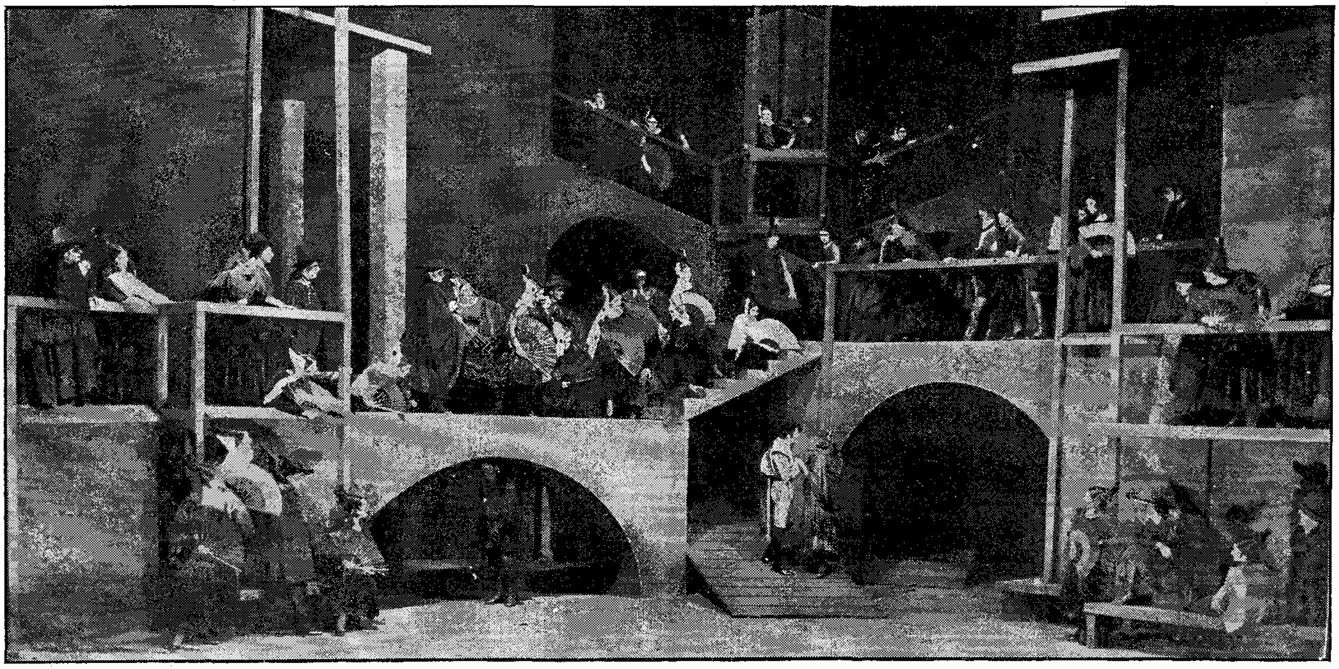
WHITMAN IN BRONZE, TEN FEET TALL

NEW YORK IS SCRAMBLING hard to overtake the fame of Walt Whitman. The Authors' Club have decreed a statue to him, and Jo Davidson has the commission to fashion it. People so inclined will be asked to subscribe the $60,000 estimated as its cost. To further the project the New York Public Library has brought forward an exhibition of Whitmaniana—books, portraits, printed material relative, assembled and arranged by Mr. Alfred Goldsmith, the Whitman bibliographer. It is often stated in one way or another by intelligent foreigners that it is Walt Whitman, more than any other literary worthy, who puts us and keeps us on the world's literary map, yet *The Outlook* (New York) calls attention to the fact that this is the first time a library has honored the poet with a special exhibition. What is there displayed is thus summarized:

"There are now on display books, pictures, and a great variety of other material illustrative of the life and work of New York's greatest poet. There are first editions, translations into foreign languages, newspapers and magazines to which Whitman contributed, manuscripts and letters, books about Whitman, photographs, paintings, busts, and caricatures.

"Mr. Emory Holloway writes:

"'The strange merging of poetry and journalism in Whitman will be less of a puzzle to one who examines with care the cases showing his varied work as journalist, war correspondent, and magazine writer. Doubtless the poetry will endure the longest, but one can easily misjudge the poet if the journalist be entirely



Courtesy of Morris Gest

"CARMEN," ACCORDING TO THE MOSCOW ART THEATER MUSICAL STUDIO

Depicting the last act scene when *Lucas*, the matador, bids *Carmen* farewell while *Don José* spies under the arch.

forgotten. This dual function accounts, in a measure, for Whitman's often deplored reviews of his own books.

"'Shut not your doors to me, proud libraries,' said Whitman, in one of his poems. Libraries have been known to do that, as well as bookstores; indeed, this is the first time that a library has honored the poet with a special exhibition. But how many library shelves are now bearing books written about Whitman is suggested by the two cases devoted to volumes of this sort—volumes by Burroughs, Bucke, Symonds, Edward Carpenter, Bliss Perry, H. B. Binns, Johnston and Wallace, Kennedy, O'Connor, Traubel, Bazalgette, Grant Overton, Edith Wharton, and many more."

The Herald Tribune, taking cognizance of the occasion of the exhibition, finds the "most exhilarating comment" on it furnished by the well-known caricature by Max Beerbohm, which forms a part of the exhibition—"Walt Whitman Inciting the Bird of Freedom to Soar." We read:

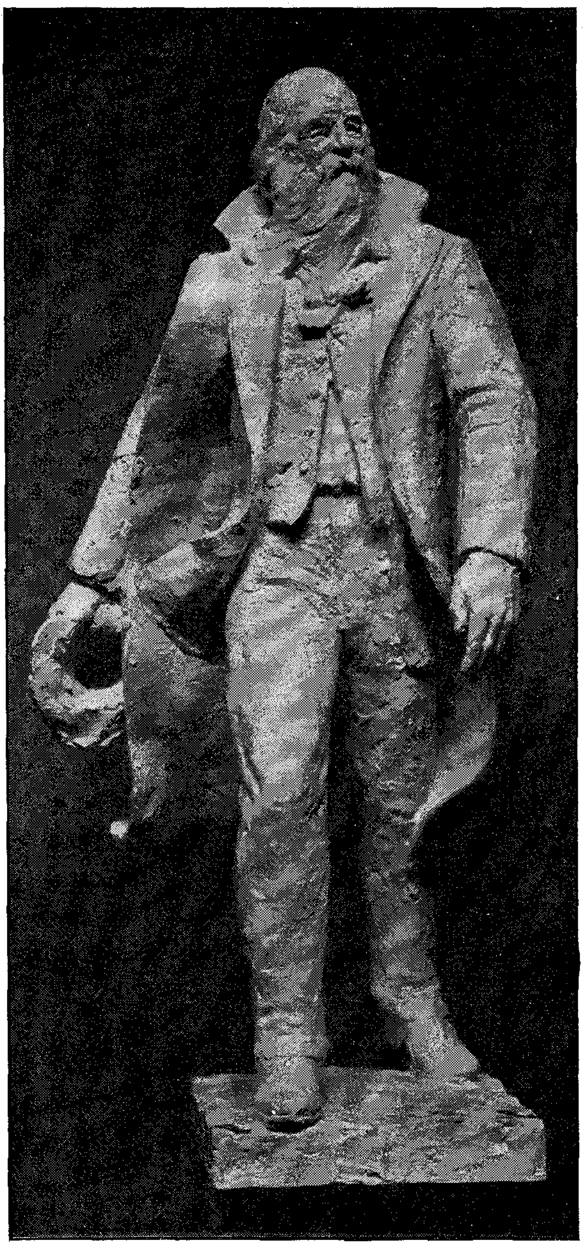
"The picture shows the great poet chanting and gesticulating; the bird sits rather sourly on his perch, not a single tail-feather budging.

"The admirable project for a Whitman monument which has occasioned the present highly interesting show finds the bird of freedom still maintaining his untoward calm in the sacred presence. Here is surely a strange phenomenon. The great experiment in democracy found its great poet at perhaps its greatest, certainly its most critical and tragic, moment. He was as original and revolutionary as the poet of a new democracy ought to be. There could be no question of his rank, since it rested upon an international verdict of intelligent critics and sensitive souls everywhere. Yet the great democracy remained astoundingly unmoved.

"The poet who called for 'comrades and lovers by the thousand' had to be satisfied with the suffrage of a few rare souls, the intelligentsia of his day.

"Nor has the situation greatly changed to-day, so far as democracy goes. A plebiscite would put 'Leaves of Grass' a long way after Riley and Field. Yet, with the discriminating, Whitman has become more than ever a hero, one of the great pioneers. For those with understanding and imagination he has sung the soul of America as no one else has. That is the anomaly of his fate, and it is only partly exprest by Max's pencil. The great audiences have failed to rise to the poet of democracy. In that respect his prophecy has failed. But the spirit of his poetry has surely been one of the great and stimulating forces of the nation, despite the narrow limits of his appeal. Probably the extent to which any great poetry is really read has been exaggerated. An aristocracy of minds has always furnished the effective audience for the finest works of man. Nations as nations have never soared, might be the reply to the caricaturist."

Information furnished by Prof. George S. Hellman, chairman of the Sculpture Committee of the Authors' Club, in the New York *Times*, deals with choice of Mr. Davidson's model for the memorial:



Courtesy of Mr. Jo Davidson

WHITMAN TRIUMPHANT

The good gray poet comes at last into his kingdom. The figure represents the preliminary sketch for a statue by Jo Davidson which the Authors' Club will seek to have erected.

"No formal competition was held, but designs were submitted by six sculptors, who requested that their works be considered. At the recent meeting of the sculpture committee Mr. Davidson's design was declared the most fitting and arrangements were begun with him looking to the completion of the work.

"Mr. Davidson took as his theme Whitman's 'Song of the Open Road'—'the long, brown path before me leading wherever I choose.' His idea is to have the statue raised slightly above its surroundings on a sort of hillock, suggesting an open road. On the ground in front of the statue he visualizes a big stone slab upon which would be set in bronze the first stanza of 'The Song of the Open Road.'

"When completed the statue will be in bronze and of heroic size, probably ten feet or more in height. The three-foot preliminary model submitted by the sculptor will be placed on public view soon in the Walt Whitman Memorial Exhibition at the Public Library.

"The statue is to cost approximately $60,000, Mr. Hellman said, and the funds are being sought by public subscription. He said the design submitted is not necessarily to be considered the final design, but Davidson's conception of the great generous humanity of the poet, he said, met with the full approval of a majority of the jury.

"Besides Mr. Hellman, as chairman, the committee on sculpture which selected the Davidson work included Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Aymar Embury, Otto H. Kahn, Charles De Kay, Guy Egleston and Prof. Emory Holloway, chairman of the Walt Whitman Memorial Committee."

A *Bulletin* of the Library thus summarizes the Whitman editions:

"Never before has such a complete list of Whitman editions been on public display. Here is shown 'Franklin Evans,' Whitman's first volume, a puerile temperance melodrama. Seven copies of the famous First Edition of 'Leaves of Grass,' including the centenary facsimile reproduction by Mosher and all the variant issues except that in paper-wrappers, of which but three copies are known to exist. The Second Edition with the well-known 'I greet you at the beginning of a great career' from Emerson spread upon the backstrip is fully displayed. The copy of this edition which, on the occasion of a memorable visit, the author presented to Thoreau is also on view, as are the various quaint blind-tooled bindings of the Third Edition. Accompanying 'Passage to India' is the original manuscript, written with unusual neatness for Whitman, as if to show that this poem was, as he said, that which exprest his deepest self. The Osgood Edition of 1881-2, which caused such a furor because of threatened legal prosecution, is shown, as well as the Rees, Welsh Edition, which, brought out by a more courageous publisher, paid the author the largest royalty checks of his career. A rarely seen volume is 'Memoranda During the War,' of which less than one hundred copies were printed. The edition which Whitman himself thought his most handsome one was the autographed 'Pocketbook Edition' of 1889. But ten years after his death in 1892 his collected works were to be published *de luxe* by Putnam in ten highly illustrated volumes. The 'Deathbed Edition' is another scarce item. This small issue was hastily bound for Whitman just before his death in order that he might make a farewell present to his friends. The display of editions closes with the latest, issued a year ago, the Inclusive Edition, published by Doubleday, Page and Company."

ROOTS OF TO-DAY'S VAGARIES IN THE "ROMANTIC '90s"

THE WAR SEEMED TO DRAW DOWN a curtain over the past, so that, in many minds, the peculiar character of contemporary life dates from that world-shaking event. But from certain forgotten facts it is argued that the war was merely the occasion for the sudden and full blossoming (tho doubtless some would put it another way) for seed that had been germinating slowly for twenty-five years. So Mr. Richard Le Gallienne seems to prove in his book on "The Romantic '90s." The people of the last decade of the last century displayed a sort of rebellious unrest that then went by the term *Fin de siècle.* The implication was of a spirit akin to the classic injunction, "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ye die." But looking back with the author of this fascinating book, "it is plain that here was not so much the ending of a century as the beginning of a new one." Mr. Le Gallienne lays claim to that period:

"Those last ten years of the nineteenth century properly belong to the twentieth century, and, far from being 'decadent,' except in certain limited manifestations, they were years of an immense and multifarious renaissance. All our present conditions, socially and artistically, our vaunted new 'freedoms' of every kind—including 'free verse'—not only began then, but found a more vital and authoritative expression than they have found since, because of the larger, more significant personalities engaged in bringing them about. As often happens, the pioneers were bigger men and women than those who have since entered into the new world they opened up, and who, in many cases, it may be thought, have pushed their conclusions to a *reductio ad absurdum.* Such achievements as the twentieth century can boast are merely extensions of what the men and women of the '90s began, and perhaps to-day we have less sowing, or even reaping, than running to seed. However that be, there is nothing that seems 'new' just now to any one familiar with the work done in those ten years; nor have we made any discoveries that were not then already discovered, fought for, and written for.

"Generally speaking, all our present-day developments amount to little more than pale or exaggerated copying of the '90s. The amount of creative revolutionary energy packed into that amazing decade is almost bewildering in its variety. So much was going on at once, in so many directions, with so passionate a fervor. A three-ringed circus gives but a small idea of the different whirling activities. In fact, London was more like a ten-ringed circus, with vividly original performers claiming one's distracted attention in every ring. Or perhaps one might better compare it to a series of booths at a fair, each with its vociferous 'barker' inviting us in to the only show on earth. Outside one of them, called the *Scots*, and afterward the *National Observer*, W. E. Henley, truculently announcing himself as the captain of his soul, was beating the big drum of Imperialism, supported by a band of brilliant young literary swordsmen, swearing by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Stevenson, and threatening to eat alive most other writers whatsoever.

"Another mystic-looking booth, flying a green flag with an Irish harp figured upon it, was presided over by a cabalistical young poet, Mr. W. B. Yeats, musically talking of Rosicrucianism, fairies, Celtic folk-lore, and an Irish theater, and backed by Irish scholars proclaiming the revival of the Gaelic tongue as the certain cure-all for Ireland's wrongs. Another Irishman, a witty, clowning fellow with a deadly method in his madness, was advertising Fabian socialism as a nostrum for all our national ills and discoursings on Wagner and the 'Quintessence of Ibsenism' by the way; and sometimes, as a vivacious interlude, stepping down to put on the gloves with some dissentient member of the audience, after the manner of his professional friend 'Cashel Byron.'

"Then there were Socialist clergymen, preaching High Church Anglicanism, and Preraffaelite art for the slums of Whitechapel. Dudley Hardy was making dashing posters outside another booth—for it was the heyday of the poster—and at the door of another, Mr. Whistler, with a white forelock like a feather for his *panache*, was declaiming the paradoxes of his 'ten o'Clock' to a select and ecstatic gathering of devotees. All these and many other spirited performers met with mingled enthusiasm and jeers from the gaping crowds, hardly knowing what to make of some of them; but there is scarcely one of them whom Time has not justified, and whose wildest dreams have not become the realities of the twentieth century.

"Mr. Kipling has taken Tennyson's place as the national bard and seer; Ireland is free and telegrams are accepted in Gaelic; The Abbey Theater is a national Irish institution, and Mr. Yeats has won the Nobel prize. It is perhaps too bad to call Mr. Shaw a classic and to say that he has shocked the world so successfully that he can shock it no more, but such are among the recent surprizes of Time's whirligig. The Fabian Society and William Morris's Hammersmith socialism have grown into a Labor party, and political 'dreamers' such as Sidney Webb and Sidney Olivier have become cabinet ministers, and even knights as well."

These names and events are merely the pegs upon which Mr. Le Gallienne hangs his account of the changes in literature and life that were being wrought:

"Generally speaking, all authority founded on those narrow negations which had no warrant in reality were under fire. Pleasure was no longer being regarded as suspect, nor natural functions as evil; while all the social conventions founded on such arbitrary misinterpretations of human energy were under fire. All forms of authority, indeed, were challenged to stand and deliver. Women, too, were beginning to assert the right to a larger freedom, and in the relations of the sexes a new and wholesome camaraderie was beginning to obtain. In this the part played by the humble bicycle, which inaugurated a freer intercourse between men and women, should not be forgotten in any survey of the time. Young people were no longer restricted to the frigid exchanges of the Victorian drawing-room, but were able to adventure together along country roads and wide commons, and fraternize humanly over intimate meals at country inns. The vote was not far off for women, and the typewriter girl was soon to invade the sacred precincts of masculine offices. The world was beginning to realize that work and duty were not everything, and that life was meant at least as much for play. I myself had written 'A New Spirit of Pleasure is abroad amongst us, and one that blows from no mere coteries of hedonistic philosophers, but comes on the four winds.' Indeed, on the sadder side, perhaps the pessimism inherent in Fitz-Gerald's 'Omar,' the wide popularity of which was another symptom, was, in an age that had lost its old faiths, finding expression in a wide-spread application of the philosophy of *carpe diem.* Life was brief and uncertain, death was sure, and the future dark. Therefore, why not 'gather ye rosebuds while ye may'? Otherwise burn always with that hard gem-like flame! In short, the '90s were generally sowing that wind of which we may be said to be now reaping the whirlwind."

Mr. Le Gallienne treats these figures each in turn, coming finally to Oscar Wilde, whom he characterizes as the supreme symbol of the time:

"In him the period might see its own face in a glass. And it is because it did see its own face in him that it first admired, then grew afraid, and then destroyed him. Here, said the moralist, is where your 'modern' ideas will lead you, and the moralist, as often, was both right and wrong. Wilde did gaily and flippantly what some men were doing in dead earnest, with humor and wit for his weapons. What serious reformers had labored for years to accomplish Wilde did in a moment with the flash of an epigram. He was like that *enfant terrible* in Andersen's fairy-tale who called out, 'Why, the King has nothing on,' and while his audience laughed, it awakened, and the truth beneath his phrases went home. Indeed, he made dying Victorianism laugh at itself, and it may be said to have died of the laughter.

"I have called the '90s 'romantic,' not merely because it was romantic to have lived in them, or because they included so many romantic figures, but because their representative writers and artists emphasized the modern determination to escape from the deadening thraldom of materialism and outworn conventions, and to live life significantly—keenly and beautifully, personally and, if need be, daringly; to win from it its fullest satisfactions, its deepest and richest and most exhilarating experiences. The will to romance: that, in a phrase, was the motive philosophy of the '90s."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

EUROPE'S SPIRITUAL LOCARNOS

THE YOUTH OF EUROPE is in revolt, we are told; but it is a revolt that has "peace on earth as its aim." Few on this side of the Atlantic realize the privation, even starvation, to which the students of Europe were reduced by the war. Yet they have suffered, and do suffer—but not now in silence. They have come to a great awakening, S. Ralph Harlow is convinced after attending several student conferences, and he believes that out of the stuff of their ideals they will help to mold a Europe in which cooperation and service will replace rivalry and war. The conferences Mr. Harlow attended were before Locarno, but, as he reports them, they may well have been the spiritual genesis of the pact born on the banks of Lake Maggiore. At Geneva were 280 student delegates, representing thirty countries. They resolved that "service to the community and the world and not personal gain should be the chief motive with which university study should be undertaken; that a more comprehensive international and supernational outlook should be fostered in the universities." Mr. Harlow, who is a frequent contributor to the religious weeklies, tells us in *The Congregationalist* that we must keep in mind that at this conference were students from races which still cherish the most bitter feelings of revenge, of injustice, and of outraged sentiments. They came from many creeds and languages—Roman Catholics, German Lutherans, Greek Orthodox, Serbian Orthodox, and Protestants other than Lutheran. They are living under conditions, he writes, such as few American students have ever known—"living often fifteen in a room, a pail their washtub, a candle their only light and a text-book shared like the overcoat with several fellow students." The greatest factor in bringing about understanding among the students of the various countries has been the European Student Relief, says Mr. Harlow, and he tells us:

> "All over Europe after the war were starving students. I mean that literally. Students were picked up starved to death every morning at the doors of some of the soup kitchens. Their misery was beyond words. Expatriated, without homes, with wornout uniforms their only clothes, their situation was desperate. Then was born the European Student Relief. It shone a beacon of light in great darkness. It sought to help get the students of these war-torn lands on their feet. The World's Student Christian Federation believed that it was essential to attempt to train a student class in these lands who would understand each other. Students of more favored lands gave gladly to help carry on this work. Secretaries were sent into the countries where the need was greatest. After the Smyrna tragedy the European Student Relief came to the relief of students driven over to Greece and has helped hundreds of them to find a little light to walk by in the awful darkness, something still to believe in when all faith and trust in any justice anywhere was tottering, some faith in God when many were driven to despair."

Tremendous change has come in Germany, reports Mr. Harlow. Before the war the student class in Germany was an aristocracy. Now, he finds, most of them are working while they study; in fact, in order to study. In 1923 more than 63,000 out of 90,000 students were working with their hands, 10,000 of them in the mines. At the annual conference of the Central Federation of Students, representing the entire student body of Germany, it was decided, instead of raising a monument of stone as a memorial to the dead, to send from sixty to eighty students yearly to foreign lands to study and to encourage a better understanding between the students of Germany and those of other countries. At another students' conference, attended by Roman Catholics, Protestants and Socialists, who were allied to no church, a statement was drawn up with this concluding statement:

> "First and before all else comes Christ, in whom is universal salvation; the communion of the spirit in the Gospel stands *over and above the difference of nation.* But that does not destroy our sense of kinship with the nation in which God has placed us; rather it gives us a new love for our country, a new sense of being bound up with its destiny, and a desire to work toward its eternal salvation."

Among the Austrian students Mr. Harlow found "most hopeful signs." Recently, he writes, thirty Austrian students made a friendly tour through the Balkans. Reduced railway rates through Jugo-Slavia were procured for them, and a reception of welcome was arranged at Belgrade. Again,

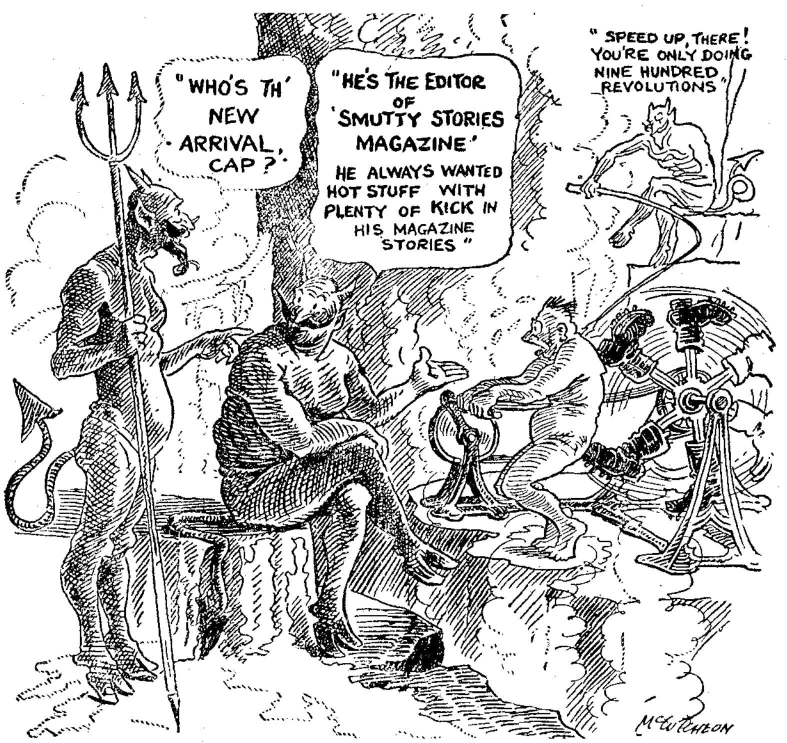
> "In Czecho-Slovakia there is a most encouraging movement among the students. In the Student Hostel in Prague, built as a gift by the students of an American university, I watched with enthusiasm the students pour in, and my conversations with some of them moved me deeply. In the rebirth of the national life of the Bohemian people many of the student youth of the nation were brought to recognize the necessity of their own spiritual rebirth. A small group, without regard to creeds, have met for religious study. Jews, Catholics, and nonconformists have been in this group. One Czech student said, 'We've lived quite close to eternal things these last few years. Religious interests have been and are to-day our greatest concern. It is through a revival of spiritual interest that we will find the way out of our present difficulties.'"

MOHAMMEDAN FUNDAMENTALISTS—Islam, too, has its Fundamentalists, we are told, and they are prepared to rebel against the reforms instituted by Mustafa Kemal, and, if necessary, to enforce a return to the original Mohammedan faith, at the point of the sword. Ibn Saoud, leader of the Wahabis, a Mohammedan sect, is the head of the Mohammedan Fundamentalists, says the Boston *Transcript*, and has obtained possession of the holy shrines. Under his power to declare himself the Commander of the Faithful, or Caliph, the Wahabis are said to have the opportunity to make infinite trouble for Great Britain and France, under whose respective flags the great bulk of the Mussulman population of the world now lives. Noting that the Turks under Mustafa Kemal have deliberately abdicated the headship of Islam, *The Transcript* continues:

> "They have banished Sultan and Caliph, unveiled their women, suppress the dervishes; they have even banned the fez, and appeared in complete European guise. From this condition of things all extra Turkish Islam can only recoil in alarm. In the meantime, the Faithful in Palestine are being harried and crowded by Christians and Jews; those of Syria are under the heel of the French; those of Mesopotamia have been 'sold out' by their emirs to the British authorities. Northern Africa, with its Mussulman millions, is parcelled out among French, Spaniards, Italians and British. But unmandated Arabia remains; and here primitive Islam has come to the front, under the leadership of the fanatical Wahabis. If Islam has any hope to escape from being overwhelmed by the Christian outsiders, its only hope would appear to be in the acceptance of the Wahabi chief as the commander of the Faithful and a rebirth of Mohammedan fanaticism throughout the world."

PEDDLING OBSCENITY TO CHILDREN

"PICTURES FROM PARIS," whose purpose is obvious in their titles; magazines which are openly or furtively obscene, and that sort of literature which is published secretly and sold on the sly, are some of the grave dangers to which the youth of the country is constantly and carelessly exposed. The situation, we are told, is probably worse to-day than it has ever been, because of new publications constantly appearing on the market and the easier distribution, and the traffic in obscenity is said to be practically without hindrance. In some cities attempts to sell improper literature to children on their way to school are reported. Jersey City recently took a decisive step in barring a dozen magazines from a news-stand, after arresting and indicting the proprietor. The proprietor was permitted to go free on his promise to discontinue the sale and distribution of the magazines found objectionable. In Philadelphia it is reported that attempts are made to sell improper periodicals to school boys and girls, in some instances at the very doors of the schools, and the ire of the educators and clergy of that city has been thoroughly aroused. According to Dr. Broome, superintendent of Schools in Philadelphia, as he is quoted in *The Bulletin* of that city, these publications form "one of the most serious menaces to our youth to-day." He goes on:


"WHO'S TH' NEW ARRIVAL, CAP?"
"HE'S THE EDITOR OF 'SMUTTY STORIES MAGAZINE' HE ALWAYS WANTED HOT STUFF WITH PLENTY OF KICK IN HIS MAGAZINE STORIES"
"SPEED UP, THERE! YOU'RE ONLY DOING NINE HUNDRED REVOLUTIONS"
McCUTCHEON

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyrighted, 1925, by the Chicago *Tribune*

MAKING THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

> "There is no traffic more insidious or harder to deal with on one hand or more damaging to the character of youth on the other than these publications. These periodicals are so candid and frank in vulgarity, both in text and illustrations, that there is no effort to conceal the purpose for which they are published.
>
> "The schools, public, private, and parochial, are constantly exercising the utmost care to counteract these vicious influences. But they can not accomplish results without cooperation from every citizen who believes in clean-mindedness.
>
> "Whether the conduct in this respect is worse than twenty-five years ago, I am not prepared to say. The same amount of foul-mindedness does more harm to-day, however, and reaches more young minds because of the greater facilities for publication."

Chicago is confronted by a similar situation, we read in the Chicago *Tribune*. Representatives of two hundred women's clubs, parent-teachers' associations, and other civic organizations, met recently under the auspices of the Chicago Women's Aid and planned to take up with the Federal Government and with the express companies plans to prevent shipments of printed obscenity into Chicago. When the Rev. Philip Yarrow, director of the Illinois Vigilance Association, displayed some of the pictures on public sale and read extracts from some of the so-called witty magazines, the women at the meeting were amazed, we read. "They were both amazed and indignant when Mr. Yarrow told them that a vast quantity of such matter is being sold every week by many of the little book and pencil and candy stores in the neighborhoods of the public schools." This exposure brings from the Dubuque *Daily American Tribune* (Catholic) a warning to "all parents to be on the alert in regard to improper news-stand material which may bring harm to their children. . . . If it were a dangerous contagious disease threatening in the neighborhood, how quickly would we demand the enforcement of quarantine regulations if there seemed to be neglect or lack of haste in the matter."

In a like serious vein Mgr. Michael J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, cautions us against many books and plays now before the public. "Many people not at all inclined to pessimism," he writes in *The Cathedral Bulletin*, "are worried about the bad books, salacious magazines and disgusting shows that are being presented to our people." They believe, he goes on, that this salacity is "the source of the crimes that seem so rampant, and of the waywardness we find in our maturing youth, both boys and girls. Nothing but strong, well-organized public opinion and constant good example can stem these evils and their consequences."

ENGLAND'S TENNESSEE

THE DEBATE OVER THE SCOPES CASE here seems to have its counterpart in England, where the religious beliefs of ten novelists selected by the London *Daily Express* for its symposium on "What I Believe" have created a great stir. The secular press, we are told, has been inundated by correspondence on the subject, and the religious press, writes C. F. G. Masterman in *The Churchman* (Episcopal), has taken it up, "it must be confessed, with a ferocity and bitterness which offers a dismal contrast to the testimony of these amiable and eminent men, not creditable to Christian apologetics." The symposium was reported in another department in the October 31 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. Mr. Masterman, English correspondent of *The Churchman*, a Member of Parliament, and a well-known writer and leader of religious thought in England, seems not to be particularly imprest with the symposium as a contribution to religious thought, regarding it as "a rather pathetic muddle." But it has been the occasion of much debate and discussion. "Altogether," he writes, "it has been a most joyful orgy of bewildered testimony very profitable to the paper and revealing as much as your quaint doings in Tennessee the extraordinary chaos of opinions even of clever men concerning the nature of the universe and the meaning of religion." He continues:

> "The chief opposition rally has been made by the Fundamentalists, who have been enlisting successful business men to counter the lucubrations of successful novelists. Thus we read of a manager of dry-goods stores asserting that if the Bible is not true, then we are done for, and that every word in it is

> inspired by the Holy Spirit. And a director of the Southern Railway affirms his belief in Fundamentalism in words which might have been used by the late William Jennings Bryan.
>
> "The controversy is, therefore, not without its humor, for it is evident that the Fundamentalists have attempted a rally by which the triumph of successful business men may demonstrate the truths of religion to aspiring youth who might have been led away into strange paths by the authors of cheap fiction, which they purchase out of working hours. Unfortunately the dry-goods stores have diminished in popularity owing to the attack on the middleman by Labor, and the Southern Railway has created so much exasperation by its inefficiency and been held up to scorn in every variety of humorous caricature in the newspapers that the adhesion of one of its directors to the Christian Faith is not likely to inspire the renewed religious revival.
>
> "The thing, of course, is quite absurd. Organizations of Baptist bankers may be countered by Quaker chocolate manufacturers or agnostic coal owners. You may obtain the opinion of the man in the street. But the opinion of the man in the street is as reputable as that of the successful organizers of a trade. I remember, in dining with Mr. Bryan in London many years ago, one of his defenses of Christianity was that he had visited non-Christian China and not seen a single locomotive. The defense appeared to me then inadequate. Nor do I think that by adding up in different scales the cash possest by different business men, or the dimensions of the best sellers, you could contribute anything substantial to the arguments for and against religion."

One famous sentence of Cardinal Newman's seems to Mr. Masterman to be written over all this literature of "pathetic groupings and correspondences, even tho much of the writing is by men of international fame." This sentence is: "Quarry the granite rock with razors or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then may you hope, with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason, to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of men."

A ROSARY FOR PROTESTANTS

THE USE OF BEADS as an aid to prayer may seem a strange suggestion to come from a Protestant, but it is a Protestant, Dr. James A. Beebe, dean of the School of Theology at Boston University, who comes forward to maintain that the rosary has a real value in meditation and prayer and in disciplining the mind for an approach to God. In an article appearing in *The Advocates* of the Northern Methodist Church he writes that the meaning of prayer is generally understood, "but in the matter of method Protestant Christianity has dismally broken down, particularly among so-called evangelicals." He, himself, had been taught to pray, but not how to pray—"what to do when I prayed, how to control my wandering thoughts, how to impregnate my mind with spiritual ideas, how to discipline my moods and feelings, how to know God by being still and relaxed in a great act of quiet faith rather than by straining after Him violently with a clamorous trust that was half fear." On the other hand, his "Catholic playmates had better instruction in this respect" than he. "They were thoroughly indoctrinated with the view that 'the fruit of the Spirit' is not a sporadic growth, but is produced by very definite methods of spiritual culture as well understood as the methods of rose culture. . . . Moreover, their Church put into their hands certain mechanical aids to devotion which we generally despised, among them an old device called the 'rosary,' utilized in many religions." Was this real praying? Dr. Beebe learned that "the beads stood for something to think about rather than something to say":

> "They are arranged in fifteen groups of ten each, each group standing for a 'mystery.' These fifteen mysteries are arranged in three large classes—five joyful, five sorrowful, and five glorious mysteries. In honor of each mystery one 'Our Father,' ten 'Hail Marys,' and one 'Glory be to the Father,' are recited. To practise the devotion properly it is necessary to meditate on the subjects of the respective mysteries either before or during the recitation of the prayers. The devotion is equally well designed for social and private prayers. Any thoughtful Catholic admits readily the objection that formal prayers recited mechanically constitute a superstitious practise. But he will maintain that the significant features of this exercise are *the meditations*—the images and ideas that enter the mind while the prayers are recited. The vocal petitions are only a kind of musical accompaniment to the thoughts of the worshiper, as his imagination plays around certain great religious themes. Doubtless many Catholics use this form of prayer carelessly and ignorantly. That is beside the mark. Employed as originally intended, it is all but a perfect technique for worship.
>
> "Take, for example, the First Sorrowful Mystery. The subject for contemplation is the prayer and bloody sweat of the Lord Jesus in the Garden. Ten points are suggested for meditation. The idea seems to be that the worshiper shall visualize these incidents as he recites the prayers. In like fashion he reflects upon fourteen other subjects covering the birth and childhood of Jesus, his death, his resurrection, and his ascension.
>
> "Excepting the Friends, with their 'ritual of silence,' and the Christian Scientists, with their daily reading of 'Science and Health,' I know of no Protestants who have worked out anything half so good as a method of prayer. Indeed, among Protestants, religious meditation is largely a lost art, and, with it, reality in experience has inevitably disappeared. These are gone, not only because of spiritual inertia, but because of our dislike of method and discipline and fixt habits of procedure in spiritual culture."

The essential thing to do in praying is to withdraw attention from all except the desired idea or image, to relax, but not into "mere limpness of spirit in which the mind wanders in aimless reverie, and at last becomes sleepy and inert," writes Dr. Beebe. "The will is active in concentrating the attention upon a single object." This is the method of the rosary, we are told. The prayers, tho mechanically recited, are not "vain repetitions." At the least, they are of assistance in withdrawing the mind from the outer world as the organ does in the public congregation. And doubtless, in most cases, thinks Dr. Beebe, the prayers go farther and supply positive suggestions to the quieted mind. The attention is fixt upon specific objects of thought, the mysteries, or subjects of meditation, and held there by passing from aspect to aspect of the theme. Again, "the subjects presented are well designed to produce warmth of feeling and induce a great variety of emotions—wonder, awe, admiration, pity, reverence, love, faith, devotion."

Imprest thus with the place of the rosary in Roman Catholic devotions, Dr. Beebe suggests one for Protestant use. Its content will differ greatly from that of the Roman Catholic, "tho several of the 'sorrowful mysteries,' together with the Resurrection and the coming of the Holy Spirit may be contemplated profitably by Christians of every name." Dr. Beebe suggests:

> "In making his rosary, the Protestant will draw upon all the literature of worship. The more poetic and devotional parts of the Bible take precedence over all other materials, for example, Psalms 1, 8, 19, 23, 27, 37, 51, 90, 91, 103, Isaiah 40, Matthew 5-7, John 14-17, I Corinthians 13, and hundreds of other portions whose power to refresh the spirit of weary men and women has been abundantly tested. After the Bible, the great hymns of the church, ancient and modern, are probably most valuable—'Te Deum Laudamus,' 'Gloria in Excelsis,' the 'Magnificat,' 'O God, Our Help in Ages Past,' 'Lead, Kindly Light,' 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' etc. Next come the manuals of worship, such as the Book of Common Prayer, and the little-known 'Private Prayers of Launcelot Andrewes.' Finally volumes of religious poetry, such as the collection edited recently by Caroline M. Hill, are profitable. It is obvious that the Protestant rosary would probably contain many times fifteen mysteries. And the list would vary with different individuals, for each would make his own.
>
> "We might do very well in our practise of religious education to memorize more Bible and religious poetry than we now do. I would even go so far as to offer prizes to the younger children, if necessary, to induce them to undertake this work; for with minds richly stored with religious sentiments of the highest order, in their mature lives they need never be at a loss for themes upon which to reflect as they pray, and in reflecting come to know God's peace and power in their own hearts."

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

A LYRIC in dialog is a rarity to-day, tho Browning made us familiar with the dramatic lyric—somewhat different from this. We receive many Armistice Day poems, and can print only a few. This one seemed worth saving. It is a glimpse into the feminine heart of England, and appears in the London *Morning Post:*

THE TWO WOMEN

By Ian Colvin

Young Woman: I bought these poppies in the street.
Old Woman: Poppies are flowers of summer weather.
Young Woman: These are the work of fingers neat,
Of silk and metal tied together.
They look cheerful in the wet
Murky evening of November.
Old Woman: Poppies help us to forget.
Young Woman: These will help us to remember.
Old Woman: What night of all the year is this
That you bring me poppies red?
Young Woman: 'Tis the night of Armistice,
Darling Mother of the Dead.
Old Woman: Armistice that came too late.
Young Woman: It gave to us the peace they won.
Old Woman: It did not give to you your mate,
Nor did it give to me my son.
Young Woman: Darling Mother, do not weep,
It is seven years ago.
Old Woman: Poppies, signifying sleep,
Give such peace as women know.
Ypres, Givenchy, Festubert,
Two beside the one you knew,
I have three lie over there.—
What is peace to me and you?
Do you think they sleep so sound,
'Neath the poppies blowing thus
Over there on foreign ground,
That they never think of us?
Young Woman: Sometimes in the still of night,
When remembering I have lain,
It has seemed as though he might
Have been scrabbling on the pane.
Old Woman: Broken hearts, like empty houses,
Full of ghostly echoes are,
And the wind among the boughs is—
Or a casement left ajar—
Like enough the sound of sighing
To the listener on the bed
With no lover near her lying
But the memory of her dead.
Young Woman: Darling Mother, on this night,
Will it comfort them to know
They are not forgotten quite
Though 'tis seven years ago;
That the folk they died to save,
For a space with bended head,
Seek to imitate the grave
And the silence of the dead?

* * * * *

They fell to silence too, these twain,
And listened, pressing to each other,
Ah, was it but the leaves again,
Or brother whispering to brother?
Who knows?—The wind was like a sigh;
Not even love can break the bars;
They looked out to the wintry sky,
The night was full of stars.

And this in *The Observer* (London) suggests a new angle:

AFTERWARDS IN FLANDERS

By An Unknown Civilian

Out of their mingled earth tall trees are sprouting,
Withered their laurels now, their names unguessed;
Here, where they died to save us, nothing doubting,
Sheltered from our forgetfulness they rest.
Falls once again the twilight of November;
These gave their lives when life was at the May.
Have I the right to whisper, "I remember"?
I was not with them when they marched away.

All that they never had was mine, full measure,
Dying, they passed to me their heritage—
Love, friendship, toil, achievement, learning, leisure,
Voices of children, golden middle age.
And, with it all, the knowledge never sleeping,
Though none reproached, that I was not as they,
That Life is won by losing, lost by keeping—
I was not with them when they marched away!

McClure's for November is almost a glorification of Elizabeth MacKinstry. She has a fine feeling for nature, and writes in the best Irish tradition of fairy-folk:

THE ELFIN HILLS

By Elizabeth MacKinstry

O, I shall go up to the Elfin Hills,
Heather, and heath, and stone,
'Neath the cold red drift of the sunset cloud,
For Folk in Housen are hard and proud,
And ever I'll pipe alone.

For O, I went down to the Folk in House,
Bold in the russet dawn,
Drawn to the bone by the mortal call,
The pink, and the white, and the rose, and all
Of the sweet flesh they have on.

I met three children wi' berry pails,
Bound for the tangled briars
Over the moors, and I piped a tune,
Gathered their laughter an afternoon;
They fled with the first lit fires:

The wonderful fires the Folk in House
Scatter like daffodils,
Streaming in light from the ragged thatch,
Rosy and warm by the lifted latch,
And gay in the long gray hills.

'Twas over the fires I met my love,
Piped to her soft and low,
Sweet was the glint o' her milk-white feet,
Threading the fields, and the meadow-sweet
Like pearl in the afterglow.

Ever I piped, and ever she came,
But when my piping ceased,
She fled from me with a startled cry,
The little old moon toiled up the sky
From out of an empty East.

Empty of heart, and empty of hand,
'Twas only the pipe they heard!
Maybe my eyes they are too cold,
The Fairy blood may be too old
To mix with the blood it stirred.

I will go back to the Elfin Hills,
Wander and pipe alone,
Answer the call of the peewit's note
Where sunshine wavers, and gray clouds float
Past heather and heath and stone.

Florence Kiper Frank seems to put faith in stone and steel. It is worth meditating in view of Nineveh and Tyre. *The Measure* (New York) prints it:

MANHATTAN

By Florence Kiper Frank

And what if they have gone, the towers of fame
And Babylon and the singing tracery,
It is incredible that you shall die,
Though Nineveh be but a clattering name,
Though Tyre has fallen, and cities of stone and flame
Have lived and then not lived under a sky
Which is blue forever, and eternity
Grind them to rumor, you are not the same!

This energy has other source than theirs—
Cities capitulating under doom!
Ho, you shall use the tiny stars for stairs,
Climbing the sky to find you further room,
Planting within the indissoluble earth
The iron seeds of a fantastic birth.

Furs will no doubt continued to envelop us, tho such appeals to pity as this in *The Ladies' Home Journal* are spread in each monthly magazine:

THE FATE OF THE FUR FOLK

By Edwin Markham

Early, while the east is pale,
The trapper is out on the frozen trail;
Cruel traps are on his back,
Snares to line the woodland track;
Day by day he links the chain
Of these grim machines of pain,
In whose merciless iron jaws
Little fur folk die, because
Men must high on Fortune ride,
Women have an hour of pride.

Squirrel, ermine, sable, mole,
Out for food from cliff and hole;
Muskrat, silver fox and mink
At the stream for evening drink—
All are tempted to this hell
That some bank account may swell.

Ladies, do you think of this—
Up where tempests howl and hiss,
Where the folk of hill and cave
Scream with no one there to save?
Do you see them crunched and lone,
Steel teeth biting into bone?

Ladies, did you ever see
An otter gnawing to get free?
Gnawing what? His fettered leg,
For he has no friend to beg.
Do you see that tortured shape
Gnaw his leg off to escape?

Have you seen these creatures die
While the bleeding hours go by—
These poor mothers in the wood
Robbed of joy and motherhood?
Do you, when at night you kneel,
See them in their traps of steel—
Not alone by pain accurst,
But by hunger and by thirst?
Do you hear their dying cries
When the crows pick out their eyes?

Yes, sometimes in dreams you hear
Yells of agony and fear
From the snare of iron teeth,
With that panting thing beneath.
For all night, where storms are whirled,
Groans are curdling the white world—
Groans of mothers dying so,
Groans of little ones that go
Homeless, hungry in the snow.

Ladies, are the furs you wear
Worth the hell of this despair?

Just the delicious flavor you like in beans!

You're sure to think so, when you eat Campbell's Beans. You relish the last bean as much as the first.

Quality! Campbell's strict standard in the selection of their beans! Campbell's famous skill in cooking and in blending them with their tempting tomato sauce!

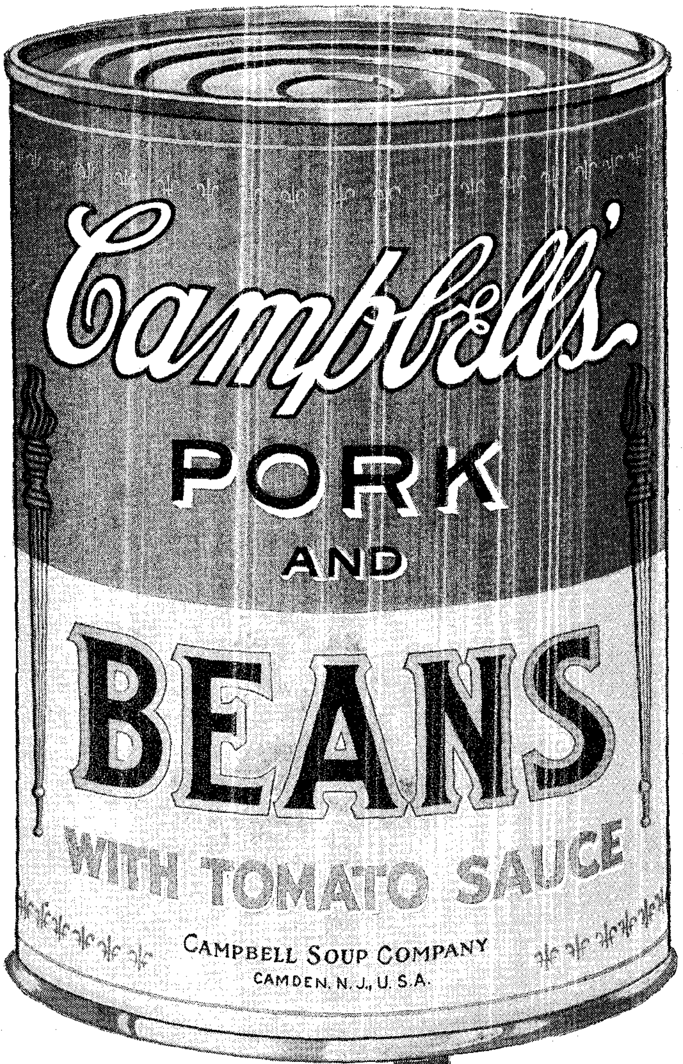
Every mother should know how nourishing and wholesome such good beans are for the entire family—children included.

Start today and serve them often!

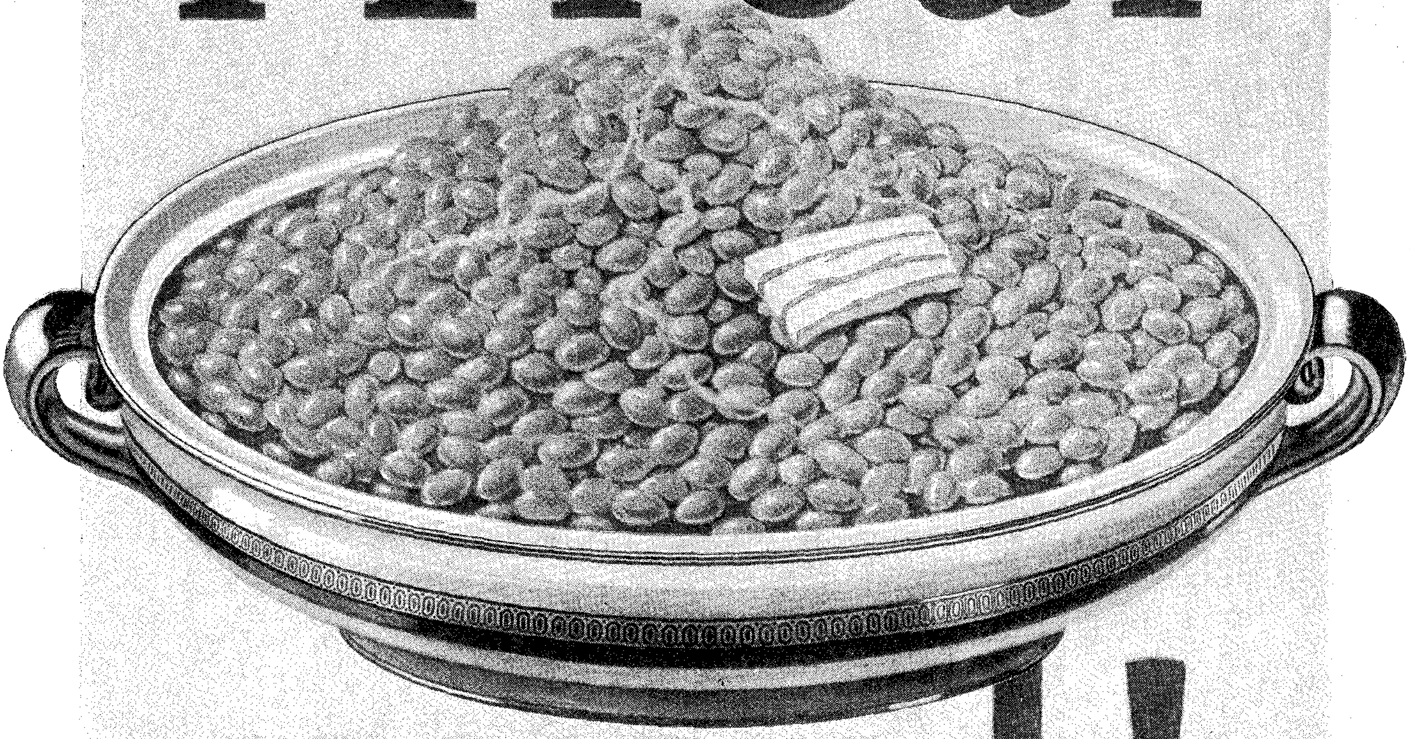
12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked **Digestible**


Campbell's
PORK
AND
BEANS
WITH TOMATO SAUCE
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.

A real meal!



PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

"SEA KINGS' DAUGHTER FROM OVER THE SEA, ALEXANDRA!"

TRULY MID-VICTORIAN

The Princess of Wales as she was seen at Goodwood in 1866, when skirts were skirts.

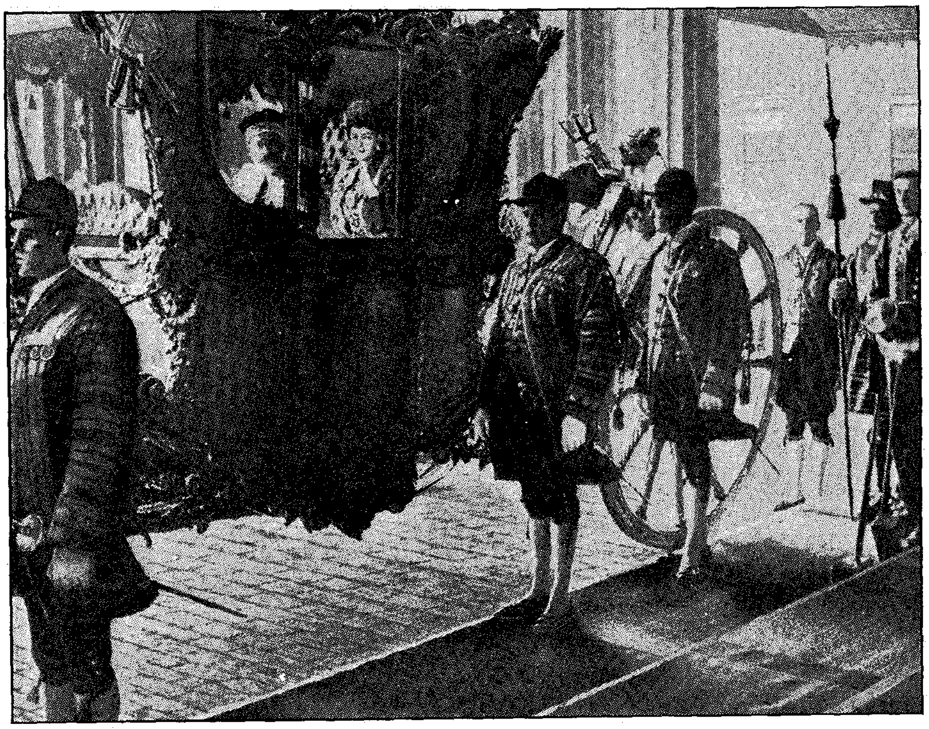
A BEGGING LETTER TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA always fetched a "fi'-pun' note," according to a delightful story communicated by David Lloyd George to the House of Commons. And such was the multitude of begging letters she received that her "unrestrained benevolence" caused great concern to those charged with the duty of helping Her Majesty manage her fortune. For a five-pound note amounts to twenty-five dollars, and with an accumulation of "hard-luck stories" in every mail, the charitable "overhead" naturally became enormous. Mr. George was Chancellor of the Exchequer when Edward VII died, and he recalled that after that event Sir Dighton Probyn, "a fine and faithful old servant" of the widowed Queen, called upon him "to make certain arrangements." And Sir Dighton revealed, said the former Premier, "an amazing story" of his perplexities. "He told me," said Mr. George, "that when any one wrote her any tale of wo or suffering she never made any inquiries, she never sought advice, she instantly put a five-pound note in an envelop and sent it along." This wise old counselor of hers begged her at any rate to allow him to investigate cases. Her reply invariably was: "How can they wait?" It was because of this sympathy with uncertified suffering, remarked Mr. George, that when the news of her death was passed along the note of mourning was deepest of all in the humblest quarters of the land.

On the same occasion in Parliament, Prime Minister Baldwin, in moving a vote of condolence with the King on the death of his mother, related an anecdote illustrating Alexandra's hold on the affections of the common people. As reported in the New York *Times*, he said:

> "I remember on one occasion in recent years on the first of December driving in London, and on leaving my cab the driver said to me: 'I am so glad it is a fine day.'
>
> "I said, 'Why?'
>
> "'Because,' said he, 'it is Queen Alexandra's birthday.'
>
> "That was the way in which her personality imprest itself."

And we read further:

> To-night anecdotes concerning Queen Alexandra are heard right and left. All pay tribute to her charm, her queenly simplicity, her knack of going straight to the people's hearts. It was recalled by one who knew her that thirty-five years ago she wrote in her "confessions book," at Belvoir Castle, to which all guests were expected to contribute something, the following "confession":
>
> "My favorite Queen is Dagmar; King, Richard Cœur de Lion; hero, Marlborough; poet, Shakespeare; artist, Rubens; author, Dickens; virtue, charity; color, blue; flower, forget-me-not; name, Edward; occupation, playing piano; amusement, riding; chief ambition, not to interfere with other people's business; chief dislike, slander; favorite motto, '*Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense.*'"
>
> Indicative of Queen Alexandra's simplicity is the fact that one of the physicians who attended her to the last minute of her illness was Dr. F. J. Willans, a local doctor of Sandringham and vicinity. He was called to assist the noted heart specialist, Sir Thomas Horder. Immediately after leaving Sandringham House this morning, weary and hollowed-eyed after an all-night



BORN TO RIDE IN A GOLDEN COACH

Edward and Alexandra leaving Buckingham Palace for the Coronation in 1902.

Since 1920

Marked cuts in manufacturing wastes

HERE IS A SURPRISING FACT

> The average production per man engaged in 22 basic industries in 1925 is 34% more than in 1920 . . . . .
>
> *—from a study of statistics of the Federal Reserve Board and U. S. Department of Labor*

ONE explanation lies in the elimination of waste time through the wider use of labor-saving machinery. Another, in the greater attention now being paid to the efficient operation of all machinery.

This points clearly to the more intelligent attention given to lubrication.

The plants that have the best lubrication have the smoothest, most dependable production flow. This is absolute. The importance of scientific lubrication, formerly overlooked by industrial executives, is now recognized and acted upon.

In the movement to increase the efficient operation of plant machinery, the Vacuum Oil Company is taking a conspicuous part. Wherever our correct, high-grade oils have been installed as recommended by our Engineering Staff, plant operation has been more reliable, production less hindered, net profits better insured.

Our thorough lubrication knowledge and long experience with every kind of machinery are at your disposal. With the cooperation of your plant personnel we will gladly assume the full responsibility for prescribing correct lubrication through your plant.

A letter addressed to our nearest branch office will put you in touch with an experienced representative who will report to you at your convenience. New York (*Main Office*), Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Dallas, Des Moines, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Haven, Oklahoma City, Peoria, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Rochester, St. Louis, Springfield, Mass.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
for
Plant Lubrication

If the Vacuum Oil Company lubricates your plant, you use an organization which has specialized in lubrication for 59 years, whose engineers and field men visit over 200,000 plants yearly, whose treatises are recognized engineering text books. Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are approved specifically by 225 foremost machinery builders, and lubricate industries the world over.

Vacuum Oil Company

NEW YORK

vigil, Dr. Willans found a humble woman patient awaiting him at his office. He listened to her ills and prescribed for her with as much patience and conscientiousness as he had just lavished upon the dying Queen.

Two facts recorded by the London *Times*, taken in conjunction with Queen Alexandra's institution of Rose Day, show her intense interest in nursing and hospital work. An old friend once said of her that if she had not been Queen she would have been a surgeon.

It was Queen Alexandra who first brought to the notice of the medical profession in England the Finsen cure for lupus. She visited a London hospital of which she was president and informed Lord Knutsford, the chairman, that one of her countrymen, Dr. Finsen, had invented a wonderful lamp cure for lupus, which until then was treated only surgically. She asked that two physicians and two nurses be sent to Copenhagen to inspect the lamp. They went and were converted, and the Queen gave the first Finsen lamp to the hospital, placing over it one of her favorite mottoes, "Nothing Succeeds Like Perseverance," which, as she once said with a smile, "some people call obstinacy."

Then, during the South African War, she insisted on sending out nurses to the troops before the War Office had done so. She dispatched twenty-six from the London hospital, and telegraphed to Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief, that they were coming.

Afterward she insisted that all military nursing arrangements be overhauled, and she started the Queen Alexandra Imperial Nursing Service, attending herself to all preliminary meetings.

Photograph copyrighted by W. & D. Downey, London

HARDLY A DAY OLDER

When at length Alexandra wore the crown, she still looked "sweet and thirty."

And here is a glimpse of the impression the Queen's death made upon her servants and neighbors at Sandringham:

> Throughout to-day the tenants on Queen Alexandra's Sandringham estate and the residents of Sandringham and other neighboring villages paid a touching tribute to her, who was alike their Queen and friend. Except for a two-hour interval midday, when the Sandringham church, where the Queen's body lies, was reserved for the royal family and a few others, the villagers and estate employees filed in to say a last farewell to Alexandra. Around the oaken coffin ever since it was placed in the little church yesterday none but old servants of the Queen's immediate entourage have mounted guard and none will mount guard there except these same devoted servants until the body is taken away Thursday on its way to the grave.
>
> It is a touching sight to see the little group of retainers, grown gray in Alexandra's service, mounting rigid guard over her body until relieved by a squad of equally faithful and equally grief-stricken servitors. As they stand there like soldiers at attention, the constant stream of people of the neighborhood files past, mute and bowed with sorrow, for something has gone out of the life of the Sandringham countryside which was its most cherished and proudest possession. That is what gives the grief of the Sandringham folk a quality that is special and apart, investing it with something different from the tokens, sincere but less intimate, of grief which are pouring in to England from all quarters of the world, tho many of these come from personages infinitely loftier in station than the humble mourners of Sandringham.
>
> Scattered about the little Sandringham church to-day, where the body of the dead Queen lay in a ghostly half-light, were weeping women, some over eighty years old, tenants of the Sandringham estate, or country women who had plodded miles simply to see the Queen's features for the last time and to say a little prayer for her soul.
>
> It was fitting that Queen Alexandra should end her long life at Sandringham House, for she had spent many happy years at this pleasant country home. It was bought by Queen Victoria for Edward VII just before his marriage in 1863, and it was there that he and his beautiful Danish bride lived after a honeymoon in the Isle of Wight. When they first occupied it, it was much smaller and more modest than now. The house was later enlarged and rebuilt. The garden contains a corner designed by the well-known artist, Alma Tadema. In the church near by there is a memorial to the Duke of Clarence, son of King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

THE KING'S FIRST BIRTHDAY PARTY—AS KING

Alexandra is seated in the middle of the front row of adults, next to Edward VII, holding the infant Princess Royal on her lap.

In their grief for King George and other members of Queen Alexandra's family, we are told, Britain does not forget the faithful Miss Knollys, who mourns disconsolate beside the deathbed of her lifelong mistress and friend. Of Miss Knollys we read:

> It is doubtful if any other companion of royalty ever completed such a long service with such a wonderful record of constancy and unruffled intimacy.
>
> Miss Knollys became one of the Ladies of Queen Alexandra's Court in 1870, while the latter was still Princess of Wales, and soon made herself indispensable as a helper and friend. Some idea of the affection which she won is shown by the fact that once when Miss Knollys suddenly fell ill at Buckingham Palace during the reign of King Edward VII the entire royal family and court remained in town over Christmas.
>
> Of recent years Miss Knollys, who is about the same age as the dead Queen, had been relieved of many of her duties, but the personal friendship between her and Queen Alexandra remained undiminished.

In another dispatch we are told that the thoughts of countless Britons have turned back to the "day of pomp and splendor when she first came to *for Economical Transportation*

CHEVROLET

000
6%
PURCHASE
CERTIFICATE
ISSU
ECO
CHEV
KANSAS
MISSO
DE
TO
J. S. Hughes
Kansas City Mo.
DATE November 5th 1925

This makes it Easy to Pay for a Chevrolet

Here is the simplest, safest, thriftiest way to buy a car ever devised—a plan on which you are actually paid to save for a Chevrolet!

ONLY $5 DOWN

Visit the nearest Chevrolet dealer. Choose the model you prefer, paying as little as $5 down. In return you receive a Chevrolet Purchase Certificate; and the money you paid begins immediately to draw 6% interest.

CONVENIENT PAYMENTS

Then from month to month or week to week as you like, you keep on adding to the sum—each payment drawing 6% from the day you make it. The amounts are small. You will never miss them. But the speed with which the total grows will astonish you.

DRIVE THE CAR AWAY

When your savings, plus the interest they have earned, equal the amount necessary for the delivery of your car, you drive it away.

Then you take care of the balance in convenient monthly amounts on the lowest time payment plan in existence.

TRIPLY INSURED

Not only is the Chevrolet Certificate Plan the *easiest* ever devised—but it forms an excellent, gilt edged investment of the utmost security. Your money is not only deposited in trust at a bank, but, in addition, both bank and dealer are insured by a great nationally known insurance company.

ALSO 6% ON SERVICE

In addition to your savings, you can build up your funds with the Chevrolet dealer by going to him for service, repairs and accessories, if you now own a car. 6% on the amounts thus spent with him will be credited on your Certificate, over and above the interest on your savings.

MANY QUALITY FEATURES

Thousands of people have bought Chevrolets on the Certificate Plan. Thousands more want the quality features which Chevrolet offers—its modern chassis, roomy streamline bodies in colorful lasting Duco finish, its ample power, its certainty and economy of operation.

See a Chevrolet dealer today. He will show you how simple and easy it is to buy a Chevrolet—the Certificate way.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

6% Paid on your Savings

Touring	$525	Sedan	$775
Roadster	525	Commercial Chassis	425
Coupe	675	Express Truck Chassis	550
Coach	695		

ALL PRICES F. O. B. FLINT, MICH.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

England to be the bride of the royal Heir Apparent." The correspondent continues:

Alexandra came, saw and conquered. "The Sea-Kings' Daughter" of Tennyson's poem swept everything before her, swept the stolid British crowds off their feet into roars of delirious greetings.

"The Rose of the North" came sailing up the Thames in all the radiance of her youth, her hair piled high over her fair brow—tall, slim, and surpassingly lovely—while beacons glared, rockets sputtered, guns boomed and multitudes thundered acclamation.

"Never since womankind existed," wrote Thackeray, who was there, "has any woman had such a greeting," and now she who inspired it retains unimpaired the affection behind that greeting as she lies dead at Sandringham sixty-two years afterward.

W. & D. Downey photograph

YOU'D HARDLY KNOW GEORGE V.

But this is the present King on his mother's back when she was the buxom Princess of Wales.

Here is Tennyson's famous poem:

A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA

March 7, 1863.

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea, Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee, Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet!
Scatter the blossoms under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher
Melt into stars for the land's desire!
Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,
And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—
O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us and make us your own;
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee, Alexandra!

P. & A. photograph

AS A GREAT-GRANDMOTHER

Alexandra posed proudly here with King George, Princess Mary and the infant Lascelles, the Queen's great-grandchild.

Some intimate glimpses of Alexandra as Princess and Queen are contributed to the Baltimore *Sun* by Arthur Ponsonby, who was a page of honor to Queen Victoria in his boyhood, and later had a diplomatic and political career. He was a member of the Ramsay MacDonald Government, and is one of the intellectuals of the Labor party. Mr. Ponsonby writes:

Beauty and simplicity may be commonplace virtues, especially if they are possest only in a moderate degree, but when the radiance of beauty is so immense as to be universally acclaimed and simplicity is so natural as to be very pleasing, and when both are illuminated by a peculiar charm, the possessor, be she queen or peasant, rightly deserves our attention.

The Princess of Wales, later Queen Alexandra, will ever be remembered by Victorians as their ideal of beauty. Funny, stiff royal portraits and cheap oleographs never did her justice. It was the fascinating smile which lit up the face and cast the spell.

To rave about beauty is in itself rather out of date, a silly, simple thing to do. There were professional beauties in society in mid-Victorian days. But I doubt if any beauty has ever been raved about to the same extent as the Princess of Wales.

Her simplicity was no affectation. Her father's castle, near Copenhagen, where she was brought up, was by no means a luxurious palace. She shared a room with a sister, and there was no ostentation or display in their manner of life. I remember seeing frequently her father, the old King of Denmark, striding along the streets of Copenhagen unattended. Neither he nor the subjects who respectfully saluted him as they passed thought there was anything odd about it. The Danes are not snobs.

In this home throughout her life Queen Alexandra loved to take refuge. In it she found a minimum of the pomp and splendor which makes the lives of sovereigns well-nigh unendurable. She had simplicity of mind with little or no intellectual equipment. At her grammarless letters and public messages, her gushing condolences and congratulations you might laugh, but you knew they were written by her own hand; no secretary had helped her.

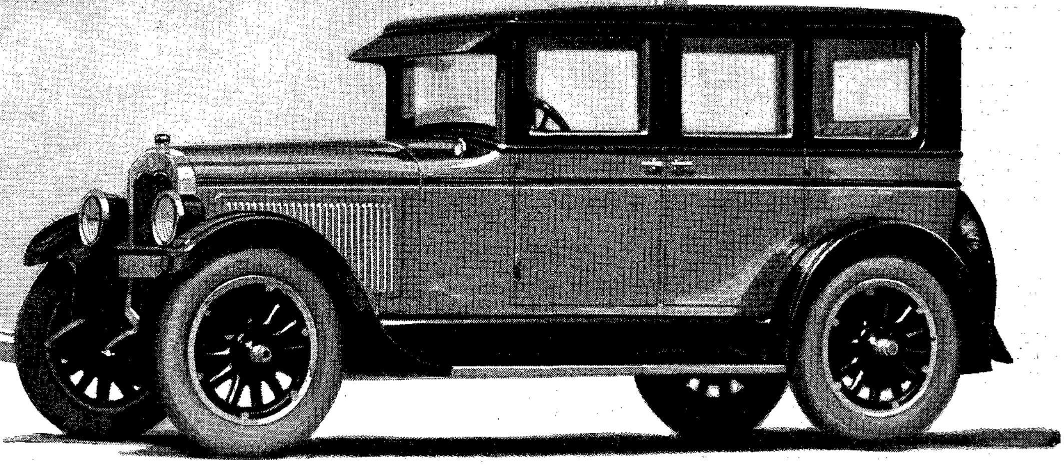
But grammar is not indispensable to express either beauty of mind or of body. The humblest people, when they looked on her portraits and saw a figure resplendent in what amounted almost to an armor of jewels, had heard enough gossip in high places to realize her life was no bed of roses, and not many devoted wives would have been ready to change places with her.

I remember an early meeting when I was twelve years old and page of honor. Queen Victoria was indisposed and the Princess of Wales was to take the drawing-room in Buckingham Palace in her place. This was out of our routine, but my small colleague and I repaired with all the high officials to the garden entrance where the Princess arrived.

She alighted from a gold coach into the hall, looking, in her diamond crown, exactly like a queen in a fairy-story. Footmen piled her train behind her in a heap and the procession began to be formed.

Now, we had been accustomed to having the Queen's long train handed to us by her dressers with proper loops at the corner to hold. This pile of embroidered crimson and gold was our job, and we saw it was a stiff one. While the grooms and chamberlains fell into their proper places we searched in vain for the end of it. No one paid any attention to us, but at last we found an end. The stuff left off—it

"and that one word is VALUE"



When an article of outstanding merit is offered to the public its success becomes immediate. And so it is with the latest Oldsmobile. Only one word can explain its quick acceptance and success:

—and that one word is *VALUE!*

Here is a car that simply brims over with *all* the features that every buyer wants—Greater Beauty, Finer Performance, Lower Price—not one, but all three.

Comparison and demonstration prove Oldsmobile's value.

The increasing demand verifies it.

The satisfaction of thousands of owners confirms it.

Get *all* the facts before you buy *any* car. The nearest Oldsmobile dealer will give you a demonstration and the car itself will tell you its own story of value.

• • •

Still another value-advantage is available to the man who buys an Oldsmobile on time through General Motors' own financing plan. GMAC rates, always the lowest, are now even lower. Ask the dealer to show you the GMAC rate card and learn how easy it is to own an Oldsmobile!

SEDAN

Coach · $950 **$1025** *Touring* · $875

Prices f. o. b. Lansing, tax extra

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN · OLDS MOTOR WORKS OF CANADA, LTD., OSHAWA, ONTARIO

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

OLDSMOBILE SIX

Greater Beauty
Finer Performance
Lower Price
Not one . . . but all three

must be right. So we grasped it tightly, stood at attention, and when the signal was given waited to let the Princess take three or four steps to unfurl the train.

But the first attempt she made to move she found herself vigorously pulled back. We had got hold of her skirt, not the train at all. Her amusement and shouts of laughter, in which the courtiers joined, added greatly to our embarrassment.

This trivial incident was remembered by her in after years and inspired a very special smile in her stiff ceremonials which became part of my diplomatic duties in Copenhagen.

Latterly her deafness cut her off from much human intercourse, so she became an emblem more than a person, an emblem of a past age, yet always an emblem of youth, a figure reminiscent of past splendors and past troubles; not a commanding personality, not a mind that counted, not a name for history, but a ray of sunshine which no cloud of calumny or shadow of evil ever obscured.

International Newsreel photograph

SHE LOVED CHILDREN AND DOGS

A snapshot of the widowed Queen on the occasion of one of her hospital celebrations.

In the New York *Sun* we read:

Alexandra always had the faculty of doing the right thing at the right moment—whether it was bestowing her blessings on a polar explorer or being quick to express her deep concern in times of disaster. Her spontaneity in this connection often created a piquant situation for Buckingham Palace.

When President Wilson rode through London she stept out of Marlborough House, held up the procession and shook hands with him. She did this when Haig returned from the war.

Once during a notable ceremony in Westminster Abbey, when the Prince of Wales tried to assist her, she impatiently removed his arm, for she was not prepared then to admit any infirmity.

While Queen Mary has always favored the dispensing of charity through organized channels, Alexandra found it irksome to do so. She preferred to give spontaneously and as a consequence was probably at some times imposed upon.

Walpurga, Lady Paget, in her recently published reminiscences, has told how Queen Victoria, anxious for her son, then Prince of Wales, to be married early to keep him out of mischief, told Lady Paget, then only twenty-two years old, to look for a suitable wife. She recommended the beautiful Princess Alex of Denmark, and Victoria some time after the Consort's death, met and approved of Alexandra.

A supposedly accidental meeting of Alexandra and the Prince was brought about in Germany, and Wales was accepted.

Alexandra had for years a large circle of American friends, including the late Lady Arthur Paget, and gave great support to charities which American women early in the war started for war relief. They in every way assisted charities which claimed Alexandra's particular interest.

The same writer tells us that when Alexandra, on the death of Edward, ceased to be the Queen Consort, she "refused to accept her retirement with entire humility," and—

She refused to be called the Queen Dowager and rejected with equal finality the title "Queen Mother," which certain powerful persons, more sentimental than astute, had sweetly thought to bestow upon her.

No, she would be Queen Alexandra, if you please. There was nothing that smacked of retirement or a dull old age about that title.

She insisted upon her mounted guard and the flying of her special flag at all times.

All through her life in England, Alexandra manifested a sincere desire to serve the poor and unfortunate, and her personal generosity sometimes reached proportions which troubled her advisers. One of her foremost interests was that of raising money for the hospitals. King Edward had been particularly interested in this form of benevolence also, and after his death Alexandra Day, on which thousands of young women sold roses in the streets of London, while the Queen rode through the streets and greeted the populace, became an annual institution. The money received for the roses went to the hospitals.

Alexandra continued to make her public appearance on this day—June 13—until 1924, when she sent word that she would be unable to lend her presence to the occasion. The people felt then that they had seen their beloved Queen Alexandra for the last time.

It was soon after her marriage, we are reminded, that Jane Welsh Carlyle wrote:

"The most interesting part of the Princess to me is not her present splendors, but her previous homely, rather poor, life, which makes such a curious contrast. Her parents, royal tho they may be, have an income of only £700 to £1,000 a year. When she was visiting our Queen after the engagement she always came to breakfast in a jacket.

"'My dear,' said the Queen to her one day, 'you seem very fond of jackets. How is it you always wear a jacket?'

"'Well,' said the Princess, 'I like them, and then, you see, a jacket is so economical. You can wear different skirts with it, and I have very few gowns, having to make them all myself. My sisters and I have no lady's maid, and have been brought up to make all our own clothes. I made my own bonnet.'"

Other tales are told of the Queen that is gone, stories of her desire to outshine her daughter-in-law in social ways, incidents to illustrate her insistence on what she deemed the rights of her position, gossip of the incompatibilities which hyphened the easy tenor of her married life with tiffs between her husband and herself that, once, at least, almost caused a separation and an international scandal. These are not forgotten even now; but they are told, when they are told, with an appreciation of the circumstances surrounding their origin, a knowledge that whatever there may have been of impatience or inconsideration in the life of Queen Alexandra can not offset, can not even reasonably score against the record of charity, thoughtfulness, kindness and goodness which she used the many years of her life to extend.

Many of them are recalled now for the touch of humor they contain. When Edward VII ascended the throne, the new King bestowed on his Queen a number of prerogatives never before enjoyed by the consort of a monarch of Great Britain. He created her a Lady of the Order of the Garter, accorded to her military honors which had been restricted exclusively to the sovereign, authorized her to fly his royal standard and occupy a throne identical with his own in the House of Lords, at courts held at Buckingham Palace, and on all State occasions. It is not surprizing, perhaps, that the Queen should have appreciated these honors and privileges and have been jealous of them.

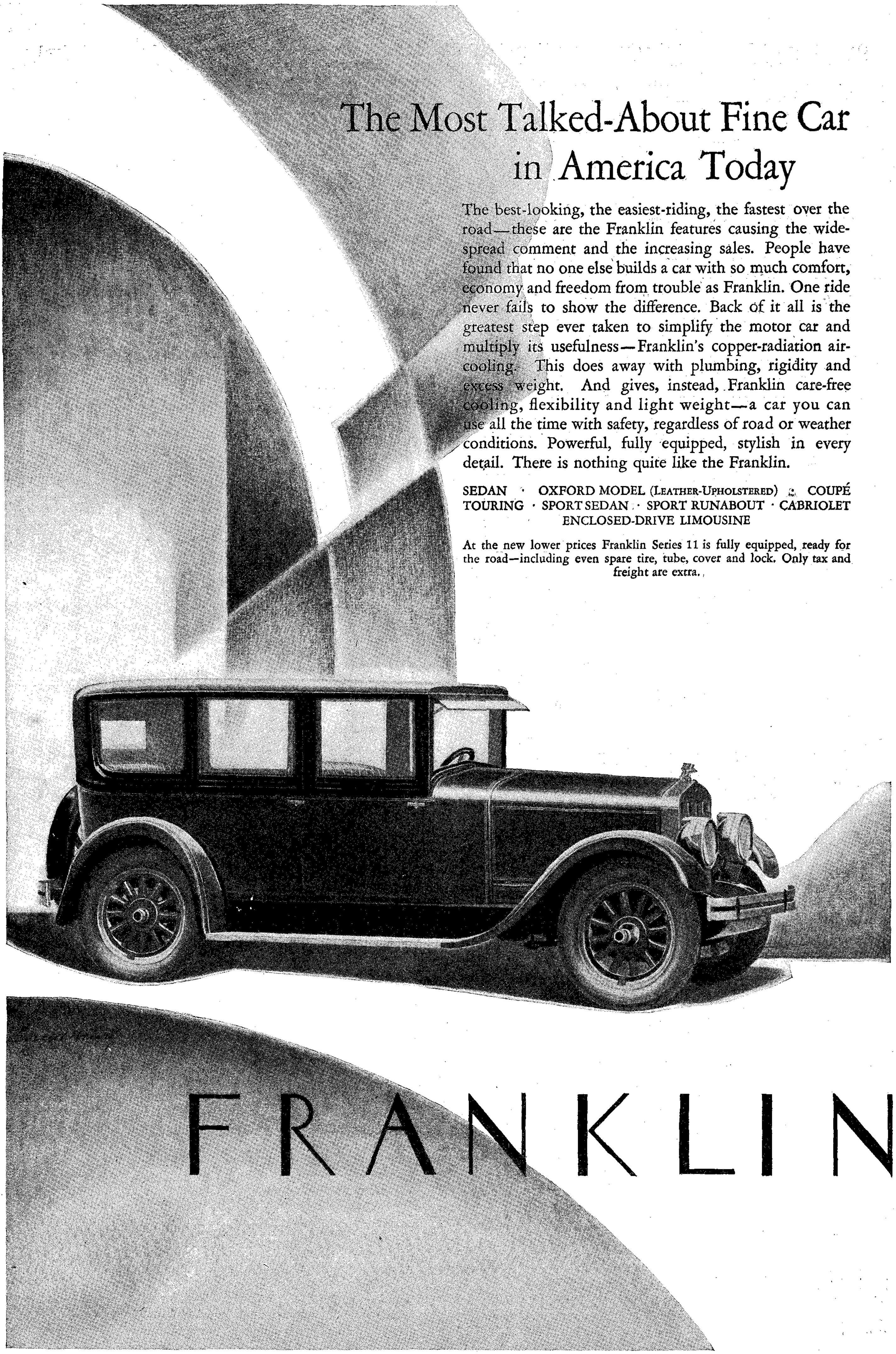
It is amusing, accordingly, to hear the tale retold of the Queen's adventure one day with the Horse Guards in Whitehall. It has always been the custom for a full guard to be kept on duty in Whitehall, which serves as the entrance to the Mall, when the sovereign is in residence and to reduce this guard when the sovereign is away.

It is said that Queen Alexandra noticed a reduced guard the morning after the King's departure for Marienbad and, stopping her carriage, sent for the officer in command.

"Why is there not a full guard?" she inquired, and on receiving the explanation announced: "Well, I am in town, and I expect to see a full guard placed on duty at once."

Needless to say the full guard was mounted.

A foundation for other legends may be found even now in a store of popular anecdotes connected with her comprehensive hospital work and her enormous private charities. Her refusal to have a hospital named after her, coupled with her urgent suggestion that it be named after the martyred Edith Cavell—



The Most Talked-About Fine Car in America Today

The best-looking, the easiest-riding, the fastest over the road—these are the Franklin features causing the widespread comment and the increasing sales. People have found that no one else builds a car with so much comfort, economy and freedom from trouble as Franklin. One ride never fails to show the difference. Back of it all is the greatest step ever taken to simplify the motor car and multiply its usefulness—Franklin's copper-radiation air-cooling. This does away with plumbing, rigidity and excess weight. And gives, instead, Franklin care-free cooling, flexibility and light weight—a car you can use all the time with safety, regardless of road or weather conditions. Powerful, fully equipped, stylish in every detail. There is nothing quite like the Franklin.

SEDAN · OXFORD MODEL (LEATHER-UPHOLSTERED) · COUPÉ
TOURING · SPORT SEDAN · SPORT RUNABOUT · CABRIOLET
ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE

At the new lower prices Franklin Series 11 is fully equipped, ready for the road—including even spare tire, tube, cover and lock. Only tax and freight are extra.

FRANKLIN

that is one of the more moving of these stories. And here is one in a lighter vein:

> One of the most delightful stories about Queen Alexandra circulating to-day concerns a talk she had years ago when her husband was King, with a little ailing child at one of the London hospitals which she was visiting.
>
> "Where do you live?" inquired the Queen of the child.
>
> "Near Whiteley's," answered the child, naming a famous London department store.
>
> "Where do you live?" the tot asked.
>
> "Near Gorringe's," said the Queen, naming another big store a little way from Buckingham Palace.

Editorial comment in this country reveals the fact that the dead Queen's personality and character had established her in the esteem of Americans as well as her own people. Says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*

> It is not a mere "Queen Mother" who has passed out of the historic pageantry of England. A nation of loyal memories and tenacious affection looked on Alexandra as tho she were still a Queen. She wanted that place in the popular regard, and to the last she gave up none of the dignities and prerogatives assumed when she came from Denmark to be the bride of Edward, Prince of Wales. And from March, 1863, when as the royal bride she was hailed by a vast outpouring of the folk of London, to June, 1923, when she made her last public progress on "Alexandra Day," she was a figure greeted with exuberant acclaim whenever she appeared.
>
> Daughter of Christian IX of Denmark, Alexandra stood in the shadow of tragedy that fell on other thrones. Her younger sister, who of late years had lived with her at Sandringham, was Empress of Russia, mother of the murdered Nicholas. She saw her brother's dynasty evicted from the throne of Greece. Her nephew was banished from Germany with a unison of domestic and foreign execration. Death had deprived her of a son before it took her husband, after a reign of but nine years, and during the long Victorian eclipse that preceded her own accession, there was need for the exercise of patience and tact, alike with the autocratic Victoria and with the restive temperament of her own husband.
>
> From the time that Edward VII came to the throne he strove for peace on earth, and the good-will of his subjects in particular. Sedulously abstaining from partizan broils and contentions, he concerned himself in social affairs from which Queen Victoria, in her perennial mourning for Prince Albert, had remained aloof. Edward's triumphs in fields of diplomacy he made his own were due to personal popularity more than to political ascendency, and Queen Alexandra, with a similar genius for making and keeping friends, was an ideal consort for a sovereign who greatly cared for the people and what they thought of him.
>
> The popularity King Edward had earned was transferred to Alexandra when his reign was over. But on her own account the mourning of Britain sounds accents of a personal, intimate quality very different from the usual perfunctory, official platitudes of grief.

In the view of the Newark *Evening News*, "one must hark back to Eleanor to find in all Great Britain's history a figure so gracious, so full of charm. And this writer remarks:

> When Queen Victoria died, an epoch closed; the passing of Alexandra ends an era of a different type. Victoria was loved, respected, feared; Alexandra was loved as Queen of Hearts many years before she ascended the actual throne.
>
> Queen Mary carries on in herself the Victorian tradition, but at best she is a faithful disciple of a social order. Queen Alexandra was that social order. Through all her long life she was a great lady, living exponent of what the nation respected and admired most. Altho she was Queen for nine years, the older generation of Britons will always think of her as the beautiful and gracious Princess of Wales, that arbiter of all that was best in social conduct. She was a lovely figure amid two full generations of an England not always as lovely either in men or manners.
>
> If the Dowager Queen had a weakness, it was a most human one. She was a beautiful girl and woman, and she desired always to be one. That she did retain her looks until an advanced age was due to a constant endeavor to preserve her natural dowry. In this she won the entire approval of her subjects; the ideal of beauty rested in herself for upward of fifty years. The whole nation gloried in her charm; she represented a national aspiration not too often exemplified among its women.
>
> It was in this very aspect of woman, wife, mother that she won her highest place. She was only nineteen when she came from Denmark to be the bride of England's hope. She bore her husband six children, of whom five reached maturity. She had her private sorrows, but she kept a bright face to the world. Her private character was so impeccable that her people loved her with affection mingled with veneration. She was their Fairy Princess, and deep down in their hearts the British believe in fairies. One must to be entirely great.
>
> Alexandra lived through years that brought England its greatest glory. For the England of the present is not the England she knew in her prime. The war has left scars that can not be hidden. The social order has changed; but she did not change, even in her costuming. There are those who consider all changes for the best; there is a minority who look back with regret.

Alexandra was known as the Queen of All Who Sorrow and Suffer, the New York *Times* reminds us. And we read on:

> The title was rightfully conferred on her, for sorrows and suffering, in more than fair share, fell to her lot. She lived to witness the death of her husband, two sons, her parents, and her brother, King George of Greece, who was assassinated in 1913. Emperor Nicholas II of Russia, who was killed, with all his family, by the Bolsheviki, was her nephew.
>
> The Queen was Princess Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julie, eldest daughter of King Christian IX of Denmark. There were five children, two sons and three daughters, and by their marriages the thrones of England, Russia, and Greece were united by family ties. Later the family's influence was to extend to the throne of Norway through another marriage, this time of one of Alexandra's daughters.

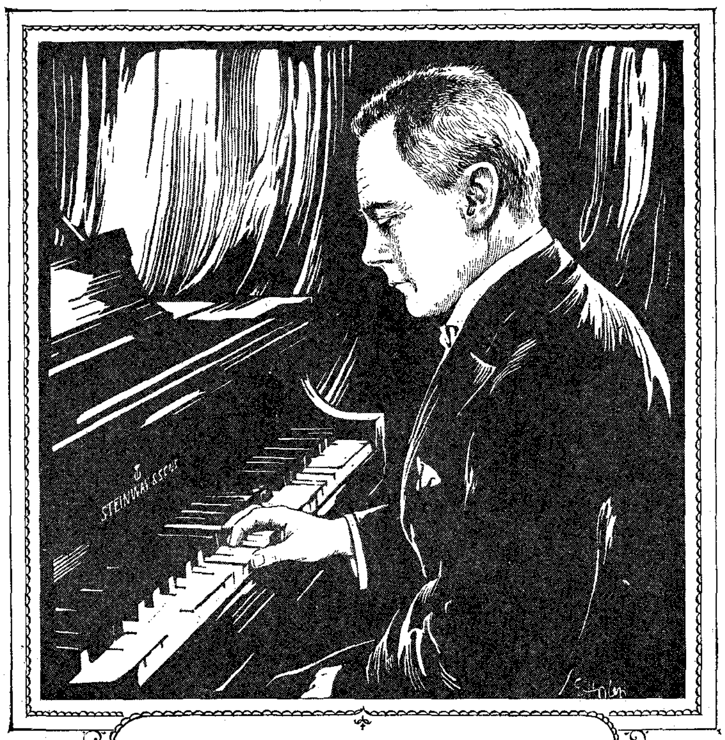
The girls, we are told, were taught to look after their own rooms and clothing—themselves making much of the latter—but "their education was well cared for by a Swiss governess who was resident in the castle, and by professors who attended at the castle to give them lessons." And this account runs on:

> It was as a little girl of eleven that the future Queen made her first visit to England, going to London for a visit to the Duchess of Cambridge. She was taken to Buckingham Palace to see Queen Victoria, and no fairy-tale of her countryman, Hans Andersen, whom she was fond of reading, would have seemed so entrancing to the child as the story of her own life which was to make her mistress of this marvelous palace, could she have read it then.
>
> It is said that Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, when nineteen years old, was fascinated by a picture of the beautiful Alexandra and fell in love at sight when he met his future bride in the Rhenish Cathedral of Speyer, into which both strolled as tourists in the Autumn of 1861.
>
> The attachment of the young couple met with the approval of their parents, and Queen Victoria gave her royal consent to the marriage.
>
> As a fact, the ardor of the greeting all but turned it into a tragedy. W. R. H. Trowbridge thus described it in his book on Queen Alexandra:
>
> "On March 7, 1863, when the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* arrived at Gravesend, the very river was filled with a seething mass of humanity. At the sight of the Princess on the deck surrounded by her family, a mighty shout rent the air. She was drest entirely in white, with a white shawl draped loosely about her shoulders and a little white bonnet on her head. At Gravesend, as the Princess advanced along the pier, sixty young girls of Kent, drest in the red and white colors of Denmark, strewed flowers beneath her feet. An earl drove the royal train. It proceeded slowly through dense masses of people so that all might see the bride. The procession went down the Old Kent Road to London Bridge, where it waited for half an hour to be welcomed by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, whose carriages had been obstructed by the vast multitude. The Lord Mayor alone was able to reach them. The coaches of the Corporation remained stuck fast in the crowd, which, finding them an impediment to its comfort, forced them into the obscurity of the side streets. It was impossible to prevent the people from pressing around the royal carriage. One man even mounted behind the Prince of Wales to avoid being crusht. In the end, owing to the inefficiency of the police, it was necessary to send for a squad of cavalry to clear the way for the carriage with drawn sabers.
>
> "But what a way it was! From King William Street to the Mansion House was a battle-ground strewn with hats, caps, bonnets, shoes, crinolines and the fragments of almost every variety of human attire, male and female, torn from their wearers in the fearful crush. But for the good temper that prevailed, there might have been loss of life. As it was, many were injured, and some past recovery. Above the cheering the shrieks of women were painfully audible, and boys in a pitiable state of terror were seen waging a struggle for life. The Princess herself was seen to rescue the head of a youth which had got entangled in the wheels. The calmness of the young Princess in all this agitation was marvelous, and it was in no small degree due to her enchanting smile that the temper of the tortured mass remained amiable."

Old STEINWAY HALL

For half a century, old Steinway Hall was one of the musical centers of New York. Hundreds of celebrities in the world of music have been welcomed at old Steinway Hall, both as artists and as friends of the Steinway family.

To fit your home, your income



Josef Hofmann
uses the Steinway exclusively

To grace a home, yours or another's, with music is an unforgettable gesture of regard. No act is so considerate, so expressive of the sincerest wish for happiness. Yet it is so easily and quickly accomplished that an hour with a Steinway dealer will insure a lifetime of delight for yourself, your family or your friends.

You may live in a country house, a skylight studio or a small apartment. Yet the Steinway series of models and sizes is so complete that every acoustic condition can be met and every limitation of space can be overcome.

You may have a limited income that requires careful planning. Yet the terms upon which the Steinway is sold are so convenient that it is well within the reach of every true lover of music.

The chief concern of the Steinway family is the Steinway piano. Four generations have maintained and strengthened the unbreakable rule of excellence formulated by Henry Steinway. And following the Steinway piano in their regard comes the Steinway public. To this public the Steinway has always been sold, as a matter of principle, at the lowest possible price. And with a realization that those who can best appreciate the Steinway are often those who need time to meet this price.

For the Steinway was not intended primarily for the concert pianist. It is true that the most notable pianists since Liszt have chosen the Steinway for use and ownership. But the great majority have been chosen by people of moderate means who have realized the true economy that lies in buying the best. Always the most satisfactory. Always an assurance of the greatest advantage and return.

As a gift the Steinway renews itself each season. Year after year sees its tone unchanged, its beauty unimpaired, its response ever quick and sure. And no matter where it goes or to whom it is given, the Steinway carries the undying fire of the great and subtle art of music. Through its miraculous singing tone the exquisite passages and the profound measures of the composers attain their full significance. And throughout your lifetime, you need never buy another piano.

* * *

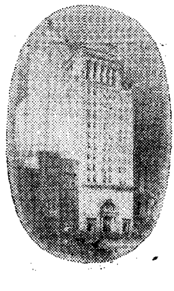
There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. *Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up* *Plus transportation*

Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall
109 W. 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS



New STEINWAY HALL
109 West 57th St., New York City

New Steinway Hall is one of the handsomest buildings on a street noted for finely designed business structures. As a center of music, it will extend the Steinway tradition to the new generations of music lovers.

again

THE Laursen water-cure process of vulcanization is the greatest step forward in the rubber art since Charles Goodyear's original discovery on which the whole rubber industry has been built.

To have been a factor in perfecting the Laursen method—to have had its final developments carried on in the plant of The Seiberling Rubber Company—is an honor which is highly gratifying.

I predict that the use of the Laursen process will extend to all of the principal rubber companies, and it is my very sincere hope that Mr. L. A. Laursen may receive in full measure the fame and fortune that should be his by right of his epoch-making discovery.

F A Seiberling

SEIBERLING

SEIBERLING LEADS

Announcing: The Laursen Process of Water-cure Vulcanization, *a discovery of importance to the Motoring Public*

Since Seiberling built the first straight-side tire, tire history has been largely a record of Seiberling achievement.

And *again* Seiberling leads.

For when L. A. Laursen discovered the water-cure process of vulcanization, he enlisted the cooperation of F. A. Seiberling. Seiberling laboratories and Seiberling manufacturing facilities were placed at Mr. Laursen's disposal for the final development of his invention, and today all Seiberling mandrel-built tubes are made by this new and revolutionary method.

The tubes so produced are of a quality such as to render steam vulcanization obsolete in tube manufacture.

Motorists who know Seiberling quality through experience with All-Tread Tires, will not fail to avail themselves of the radically improved tubes now offered them by Seiberling dealers, who are first in the field with this important development.

What Water-cure Vulcanization is, and what it does

The Laursen process of water-cure is destined to render obsolete all present methods. The milder heat of the water does not over-vulcanize, does not injure or destroy the natural texture of the rubber as steam is apt to do, but has a mellowing effect upon the stock, adding toughness in texture and length to its life.

Free sulphur is neutralized and carried away in the water, preventing excessive bloom and premature aging.

As used by Seiberling in all mandrel-built tubes, the Laursen process does away with wrapping, thus eliminating the spiral pattern and its resulting irregularities in thickness.

The final result is a tube of greater flexibility, longer life, and a perfection of finish hitherto unknown.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

ALL-TREAD TIRES *and* WATER-CURED INNER TUBES

To keep your hair healthy

[4 simple treatments]

FOUR common scalp conditions tend to rob the hair of its natural life and health. In this column we tell you about four simple treatments designed to correct these conditions. These treatments are based on modern scientific thought in the care of the hair and scalp.

In employing Packer's Tar Soap with the treatment that meets your hair condition, remember that Pine Tar in a shampoo soap has for years been recommended in the care of the hair by foremost authorities.

for DANDRUFF

Authorities find that dandruff is responsible for at least 75% of the cases of falling hair. But dandruff need not be serious if carefully and properly treated. The Packer Method of treatment, based on modern thought, will be found in the booklet which comes with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for DRY hair

Successful shampooing removes the accumulations of surface oil from the scalp. This makes the hair seem dry at first but this dryness is temporary and only noticeable for a day or two. If dryness persists it is probably due to inactivity of the oil glands—a condition requiring special care and treatment. You will find an authoritative treatment for dry hair in the booklet packed with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for OILY hair

Too oily hair is produced by an over activity of the oil glands. A special treatment for oily hair including hints on the correct way to massage, is given in the booklet packed with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for FALLING hair

For falling hair, we recommend the Packer treatment for dandruff, the most common cause of premature baldness or loss of hair (you will find this treatment in the booklet which comes with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap). If, however, the regular use of this Packer treatment does not stop the loss of your hair, consult your family physician. He may find some underlying cause due to your general health or he may suggest that you see a scalp specialist.

PACKER'S

Tar Soap

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Each cake in a metal soap box

Informative leaflet, giving the proper shampoo method and other valuable suggestions, is packed with each cake.

WASHINGTON "DISMOUNTED FROM HIS HIGH HORSE"

FOR more than fifty years George Washington kept an almost continuous series of diaries, in which he jotted down briefly his chief doings each day. This great fund of self-revealing material, safely preserved by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, has now for the first time been published in its entirety—in four large volumes, edited by John C. Fitzpatrick. Diaries, like dictionaries, are apt to be lacking in dramatic plot, and Washington's are no exception; but they are of inestimable value as an antidote to the "conspiracy of hero-worship" which has made him seem so much colder and more remote than Lincoln. Just as the portrait-painters gave no hint that his face was deeply pitted by smallpox, so his biographers—Parson Weems and the rest—made him so flawless that he ceased to be human.

The personal character that Washington reveals in his own diaries is quite different from that which even his latest biographers have assigned to him. He stands forth here as a rather hard business man, a forerunner of the modern captain of industry. Business and amusement—these are the two things in his daily life that he seems to have considered most interesting and most worth recording. Claude G. Bowers, author of "Jefferson and Hamilton," writing for the December issue of the *International Book Review* on "Washington in the Cold Light of His Diaries," finds several other new aspects of the Father of His Country. He writes:

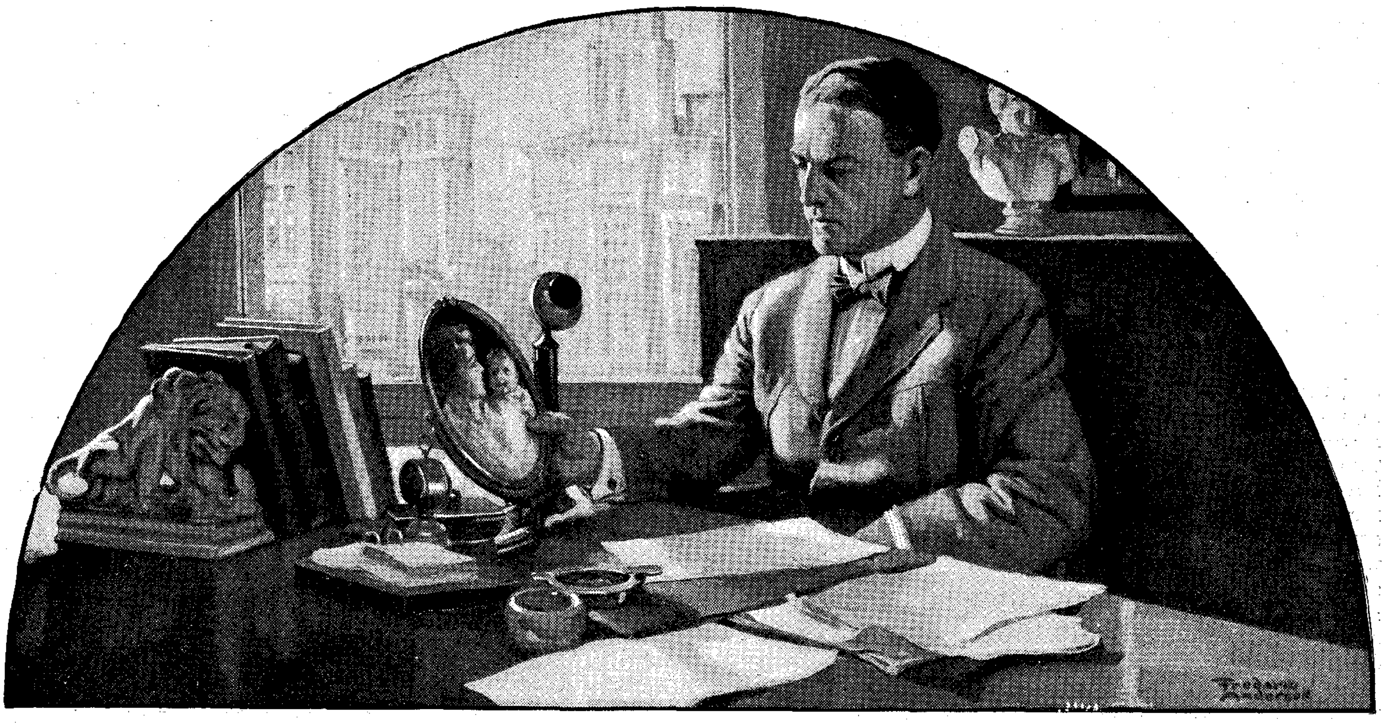
> If these diaries throw no light upon George Washington's political views, they illuminate Washington, the man, who has been so long in shadow. They show him dismounted from his high horse and in the mood for play. Here is a man who was evidently fond of good dinners, and not at all adverse to the liquid refreshments that once went with them. How Parson Weems would have blushed and hurried on had he seen some of the notations of the youthful hero who never told a lie. "Had a good dinner prepared for us," he wrote while on a surveying expedition. "Wine and Rum punch in plenty." On meeting some Indians he tells us that "we had some liquor with us of which we gave them part, and elevating their spirits put them in ye humour of Dauncing." Returning from Fort LeBœuf, whither he had been sent to the French Commandant by Governor Dinwiddie, he records a call on Queen Aliquippa, to whom he made a present of a bottle of rum. One day at Williamsburg, when he "dined with the Speaker and went to the Play," he went to Mrs. Campbell's, where he "Drank a Bowl or two of Punch."
>
> His love of the theater is shown throughout, and one gathers that he never missed a play when within reach. Was he at Williamsburg? Night after night he "went to the Play." At Annapolis? "To the Play." In New York? After dining "at an entertainment in honor of General Gage" in 1771, he "went to the Play." At Philadelphia during the Constitutional Convention? He found time to go to the Play. If he had any critical faculty, it does not appear in entries, for he expresses no opinion and fails to enlighten us as to the play presented. He assuredly possest none of the puritanic prejudices of the rheumatic Senator Maclay who, as Washington's guest in the old John Street Theater in New York, exprest his amazement that decent women should be seen in a playhouse—tho Martha Washington was along.

Next to the theater, Washington seems to have been most fond of dinners. Never was there a more inveterate diner-out, if we may judge from the innumerable references to dinners attended. And after dinners, dances.

> At Annapolis attending the races, at Williamsburg on public business, he attended every ball. That he expected these to be dignified and rather elegant affairs we may assume from one of the precious few humorous entries in these diaries. He had gone to a ball at Alexandria, where "there was a great plenty of Bread and Butter, with Biscuits with Tea and Coffee which the Drinkers of could not distinguish from hot water sweetened," and where "Pocket handkerchiefs served the purposes of Table Cloths and Napkins and . . . no Apologies . . . made for either." To which he added: "I shall therefore distinguish this Ball by the Stile and title of the Bread and Butter Ball."
>
> It is not far-fetched to conclude that the delights of the dance were due to the charms of the women, albeit there is little in these volumes to indicate that he gave them much thought. Not until he was old and gray, with wooden teeth, did he dignify them with his pen when on his Eastern tour while President; and then the ladies of Marblehead impress him as "handsome and well-drest Ladies," and those of Portsmouth as "very handsome . . . among whom . . . were a greater proportion with much blacker hair than are usually seen in the Southern States." Even so we may be sure that the stately figure who stood cold, apparently unmoved, if not bored, in the midst of the bevies of beauties at his wife's drawing-room gave these ladies of Marblehead and Portsmouth no indication of his appreciation.

Washington writes himself down in his diaries as essentially a man's man. He missed none of the races at Annapolis, and at home literally lived with his hounds. Again and again we find entries concerning his pursuit of a fox, after the manner of the English country squire he so much resembled. If he ever found entertainment in a book, he fails to record it in a single entry. When confined to the house, we find him working on his accounts, making inventories of his slaves, horses, implements, or writing letters, but not once do we find him engrossed in a book. Mr. Bowers continues:

> Here was one Virginia planter who had no idle days. His horse was saddled at the door at dawn, and away he sped over his plantations. Every slave, indentured servant, or employee was kept on tiptoe at his task. When the master "severely reprimanded" one for sloth, it was important enough for the diary. Sometimes he sat down and watched his men at work, calculating thereby how much they should



ARE YOU SUPPORTING YOUR WIFE?

CERTAINLY you are—now! You give her everything you can. You are planning big things for the children—they're to have the advantages that very probably were denied you. Supporting them—you'd work and work and *work,* twice as hard as now—to keep them from want.

But—what will happen when your work is done—when you are no longer here. Will you then be supporting them? You can!

Isn't that a comforting thought? Wouldn't you like to know *now* that—happen what may—your family goes on financially independent due to careful foresight on your part?

Perhaps you have some insurance. But unless you are beyond the average the amount you carry is only equal to about three times as much as you make in a single year.

How long would that last?

Not long—and then what?

Look at the facts and plan accordingly. Let us help you, not to oversell you insurance, but to give you a *guarantee* that your family can go without want, without care—supported by *you,* always.

You may think such a plan is impossible with your present income. Do you know that, under the Phoenix Mutual plan, you can pay a small amount monthly, as you now pay rent, to insure your family independence? Do you know that the Phoenix Mutual representative can fit insurance into your budget so that it is taken care of automatically as you now take care of the phone bill, or the grocer or your donation to the church?

Phoenix Mutual representatives are trained by schooling and experience to deserve your confidence. Let one of these men sit down with you and advise you what insurance you can *comfortably* afford. He will show you how to pay for it, because he will bring with him our simple plan for controlling family expenses, which we call "Four Lessons in Budgeting." It is easy to understand and easy for your pocketbook to follow.

Don't put this meeting off. Telephone or write for him today.

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HOME OFFICE HARTFORD CONN.

First policy issued 1851

> accomplish in his absence. He gives us a picture of himself, watch in hand, observing men hewing logs, and making the discovery that had they worked the day before as steadily as beneath his stern gaze they would have turned out five feet more than they did. If weather stopt the plowing, inside work was found at once. If snow on the ground delayed the planting of shrubbery, he ordered the snow removed, the planting done. Every hour of every day he knew precisely what was being done all over his possessions. His plantations were a battle-field, and, astride his horse, he dashed unexpectedly upon his workers, and wo to the slacker!
>
> Thus we get the impression of a man eager to add to his great wealth. The entries in these diaries when Washington was traveling reveal the keen money-maker seeking advantageous investments. He observed and commented on the richness of the soil, the quality of the timber, and in Pennsylvania he became interested in the possibilities of coal production. After the Revolution he assumes more and more the rôle of the capitalist. The Potomac Company drew him frequently to Great Falls; the Dismal Swamp Company to Richmond; the bank directors' meeting to Alexandria; his rental property to Williamsburg; the squatters on his Western lands to the wilderness to evict them without argument or ceremony. There is nothing of softness or sentimentality in this man of the diaries. "Directed an Indictment to be formed . . . against Jno. Ballendine for a fraud in some Iron he sold me." Honest himself, contemptuous of dishonesty in others, he stood upon his rights. . . .
>
> He had none of the endearing qualities of Lincoln, and was not altogether lovable. He was not a saint, for, oh, shades of Parson Weems! he records the telling of a white lie on his Southern tour. And while he regularly attended church and was faithful to his duties as vestryman of the Pohick Church, he had no Puritanic notions about the Sabbath, transacted business concerning his squatters on Sunday, and was clearly annoyed when on his Eastern tour the laws of Connecticut forced him to remain over Sunday in a village tavern, when he "attended morning and evening services and heard very lame discourses from a Mr. Pound." But out of these pages emerges the real Washington, intensely practical, appreciative of the material power of a nation, and of the habits of industry and probity on which the strength of a nation rests.

Another Virginian whose traditional character now has to be revised in the light of hitherto unpublished documents is Edgar Allan Poe. Poe's letters to his foster-father, John Allan, preserved in the Valentine Museum in Richmond, have been edited by Mary Newton Stanard and published at last in an imposing volume by Lippincott. Ever since his death, Poe's reputation has suffered from the aspersions of his first biographer, Griswold, and the chief service of this belated publication of his letters is to show that the Griswold legend of Poe's lifelong dissipation is without foundation. Reviewing the volume in the December *International Book Review*, Charles Willis Thompson says:

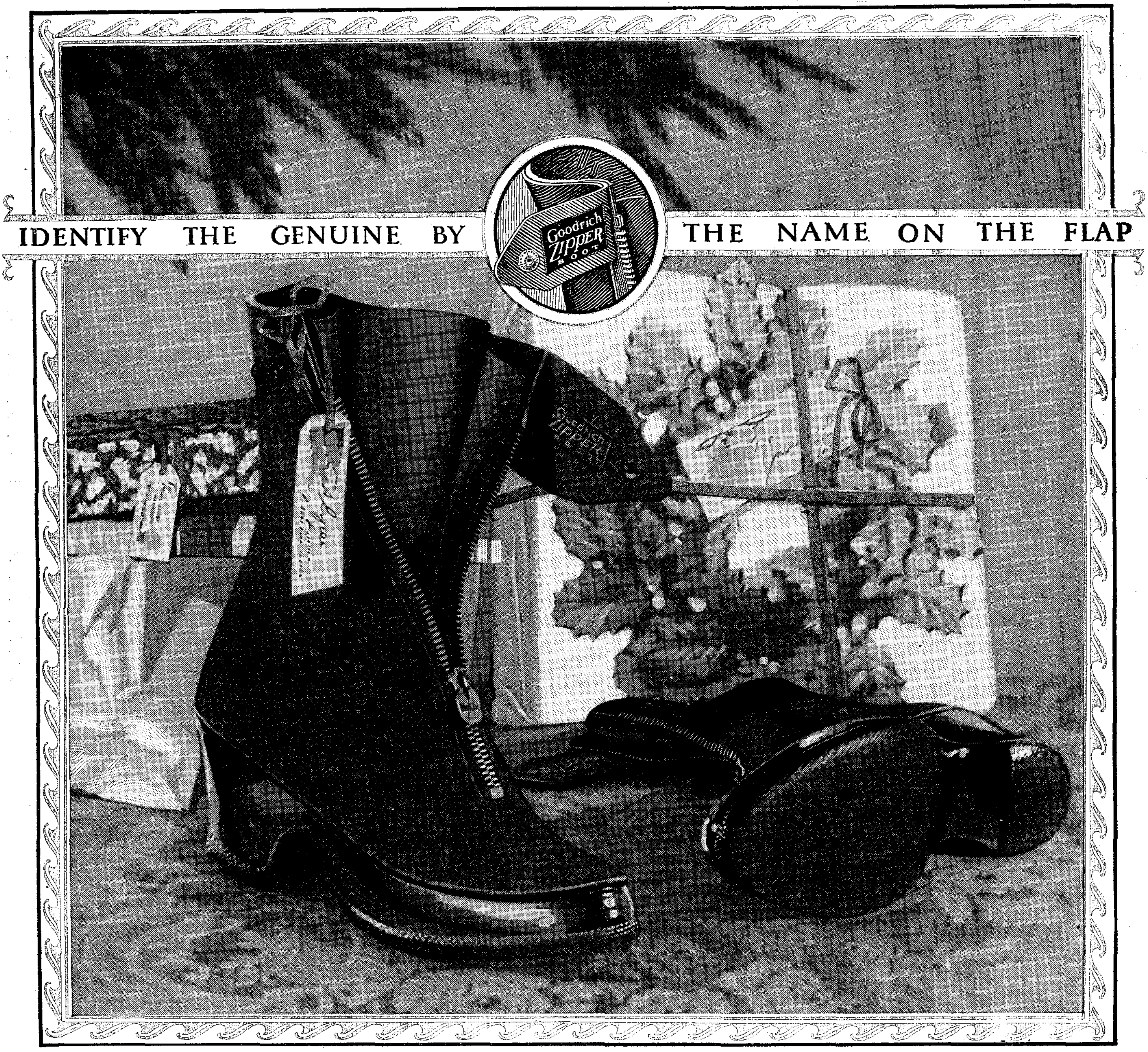
> The letters tell an eloquent story. The plot is very old: a young genius struggling vainly against the stubborn incredulity of a guardian who could see no road to success but the narrow one of a counting-house, and who thought literature a mere plaything. Mr. Allan honestly believed that a man who spent his time writing poems and stories was worthless, and it is curious that nothing aroused his indignation more than a request from Poe to guarantee the expenses of his first book of poems, tho Poe backed up the request with arguments showing that it was a good business proposition.
>
> There is, of course, something to be said for Allan's position. American poetry was looked upon with disfavor by publishers, and they wanted a guaranty for reimbursement in case any such book should prove a financial failure. Poe, however, had submitted "Al Araaf" to William Wirt and to Robert Walsh, the editor of *The American Quarterly Review*, and had been encouraged by both, Walsh promising a favorable review. The guaranty which Poe needed was only $100, a sum which was nothing to Allan. But the old man's gorge rose at the mere idea of poetry, and he indorsed Poe's request with these memorable if, to us, melancholy words: "Replied to Monday, June 8, 1829, strongly censuring his conduct and refusing my aid."
>
> Nevertheless, Allan appears in these letters in a somewhat more agreeable light than he customarily does. Dense as he was to the fact that his ugly duckling was really a swan, he came to Edgar's rescue a number of times when the struggling poet was about to sink. If only Poe had been willing to renounce poetry and prose and sit on a high stool in a counting-house all his days, one can see that Allan would have been a benevolent father. As that could not be, things went from bad to worse until Allan's second marriage, when, one suspects, the new wife did nothing to discourage his growing hostility to the young man whom the first wife had persuaded him to adopt in childhood. That, too, is an old plot.

Poe was hard on himself. In after years he spoke in terms of ungovernable remorse about his dissipation in the University of Virginia. The letters now show clearly that this dissipation consisted not in drinking, but in the prevalent vice of the time, gambling, and that he could have got through even that without discredit if Mr. Allan had given him the allowance customarily made to students. It is not true, these letters show, that Allan's severity extended only to the refusal to pay Poe's gambling debts; he even dishonored tailors' bills. The letters show that the break between the two came about through many other causes than the elder man's refusal to pay the other's card debts. Mr. Thompson continues:

> It is not much to be wondered at that Poe left Allan's roof in anger and tried to make his fortune, tho he did not know any way to do it except by joining the Army. And here, since we can not discuss Poe without that irrelevant question of his dissipation coming up, there is a significant fact. Drinking was common in the Army then, but Poe's record was excellent. He was promoted on his merits, and there is ample evidence in the letters that his superiors were warmly interested in him. The Lieutenant under whom he served wrote that "his conduct was unexceptionable." The Adjutant of the regiment wrote: "He has been exemplary in his deportment, prompt and faithful in the discharge of his duties, and is highly worthy of confidence." The Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the post (Fortress Monroe) wrote: "His deportment has been highly praiseworthy and deserving confidence." It is unnecessary to point out that Army officers do not use such language about idle and dissolute enlisted men with whom they have had no previous acquaintance.
>
> It is now thirty years since I met Gabriel Harrison, in his day a distinguished and celebrated man. When Poe was working on *The Evening Mirror*, Harrison had the next desk to his, and at the end of the day's work the two used to walk up Broadway together. Harrison declared to me that in all that time Poe never took a drink, and that he did not believe he ever took one; it seemed so out of consonance with his old colleague's character. Of course, he went too far in saying this, for the world knows that there were occasions when Poe drank. But nothing can be more certain than that the toper, the dipsomaniac, created by Rufus Griswold's art, the rum-hound of the popular legend, never existed. . . .
>
> He did beg from Allan, no doubt about that. There are those idiosyncrasies, common enough in the history of literature. But he was his own master and faithful to his star, the star he alone could see. For that matter, rough Walt was not above accepting help and even seeking it. Poe had the misfortune to live in an age which, despite the slurs thrown upon the present one, was the cynical age of American literature. He was born out of time. Brave and sturdy as he was, he was sensitive, but he was never womanish. A weird and untrue tradition has grown up about him. For one who reads with understanding, Mrs. Stanard's "Edgar Allan Poe's Letters" creates a new character and an almost wholly admirable one.

Thus we have two examples of historical investigators striving to rectify what they have come to regard as the errors of tradition. In one case the effect is to tone down a sentimental exaggeration; in the other, to repair a somewhat puritanical injustice. Other articles in the *International Book Review* for December include the following:

"How to Say 'Merry Christmas,'" by Louise Maunsell Field; "Wives of Great Men All Remind Us," by Stanton A. Coblentz; "Cardinal Newman as a Man of Letters," by William Lyon Phelps; "The Way of a Poet and Editor," by Joseph B. Gilder; "Mr. Hamilton Cleans House to Advantage," by Henry B. Fuller; "Learning to Laugh in Hester Street," by Anice Page Cooper; "Titans of Tragedy Who Founded Modern Russia," by Donald Douglas; "A Hermit Who Loved Not Wisely," by John E. Rosser; Editorial: "Fiction with a Camera"; "Arrows in the Air—XII," by Mr. Smith; "The American Farmer in Fact and Fiction," by Nelson Antrim Crawford; "The English Language in America," by Brander Matthews; "Tracking Shakespeare Through a Maze of Errors," by Edward Davison; "Twenty-two Men and Women Who Broke the Rules," by Martha Bayard; "What the Poets Have Said of Christmas," by Dorothy Scarborough; "Exploring Literature with a Merry Guide," by Richard Le Gallienne; "Seeing Ourselves as the Poets See Us," by Marguerite Wilkinson; "Mr. Neihardt Sings the Red Man's Courage," by Helen Geneva Masters; "The Cowboy Creates His Own Literature," by Leslie Higginbotham; "Vachel Lindsay Evolves a Hieroglyphic Art," by P. H. Higley; "Seeing China Through a Pinhole," by Angie Ousley; "Mr. Bercovici Speaks for the Foreign-Born," by C. Hartley Grattan; "Senator Lodge's Place in History," by Hamilton Holt; "Christmas Books for Boys and Girls," by Mary Graham Bonner.



Stir some woman's heart!

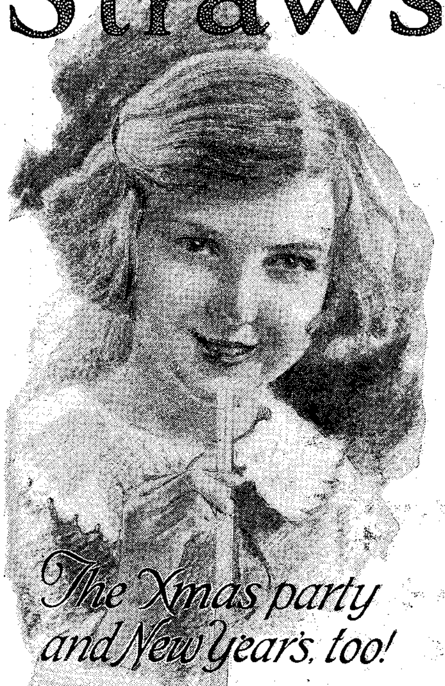
Possibly you've overlooked a gift of engaging charm—a pair of those smart, voguish Zippers . . . Give her footwear loveliness for the wet and slushy day. Give her the classic boot that smart fashion dictates as correct for the inclement occasion. Give her foot youth and grace—a boot so deftly designed that it brings out every pretty curve of ankle and arch. Give her convenience in fastening, health and protection. A present of Zippers is not only in the best of taste—it's fashionable. Fashionable to give and to wear.

for MEN
and CHILDREN, too
—in smart, becoming,
form-fitting models.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY · *Established* 1870 · AKRON, OHIO
In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Limited, Kitchener, Ont.

Goodrich ZIPPERS

Drink it through
Stone's Sanitary Straws


The Xmas party and New Years, too!

At your Christmas or New Year party—and whenever you serve refreshing drinks—be sure you add to their deliciousness with Stone's Straws. Dainty, golden-tinted Stone's Straws are truly appetizing. They are used in the best homes everywhere.

In serving milk to children, always use Stone's Straws. They prevent gulping, thereby aiding digestion. Made and packed entirely by machinery, they are absolutely sanitary. Also be sure to use them at the Soda Fountain and with bottled drinks.

Get a convenient Home Package—several weeks' supply—at your druggist's, 10c. If your druggist cannot supply you, send us his name and address and 10c. and we will see that you are supplied at once.

The Stone Straw Co
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS
GENERAL OFFICES—WASHINGTON, D. C.
FACTORIES:
WASHINGTON, D. C. BALTIMORE, MD.

STONE'S SANITARY STRAWS
The best drink tastes better through a straw

Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

A MORTAL MYSTERY OF SCIENCE

CONAN DOYLE and many another writer of mystery tales have achieved a happy realism from time to time by reproducing the stark formalism of British procedure in coroner's inquests and other official rituals. And an almost perfect example of that kind of thing in actual occurrence is afforded by the London *Times* report of an inquest into the death of the professor of chemistry whose mortal collapse in his own laboratory, where he had been experimenting with unknown gases, was given much attention by the cable correspondents at the time. In reading the laconic account of the official proceedings, one is tempted to picture Mr. Sherlock Holmes following the testimony with a thoughtful frown, while preparing to pounce upon some totally unexpected clue. In the language of the *Times*:

> The Westminster coroner, Mr. Ingleby Oddie, yesterday inquired into the circumstances of the death of Prof. Harold Maxwell Lefroy, the scientist, who was found unconscious, suffering from the effects of gas-poisoning, in his laboratory in the Imperial College of Science and Technology, and who died without regaining consciousness in St. George's Hospital.
>
> Francis MacLean Scott, of Stanhope-gardens, where Professor Lefroy lived, said that on Saturday, about 1.10 P.M., he saw Professor Lefroy and noticed that he was staggering. The witness questioned him about this, and he said: "Yes, I have had too much vapor." Professor Lefroy had told him that he was experimenting on the larvæ of house flies. He was trying to destroy them with a vapor which he called wood oil. The witness took Professor Lefroy to his room and took his boots, collar and tie off. The Professor could not stand up. He was very giddy, but his speech and senses were all right. Professor Lefroy was asleep till about a quarter to four. He was breathing regularly and seemed perfectly all right. When he woke up the Professor began to tell witness what he had been doing.
>
> The Coroner—What did he say?
>
> The Witness—He said, "The little beggars have got the best of me this time."

At which cryptic quotation we might expect Mr. Sherlock Holmes to lift at least one eyebrow, thereby stimulating the faithful Dr. Watson to a high temperature of curiosity. But no such interlude breaks the drab current of the *Times* report:

> Professor Lefroy, the witness continued, said he would have to go back to the College, as he wanted to lock up the larvæ. At half-past five he seemed perfectly all right and was reading a novel. The witness offered to go back to the College with him, and Professor Lefroy invited him to bring his fiancée, who was interested in the Professor's work. They all went round to the College. The Professor kept them amused, showing them over the building. He seemed perfectly all right and climbed up a steep ladder to the fly farm on the roof. He took them into the poison chamber, and showed them his vaporizing mechanism. He turned it on, and a cloud of practically invisible vapor rose and filled the room. He did not, however, put in the wood oil, because he felt it would smell so badly. Before he left the poison chamber he opened the window very wide. He also pointed to a bottle on a shelf and said, "I am not going to touch that, because if it fell none of us would survive for a second." They left the College at 6.30, the Professor coming down and seeing them off. He said that he had some letters to write, and the witness assumed that he would follow them to the hotel shortly.
>
> George Charles Sturton, doorkeeper at the College, said that he had a key of Professor Lefroy's laboratory. About seven o'clock on Saturday evening he went to the Professor's rooms. He heard no sound or movement, and there were no lights. He went through the whole building, and about eight o'clock Mrs. Lefroy called and asked if he had seen the Professor, as she was feeling rather anxious about him. They went up to Professor Lefroy's rooms. They turned on the light and could find no sign of him there. They then tried the laboratory door, which was locked, knocked on it, and called out the Professor's name. They heard a gurgling noise inside, as if some one were breathing heavily. Mrs. Lefroy said: "He is in here. Open the door quickly." The witness found that the door was locked, but he had the key of another door leading from the laboratory into a passage, and he immediately went and opened that door. The laboratory was in darkness, and with the aid of a lamp the witness saw the Professor lying inside, face downward on the floor. He dragged him out and noticed that there was a strange smell in the room. The Professor was unconscious at the time.
>
> Dr. Scott Edwards, house physician at St. George's Hospital, said that when he saw Professor Lefroy he was absolutely unconscious. He died at 5.25 P.M. on October 13.
>
> In reply to further questions, the witness said that the Professor would have required a second dose of poison to produce the condition he found. He was sure he had had a second attack. The witness was of opinion that Professor Lefroy died from cardiac failure brought on by edema and congestion of the lungs. His state of coma was due to the sudden inhalation of another poison on top of chronic toxemia due to the inhalation of some poisonous gases.
>
> The Coroner, in summing up, said that Professor Lefroy had met with previous adventures in the course of his experiments. He was poisoned in March last, and poisoned earlier in the same day on which he apparently took a fatal dose. He worked very much alone, and did not disclose the nature of the substances with which he was experimenting. He was experimenting with poisonous gas in his endeavor to find some cure for certain insect plagues. He was doing a great work. Professor Lefroy was a brilliant research worker who had lost his life in trying to benefit the human race.
>
> The Coroner returned a verdict of "Death through misadventure."

And, in the absence of a flesh-and-blood Sherlock Holmes to discern something more than meets the eye in this intriguing casualty of experimental chemistry, the coroner's verdict seems to be the end of the Lefroy affair.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY Springfield, Missouri

EVEREADY HOUR
EVERY TUESDAY AT 9 P. M
Eastern Standard Time

For real radio enjoyment, tune in the "Eveready Group." Broadcast through stations—

WEAF	New York	**WCAE**	Pittsburgh
WJAR	Providence	**WSAI**	Cincinnati
WEEI	Boston	**WWJ**	Detroit
WTAG	Worcester	**WCCO**	Minneapolis St. Paul
WFI	Philadelphia	**WOC**	Davenport
WGR	Buffalo	**KSD**	St. Louis

For radio economy

EVEREADY Radio Batteries are noted for their long service and economical operation. They are made in different sizes and types so that every radio user can enjoy the economy and convenience to be had by fitting exactly the right Eveready to his receiver. The five dry cell types of Eveready Radio Batteries are here illustrated and described to make it easy for you to decide just which will give the longest and most economical service on your set. A dealer near you sells Evereadys.

Eveready Heavy-duty "B" Battery for four or more tubes

No. 486. *Extra-large Layerbilt.* 45 volts. Vertical. Eveready's latest contribution to radio. The new Layerbilt construction which gives much greater service. Same size as No. 770. Price $5.50.

Eveready "B" Battery for one to three tube sets

No. 779. *Large.* 22½ volts. Vertical. Especially adapted for Radiola 25, DeForest D-17 and Operadio receivers. Same capacity as No. 766, and suitable wherever variable taps are not required. Price $2.00.

Eveready "B" Battery for portable sets

No. 764. *Portable.* 22½ volts. Vertical. For portable sets where medium weight and size are permissible. Price $1.75.

Eveready "A" Battery

Eveready Columbia Ignitor Dry Cell Radio "A" Battery for all dry-cell tubes. 1½ volts. The dry battery used by vacuum-tube engineers in developing the dry-cell tube.

Eveready "C" Battery

No. 771. 4½ volts. Saves "B" Batteries, improves tone. Price 60 cents.

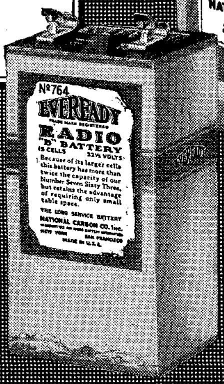
Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

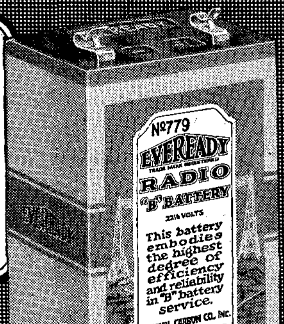
EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
–they last longer

FOR ALL RADIO DRY CELL TUBES
EVEREADY
COLUMBIA
IGNITOR
DRY CELL
FOR RADIO, IGNITION AND ALL GENERAL PURPOSES
INSPECTED TESTED RELIABLE
NATIONAL CARBON CO. Inc.

Eveready Columbia Ignitor "A" Battery, the proven dry cell for all radio dry cell tubes 1½ *volts*


No 764
EVEREADY
RADIO
"B" BATTERY

No. 764
Portable
22½*-volt*
Vertical
Price
$1.75


No 779
EVEREADY
RADIO
"B" BATTERY
This battery embodies the highest degree of efficiency and reliability in "B" battery service.
NATIONAL CARBON CO. INC.

No. 779
22½*-volt*
Large
Vertical
Price
$2.00

No 771
EVEREADY
RADIO

No. 771
4½*-volt*
"C"
Battery
Price
60 *cents*

No. 486
EVEREADY
RADIO "B" BATTERY
45 VOLTS
Layerbilt
NATIONAL CARBON CO. INC.
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
MADE IN U.S.A.
EVEREADY

No. 486
45*-volt*
Layerbilt
Extra-large
Vertical
Price
$5.50

A Christmas gift for pipe-smoking bank presidents —and others

What better example of the true Christmas spirit than this letter of Mr. Johnson, a Nebraska bank president:

> Larus & Bro. Co.
> Richmond, Virginia
>
> Gentlemen:
>
> One of my customers presented me, at Christmas time, with a half-pound tin of Edgeworth, out of appreciation for services rendered in probating his father's estate.
>
> In thanking him for the gift I told him that it appealed to me for two reasons—the spirit in which it was given, and the fact that he remembered the kind of smoking tobacco I have used for the past ten years. He made use of an expression which will interest you and which appealed to me.
>
> The expression used was, "Us fellows who smoke Edgeworth never forget one another."
>
> Very truly yours, J. V. Johnson

Of course in this case, Edgeworth happened to be the recipient's ten-year favorite tobacco. But in other cases that we know of, the gift serves as a happy introduction to Edgeworth.

To make it still easier for "us fellows who smoke Edgeworth never to forget one another," the 16-ounce glass humidor jar and the 8-ounce tin are provided at Christmas time with appropriate wrappings. Each size contains Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and each is packed in a good-looking decorated gift carton printed in colors. Prices—$1.65 for the 16-ounce jar. The 8-ounce tins are 75c each.

Please ask your tobacco dealer for the Edgeworth Christmas packages. If he will not supply you, we gladly offer the following service to you:

Send us $1.65 for each 16-ounce jar, and 75c for each 8-ounce tin to be shipped, also a list of the names and addresses of those you wish to remember, with your personal greeting card for each friend.

We will gladly attend to sending the Christmas Edgeworth to your friends, all delivery charges prepaid.

Personal: Perhaps you yourself are not acquainted with Edgeworth. If so, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2L South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. We will send you free samples—generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors, holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

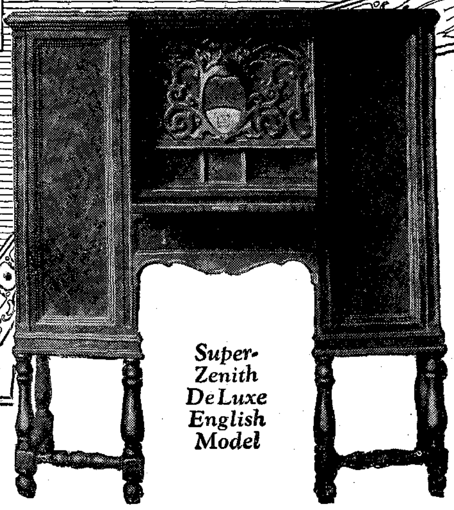
THE EVICTION OF LITTLE BOY BLUE

THE little toy dog must desert his post; the little toy soldier has marching orders—and with this pensive announcement, we are prepared for the imminent destruction of Eugene Field's old home in Chicago. No longer, we are told, will they—the dog and the soldier—await "the touch of a little hand, the smile of a little face." The gingham dog and the calico cat are dispossest—or rather their ghosts, since, as you remember, "the truth about that cat and pup is that they ate each other up." The sugar-plum tree is uprooted. Wynken, Blynken and Nod are homeless. For the house where they all came to life in the poetry Eugene Field wrote about them, will be torn down to make way for an apartment building. Celebrating the sad occasion in the New York *Evening World*, Marguerite Mooers Marshall continues:

> To every lover of Gene Field's wit and tenderness—and surely no American poet more successfully combines these qualities than the man who wrote incomparably humorous translations of the odes of Horace and equally incomparable verses for children—it seems outrageous that the house on Chicago's North Side in which he lived with his wife and children should not be preserved as a literary shrine. That, apparently, was the hope of his widow, since for many years she refused to sell the home and kept his study exactly as he left it. "But nothing came of the memorial plan," the news dispatches tersely inform us. Some of the relics of the poet have been given to the Chicago Historical Society. Mrs. Field herself still cherishes a toy horse and a pair of the baby shoes belonging to "Little Boy Blue"—Field's little son who died and was immortalized by his grieving father in the verses loved and lisped in so many American nurseries. The poet's home itself will soon go to the wreckers.
>
> It was filled with curiosities, for Eugene Field was a born collector. The last time he came to New York before his death his friends found him in his room in a Broadway hotel surrounded by old pewter pots and plates, old warming-pans and porringers, which he was trying hard to believe came over in the *Mayflower*. He once met an old German on a street-car, staggering along under a huge case filled with butterflies which he had spent a lifetime collecting, but now had to sell in order to pay his rent. Eugene Field bought them.
>
> There were two chief treasures in his home, always placed side by side. One of these was an ax which had been used by Gladstone and which the distinguished statesman had himself given Field when the latter visited Hawarden, where Gladstone, like the Kaiser, used to take his exercise by chopping trees. The other treasure was a pair of shears which Mr. Charles A. Dana had used in his office on the old *Sun*. Field was a newspaper man all his life, and many newspaper men and women know his worshipful poem to "th' man who worked with Dana on the Noo York *Sun*."

A collection of envelops used during the Civil War was also treasured by Field, as well as a collection of the sentimental and patriotic sheet-music of that period. He had a collection of bells, of dolls of all nations, and of mechanical toys. Also we read:

> He was a great bibliomaniac, and when he died possest a really valuable library of rare and first editions.
>
> "Nothing," Mr. Wilson records in his charming little book, "The Eugene Field I Knew," "seemed too insignificant for Field to collect. Among the unusual things in his collection of curios were bottles of all sizes, and in all shapes of men and beasts, unlike anything 'that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.' A few of these vials contained colored liquids, the better to display their grotesque outlines."
>
> I have found a happy contemporary record of a visit to the poet's Chicago home just before his death in 1895. "There is a little red wheelbarrow in the dooryard," narrates the caller, "and presently its owner, who has been pulling dead cornstalks over by the fence, appears on the scene of action—a sturdy youngster aged two and a half years.
>
> "It is not necessary to knock, for the chubby little figure in broad red hat and soft light curls pounds on the door with an emphasis that leaves no doubt of the fact that 'Posie' Field (Eugene Field's youngest son, Roswell) means to be let in.
>
> "Posie walks into the library, and that is an excellent place to follow him. There never was such a library before, and it is not likely there ever will be again. Its neutral tinted walls and its low bookshelves running completely around except where space is demanded for the windows, its rug-strewn floor and its leather-upholstered seats, might be matched in scores of places; but not so its old pewter, its rare autograph letters framed and hung in every available corner, its Greek and Roman curios, and still less the features that make it as much the sanctum of Posie as of Eugene Field.
>
> "Posie sits down in a mite of a red chair and gravely considers the speed possibilities of a train of cars stretching half across the carpet. Gene Field, in his famous old overcoat, lounges against a window-seat and watches. Presently he begins to stride about the room, winding up mechanical toys. There is a Canton flannel elephant with a scarlet and gold howdah on top of one bookcase, flanked by old glass and things Etruscan, and when a key has been turned in some mysterious part of its anatomy it shakes its head and moves its trunk with slow dignity. There is a black bear between two rare Greek vases, and all at once it begins snapping its jaws with vicious ferocity. There is a harlequin, and the acrobatic tricks that red-and-yellow clown sets about performing would dazzle older eyes than Posie's. There are toys all over the room, 'not for the children, but for me,' says Gene, and in a moment the equivalent of a three-ring circus is in full operation."
>
> "I wouldn't have a house," Field told his visitor, "where you couldn't delight in—
>
> "Pittypat and Tippytoe;
> Footprints up and down the hall,
> Playthings scattered on the floor,
> Finger marks along the wall,
> Tell-tale streaks upon the door"—
>
> It is this house of one of childhood's patron saints, packed with childhood's memories, which is to be torn down for a modern "apartment house." One can not help wondering if, as a crowning irony, the landlord will be a man who bars children!



Super-Zenith DeLuxe English Model

Ten Tubes!

Super-Zeniths priced from $240 to $355

—in De Luxe Art Model Cabinets from $500 to $2000

Other Zenith Sets $100 and $175

Super-Zenith DeLuxe Colonial Model

Why Does the Zenith Cost More?

Any Super-Zenith owner will tell you that the instrument *does* more—consequently is *worth* more.

It does more because it brings in distant stations with ease and simplicity. It gives reproduction with full, rich tone values faithfully preserved.

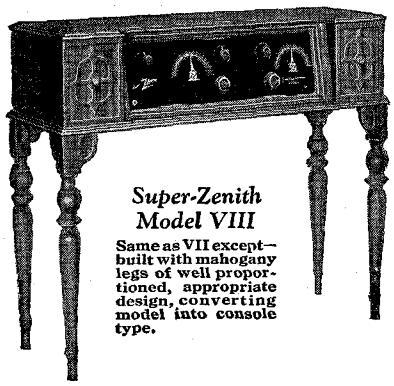
The Super-Zenith costs more to make simply because it is a perfectly balanced radio instrument—produced with the skill and exactitude that goes into a fine watch or any other piece of delicate mechanism.

After all is said and done, performance, not words, should be the deciding point in your purchase of a radio.

Hear a Super-Zenith—make comparisons—draw your own conclusions.

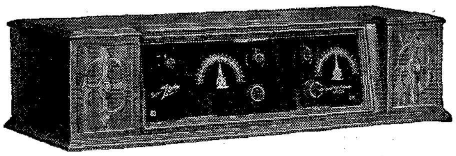
If you care to write, we'll gladly send literature and the name of nearest dealer.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
Straus Bldg., 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Super-Zenith Model VIII

Same as VII except—built with mahogany legs of well proportioned, appropriate design, converting model into console type.



Super-Zenith VII

Six tubes—2 stages tuned frequency amplification—detector and 3 stages audio frequency amplification. Installed in a beautifully finished cabinet of solid mahogany—44¼ inches long, 16¾ inches wide, 10⅝ inches high. Compartments at either end for dry batteries.

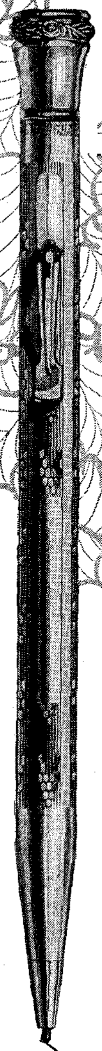
Why did Commander MacMillan take Zenith to the Arctic?

Because—on his previous expedition, Zenith kept him in touch with civilization. Naturally he again chose it because of first hand knowledge of its absolute dependability.

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE
TRADE MARK REG
RADIO

It Costs more - but it Does more

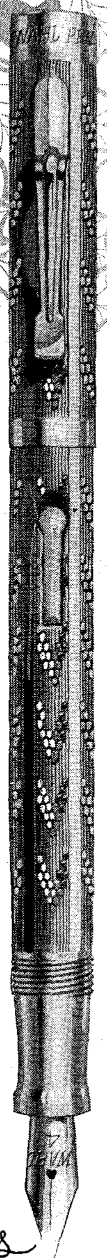
Wahl Products
EVERSHARP ✓✓ WAHL PEN



Popular

The world over, the standard gift Eversharp; gold-filled

$5



Boss's Own

The standard pen of business; gold-filled

$8

THE GIFT OF WORDS

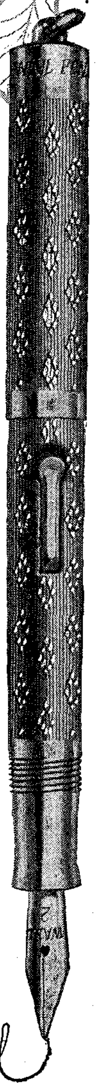
OW welcome are the words that carry Friendship! They have that wondrous power of setting Time and Space aside, bringing to life upon the written page, the smile, the handclasp, and the voice itself!

Though you and I may not see each other often, we still can keep these couriers of friendship speeding back and forth between us. You will find them here ready to your hand in this little gift that holds so much the greater Gift. Given at the season of Good Tidings and Good Will, may these serve you faithfully and be a pleasant reminder of the giver for many and many a year.

Your Name

© 1925, The Wahl Co.

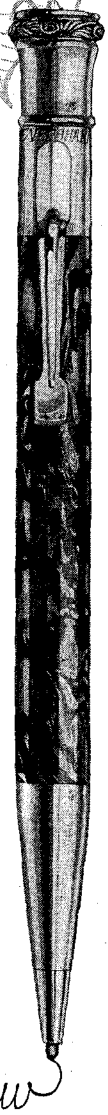
The foregoing sentiment appropriate to Christmas, engrossed on special correspondence notepaper, is included with every Wahl Gift Box, whether it be for the gold-filled Wahl Pen and Pencil set shown above (at $13) or the individually boxed Wahl Pen or Eversharp. Your signature on this sentiment makes it your personal expression of all that your gift conveys



An exquisite 14-k Wahl Pen in diamond design

$30

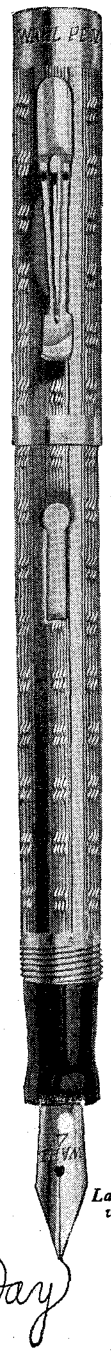
Solid Gold



New

Big barrel, big lead, Eversharp "75"

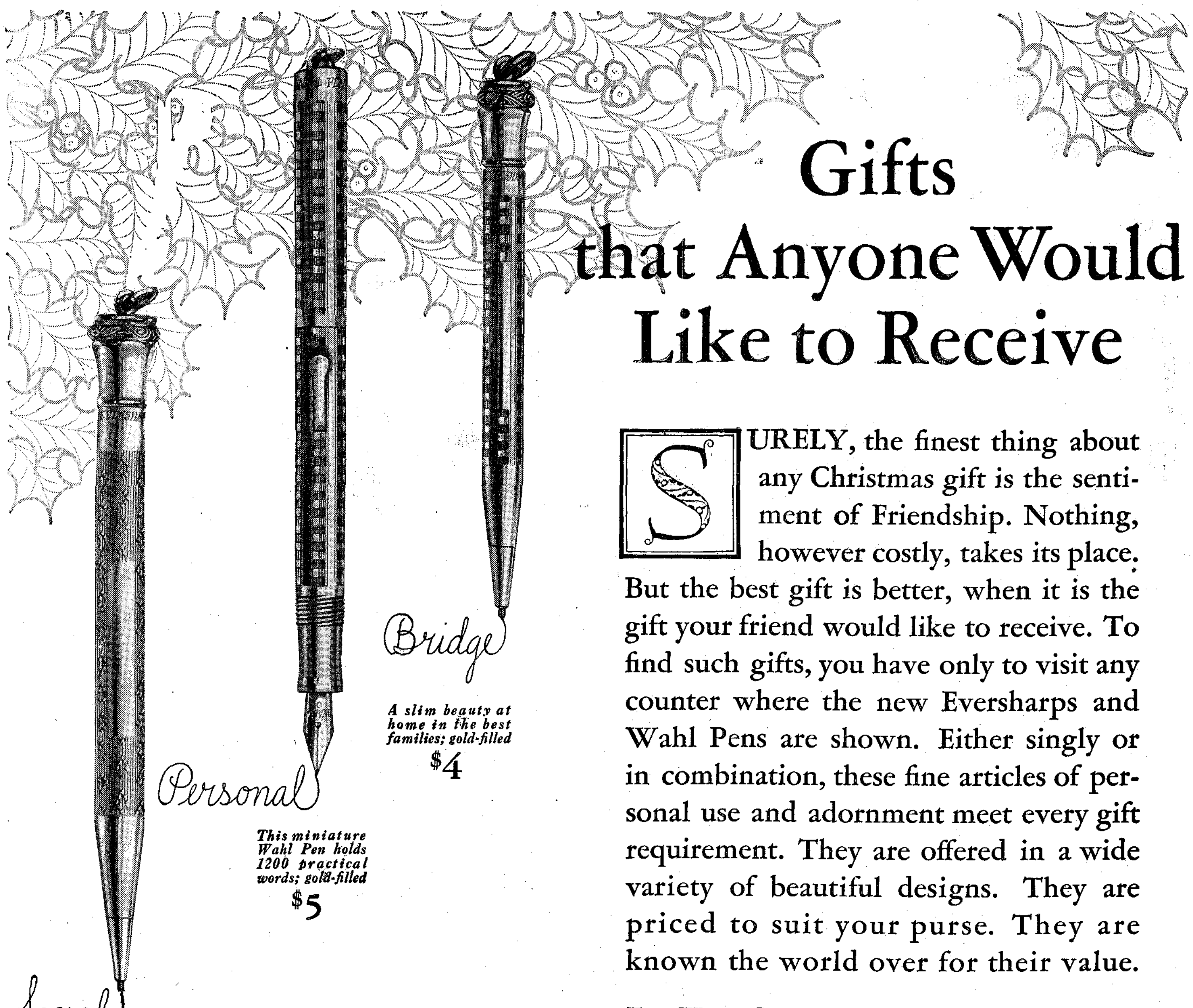
$3



Every Day

Large capacity silver-filled Wahl Pen, only

$5



A slim beauty at home in the best families; gold-filled
$4

This miniature Wahl Pen holds 1200 practical words; gold-filled
$5

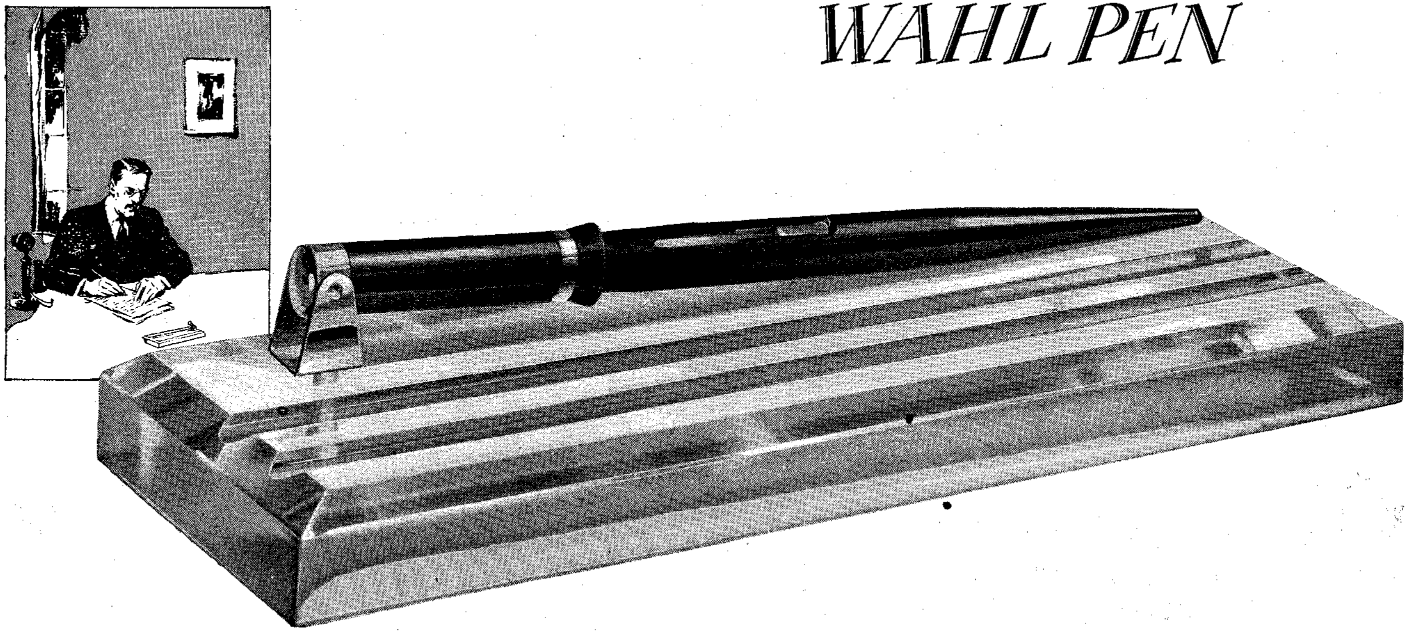
Eversharp model much preferred by women; in solid gold
$23

Gifts that Anyone Would Like to Receive

SURELY, the finest thing about any Christmas gift is the sentiment of Friendship. Nothing, however costly, takes its place. But the best gift is better, when it is the gift your friend would like to receive. To find such gifts, you have only to visit any counter where the new Eversharps and Wahl Pens are shown. Either singly or in combination, these fine articles of personal use and adornment meet every gift requirement. They are offered in a wide variety of beautiful designs. They are priced to suit your purse. They are known the world over for their value.

THE WAHL COMPANY, 1800 Roscoe St., *Chicago,* Ill.
Made in Canada by THE WAHL CO., Ltd., Toronto

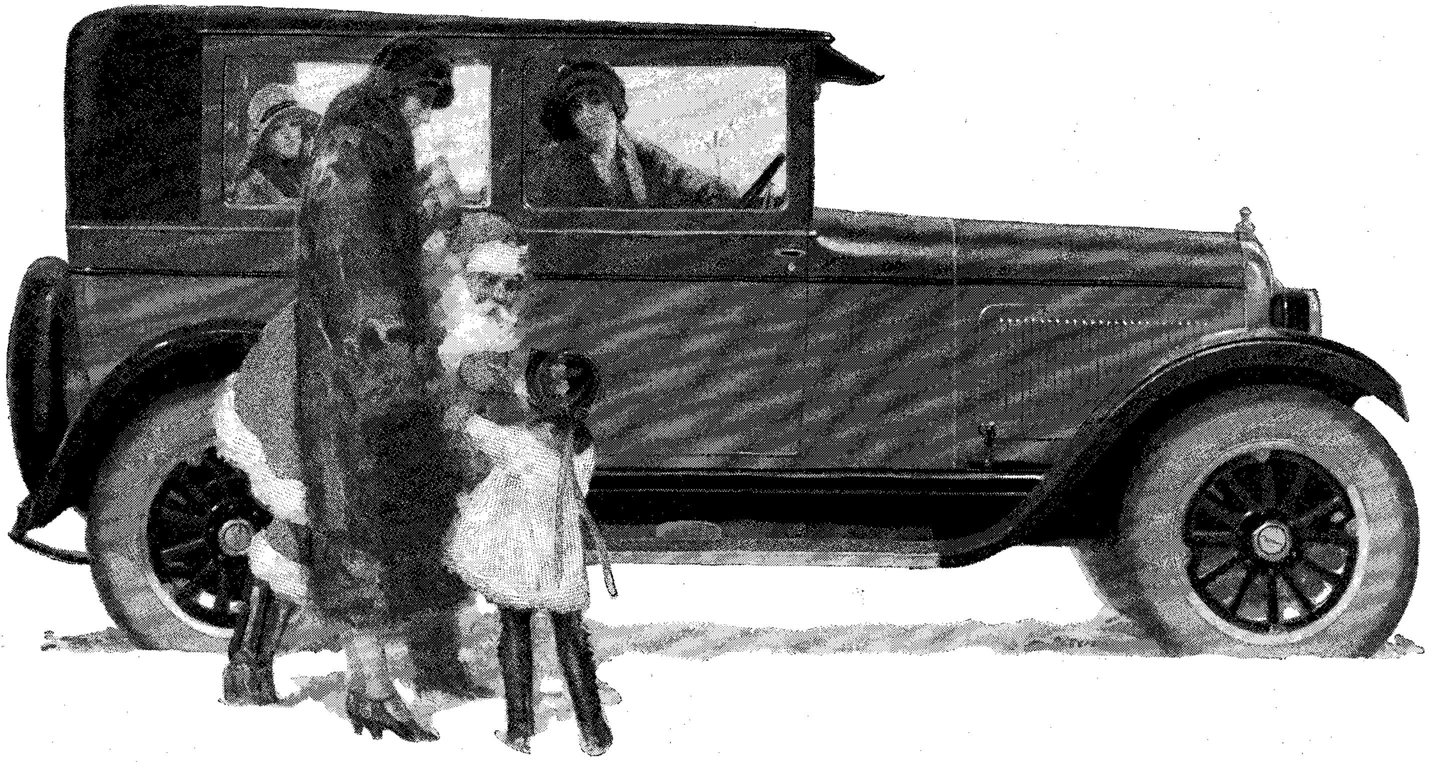
The New EVERSHARP and WAHL PEN



Now! *A Fountain Pen Desk Set*

Here is something entirely new and universally needed. A most attractive and modern writing set for every home and office desk. It puts an end to desk clutter and supplies the last word in neatness and utility. A Wahl fountain pen gold-mounted on a beveled base of crystal or jet glass—$12. With gold-filled Wahl pen, $15. Originated and manufactured only by Wahl for Wahl Pens.

WILLYS • OVERLAND • FINE • MOTOR • CARS



This CHRISTMAS · · *Pool the Family Funds!*

YEAR after year, as regularly as Christmases have come and gone, you have registered a vow that *"next"* Christmas you would turn over a new leaf—"next" Christmas you would exercise better judgment—"next" Christmas you would so plan your own and the family's expenditures that you and yours would receive something more truly *acceptable*, something more *lasting*, something more inherently *worth while.*

Well—"next" Christmas is here. That "next" Christmas has become *this* Christmas. *Now* is the time—*now* is the occasion—*now* is your opportunity to crystallize your vow.

An Overland Six! Why not? You can do it! Buy it "on time". Everybody is doing it. Only a small amount down. 52 weeks for the balance, longer if you want it. You can take care of future payments easily out of your income. The money you otherwise would spend for mere Christmas superficialities will make this superb car your own.

The beautiful big Overland Six pictured on this page is priced at only $895. It is, without exception, the biggest 895 dollars' worth of automobile in the world today. An extraordinarily handsome car. An engineering masterpiece. Equipment as complete, upholstery as fine, appointments as luxurious as in cars costing twice this sum.

A wonderful gift. And a gift you can afford. A gift you need. A gift for which every member of your household will everlastingly thank you, from the bottom of their hearts.

This year, put a ban on costly Christmas indulgence. Call a halt on Christmas waste. Combine the family purchases. Own this Overland Six. A sensible thought. Such a gift prolongs the thrill of Christmas joy and pride for more than Christmas Day. It means sunshine and fresh air. It means health and happiness. It inaugurates a new era of enjoyment and pleasure *for everybody in your home*, for years and years to come.

See your Overland dealer now and arrange with him for delivery early Christmas morning!

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO • WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO. LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

OVERLAND SIX

STANDARD SEDAN
$895
F.O.B. TOLEDO
DE LUXE SEDAN
$1095
F.O.B. TOLEDO

REAL LIFE IN A NOVEL

MANY have read Somerset Maugham's novel called "The Moon and Sixpence." It has been turned into a play in London, and it is in the line of probability that America will see it ere long. Many also have a vague knowledge of the fact that Maugham's fable is based on the facts of the life of a French painter named Paul Gauguin. These facts also may be vaguely known, but Mr. James Agate, the English critic, puts them in succinct form in the London *Daily Chronicle*, which may serve as a refreshment of memory:

> Mr. Maugham's piece is written round a painter whom he calls Charles Strickland. Strickland is really the great French artist, Paul Gauguin, who was born in Paris in 1848 and died at Le Dominique, in the South Sea Islands, in 1903. Gauguin is acknowledged by all artists and critics to have been one of the great masters of modern painting, and to recite the story of his life is to tell a story of complete and utter selfishness. To alter the old saying: Gauguin touched nothing in life that he did not disfigure except his canvases. Gauguin deserted his wife, abandoned his children, forswore his race and turned native, leading a life which the most easy-going of moralists must condemn. Yet always he held his art sacred, and tho he died in utter misery, deserted even by his native servant, we must think that his last moments were lightened by this consolation—that he had touched achievement, and seen Beauty face to face.
>
> At the age of seventeen Gauguin entered the French merchant-marine. Gauguin hated the service, and left it after four years, joining a stock-broking firm in the Rue Lafitte in Paris, remaining there eleven years, and making an average of some twelve hundred to fifteen hundred a year. At the age of twenty-five he married a young Danish girl, by whom he had five children. Nothing could be more normal than the life of this steady-going man of business. Then came the change. Gauguin made a friend of a collector of pictures of the modern school, spending Sundays and holidays in his friend's house, and there beginning to paint a little. Then he took to spending the evenings away from his well-appointed home in the Latin Quarter, or climbing the hill of Montmartre, there to chat with Pissarro, Monet and Degas. Pissarro gave him lessons, and in 1880, at the age of thirty-two, Gauguin first exhibited with the Impressionists. Our hero was nothing if not thorough.
>
> At the age of thirty-five, determining to give his whole life to Art, he abandoned his lucrative business and his good income and ordered his wife to return to Denmark and take the children with her. They obeyed. When he could not sell his pictures and could neither beg, borrow nor steal, he earned money by such odd jobs as bill-posting at the railway stations.

In 1886 Gauguin went to Martinique, thence returning to Brittany and visiting Arles in Provence with the great painter Van Gogh. There, we learn, Van Gogh went mad and committed suicide. In 1891 Gauguin sold all his belongings for some $2,000, and realized the dream of his life by going to Tahiti in the South Seas. And we read:

> At Tahiti he lived an extraordinary life, divesting himself of European clothing and tradition and putting on the clothing, manners and customs of the islanders. He "went native," as they say, cutting himself off from civilization in every conceivable manner. His letters are full of two things only, bitterness of spirit and requests for money. The painter now lived a life of complete degradation in the islands, working as a navvy on the roads when he could not beg enough money to buy bread and painting materials.
>
> It is a curious criticism upon modern civilization, that one of its greatest artists should be a man whose one aim in life beyond his art was to break down civilization and return to the savage. Let me give a few of the names of the great people who flocked to his show in 1898; Degas, Renoir, Coquelin, Octave Mirbeau, Michelet, Puvis de Chavannes, Mallarmé, Anatole France, and Rodin. How can I, in a few words, describe Gauguin's art? He himself was very vague. "Others," he wrote, "have honored me by attributing a system to me. I have never had one, and could not condemn myself to it if I had. I paint as I please, bright to-day, dark to-morrow." Perhaps we may say that his orange-colored nudes against the blue forests of Tahiti brought back to painting a lost simplicity and breadth. But I am not an art critic, and therefore need not pretend to know anything about it. The point is that a blind man, face to face with these canvases, could smell their greatness.

W. T. STEAD'S DESIRE—"TO WHIP THE WICKED"

YES—to whip them "out of the world." Such is the retrospective conclusion of one who knew him well, and worked with him, and admired, and loved, and hated him. "How is it possible," he asks, "to love and hate the same person at the same time?" Remarking that "the sweetest of Roman poets asked the question and could find no answer," he proceeds to portray the conflicting character of the famous editor who went down in the *Titanic* and from whom trance mediums on both sides of the Atlantic have been delivering alleged messages ever since. This witness is Henry W. Nevinson, who tells us—writing from London for the columns of the Baltimore *Sun*—that he agreed with most of Stead's main objects, admired his courage and to some extent his style, recognized his great influence upon public life and journalism, and also upon our private life and behavior, and "often supported him against the assaults of my own best friends." Notwithstanding which—

> Yet he repelled me. I was uneasy in his presence. In conversation he aroused my spirit of contradiction. When we corresponded I think it was always in hostile terms. Can these contradictions be explained?
>
> He was the son of a Congregational minister in Northumberland, born exactly in the middle of the last century at a time when Nonconformists were regarded with supercilious dislike by "church people" as being usually poor and always slightly vulgar.
>
> I think it was the origin of that "inferiority complex," which accounts for the

Prevent

tooth trouble

Use

COLGATE'S

It removes causes of tooth decay

Preventive science is the new development in dentistry. Its aim is to keep teeth healthy—and teeth can be kept healthy only when they are kept clean.

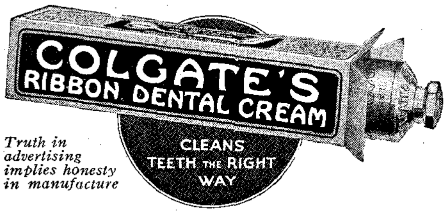
Causes of tooth decay must be removed—safely.

Colgate's Polishes and Protects

Colgate's does not scour teeth; it washes them gently and thoroughly. The fine chalk and mild soap remove clinging particles of food and wash them away. The mouth is left in its normal condition—pleasantly refreshed and clean.

There is no grit in Colgate's, for grit scratches tooth enamel, thus inviting decay, instead of fighting it.

See your dentist regularly and use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream after every meal. It is manufactured sensibly, advertised sensibly and sold at a sensible price—25c for the large tube.



Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

Has any *Shaving Cream* really *matched* WILLIAMS?

THERE are lots of shaving creams these days, yet men have never talked as much about Williams lather as they are talking about it today.

We know why. Williams Shaving Cream has an uncanny power to do a real beard-softening job.

This is how Williams lather works: It bulks large; becomes a thick, heavy compress on the beard. This compress strips the invisible oil-film from the beard almost instantly. All of each hair is swiftly saturated with moisture, thoroughly softened through and through.

When you shave, your blade seems sharper than usual. That's because Williams has done a real job of beard-softening. And yet your face at the end of your Williams shave is unusually soft, supple and comfortable!

Send for FREE tube

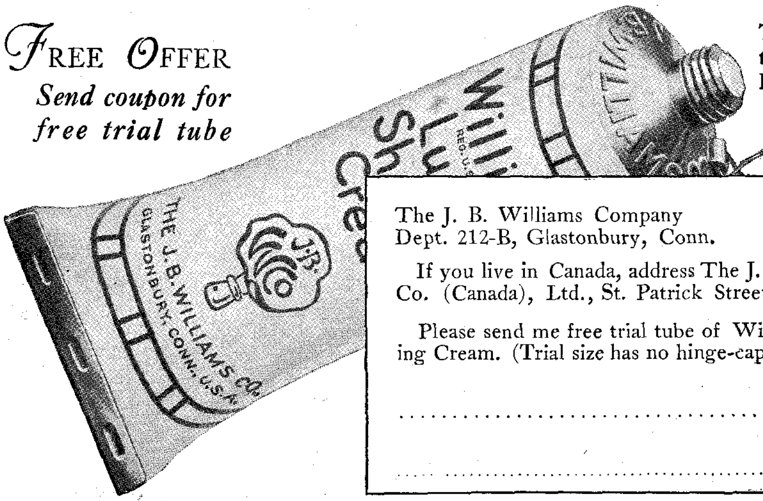
You can see the difference in lathers when you try Williams. We offer a free trial tube for these first few shaves. Write for it today. Send the coupon below or a postcard.

Williams is a pure, white shaving cream, free from coloring matter. The regular large-size tube is 35c. The double-size tube at 50c contains *twice* as much cream and is the most economical tube you can buy.

FREE OFFER

Send coupon for free trial tube

The tube with the unlosable Hinge - Cap



The J. B. Williams Company
Dept. 212-B, Glastonbury, Conn.

If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada), Ltd., St. Patrick Street, Montreal.

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial size has no hinge-cap.)

....

....Digest, 12-12-25

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a *scientific* after-shaving preparation. 150-drop test bottle free. Write Dept. 212-B.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

trait in him that I most disliked. I mean his hankering after the rich and great; his worship of wealth and power; his pride in occasional association with the Czars, the Prince of Wales (Edward VII), Cecil Rhodes, and other notables, not specially distinguished for the virtues upon which he himself laid great store.

To return to the story of his youth: he was never really educated at all. He was an editor at twenty-one, and he had not learned the schoolboy code of "playing the game" or observing the rules of comradeship.

It may be said that I make too much of "good form," which is the morality of our great public schools. If that is said, let me quote what Bernard Shaw wrote of Stead only three years ago, and Shaw was never at a public school himself, and thanks God for it:

"Stead was impossible as a colleague; he had to work single-handed because he was incapable of keeping faith when excited, and, as his hyperesthesia was chronic, he generally was excited. Nobody ever trusted him after the discovery that the case of Eliza Armstrong in the Maiden Tribute was a put-up job, and that he himself had put it up. . . . And it was always like that, tho the other cases were not police cases. He meant well; all his indignations did him credit, but he was so stupendously ignorant that he never played the game."

It has been said that the test of education is the power of judging evidence, and Stead was never educated, says Mr. Nevinson. "He remained incapable of testing evidence, or of knowing what evidence is." And the writer adduces these examples:

He believed that Czarist Russia was a holy power; he believed that Cecil Rhodes was a holy prophet of empire; he believed that Dr. Cook had discovered the North Pole; he believed that the ghost of Miss Julia Ames, several years after her death, brought him special messages from Mr. Gladstone, dictating through his own hand a policy for Great Britain singularly resembling the policy that he himself advised.

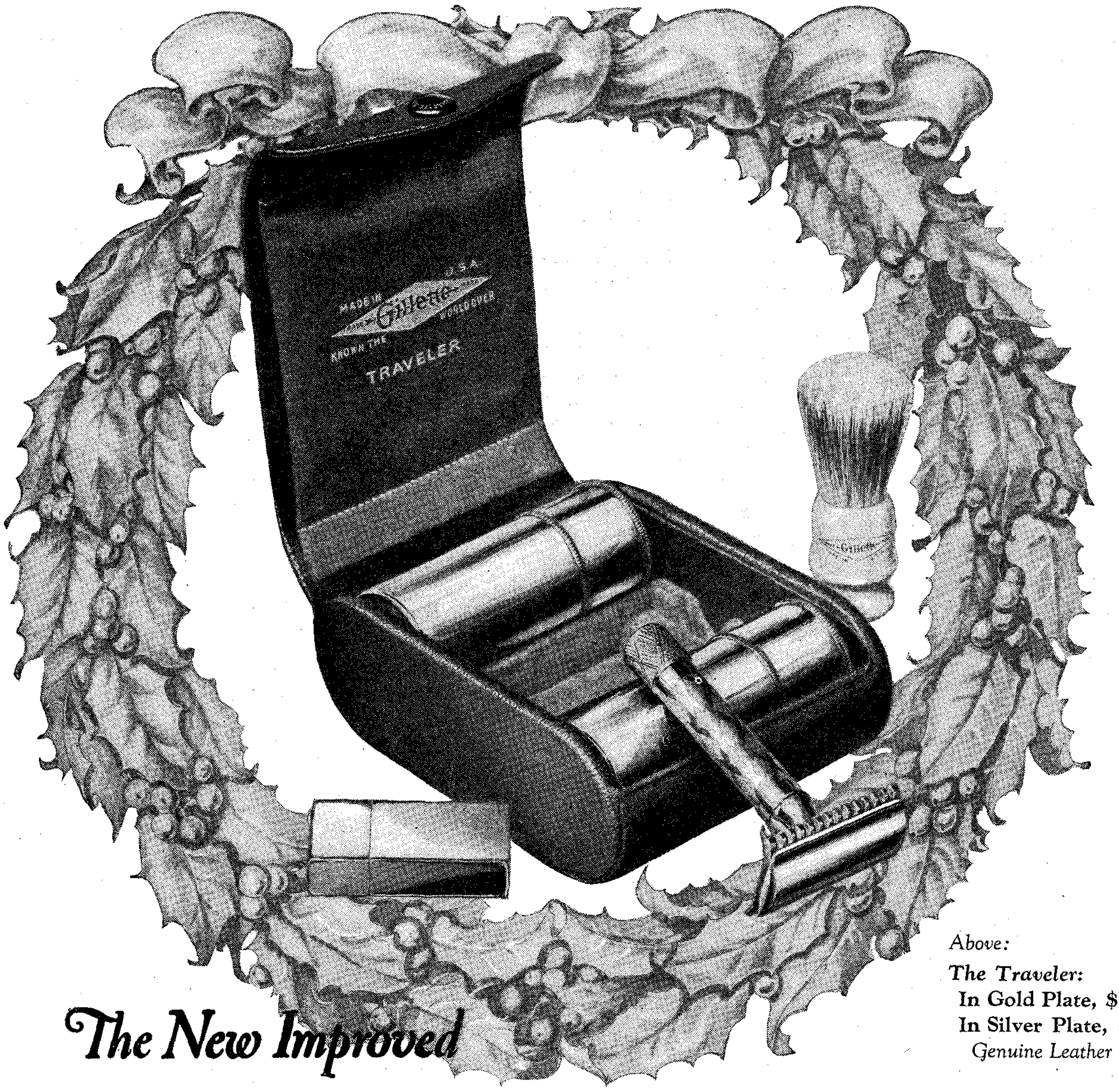
Stead was, in short, hopelessly credulous. He could swallow anything, provided it was big enough, and he heartily enjoyed swallowing it; for he was indeed a man of enormous vitality and power of digestion.

After reviewing some of Mr. Stead's journalistic "stunts," Mr. Nevinson turns to the other side, and exclaims:

But when one has said all this, what a remarkable man Stead was! During the six years he was editor of *The Pall Mall*, and even afterward when he started and edited *The Review of Reviews*, what an immense effect he had on English journalism and English life!

It is true that he was probably the model on which Alfred Harmsworth (Lord Northcliffe) formed his "Yellow Press," but one may say with Bernard Shaw that Stead's indignations at all events did him credit.

He did get things done. Sometimes his efforts, tho successful, were disastrous, as when he forced Gladstone's government to send Gordon to Khartoum. But on the whole his indignations did him credit, and they appealed to the better side of the English nature.


MADE IN U.S.A. Gillette KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
TRAVELER

Above:
The Traveler:
In Gold Plate, $10.00
In Silver Plate, $7.50
Genuine Leather Case

The New Improved

Gillette

SAFETY ◆ Gillette ◆ RAZOR

AT CHRISTMAS, there is one sure way to give your friendship an outward expression that a man cannot mistake—give him a New Improved Gillette! It guarantees him a perfect shave in comfort every day in the year—and he will bless your thoughtfulness as his attachment increases for this faultless shaving instrument.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

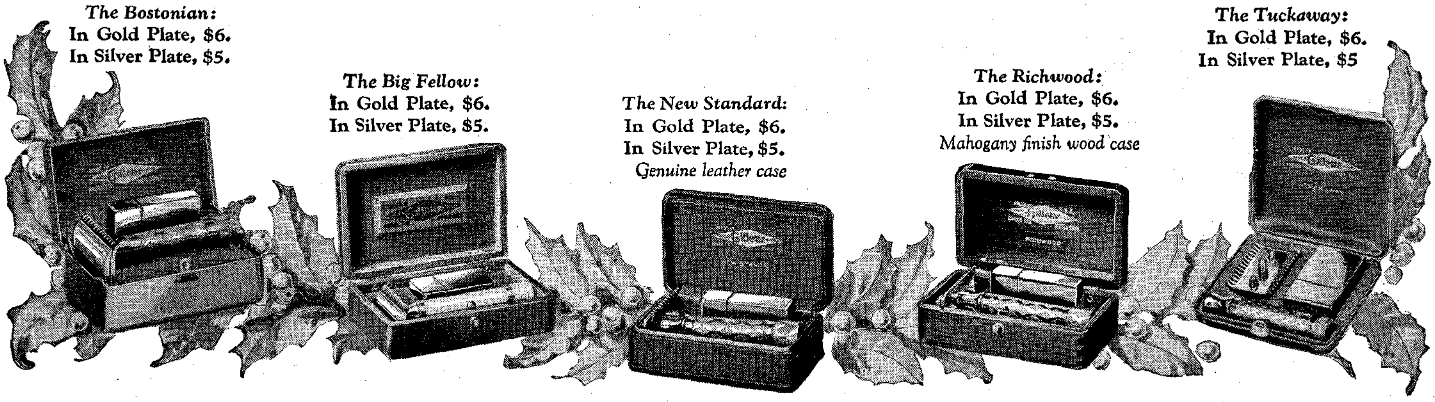
The Bostonian:
In Gold Plate, $6.
In Silver Plate, $5.

The Big Fellow:
In Gold Plate, $6.
In Silver Plate, $5.

The New Standard:
In Gold Plate, $6.
In Silver Plate, $5.
Genuine leather case

The Richwood:
In Gold Plate, $6.
In Silver Plate, $5.
Mahogany finish wood case

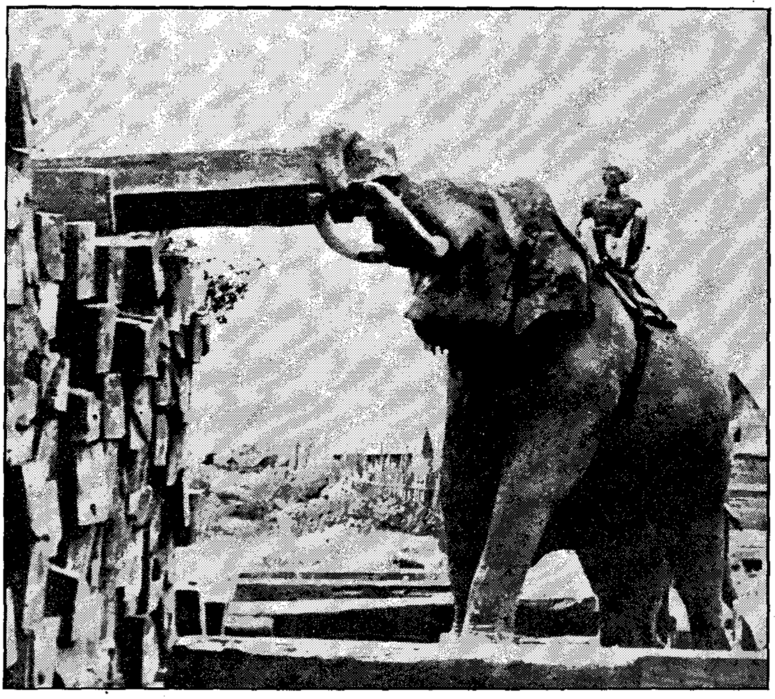
The Tuckaway:
In Gold Plate, $6.
In Silver Plate, $5



BEASTS • BIRDS • AND • TREES

WEIRD SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT AT WORK AND PLAY

A "HAIR-RAISING SCREAM" sounded through the air, and the river was churned by a mighty force. "Little Girl," who weighed a few tons, started for the water's edge in great haste, but others were there before her. Her fellow workers, over whom she was boss, were ducking an old bull elephant, and their trunks were flying through the air, and it looked as if some playmate might be killed or maimed for life. It was eleven o'clock and the elephants had dropt their logs and gone frisking like calves into the river to frolic until three o'clock. The patient beasts, which use their great strength to pile teak in the Burmese forests, will work from dawn till dark, but they must have a mid-day play and swim. Herschel Williams spins in *Asia Magazine* an almost incredible tale of elephants who work with well-nigh human intelligence while they move great logs in the forest with amiable subservience, but with an inscrutable expression in their little twinkling eyes. It shows where our own great political Bolivar gets his log-rolling ability. We read first of the trip to elephant-land:



International Newsreel photograph

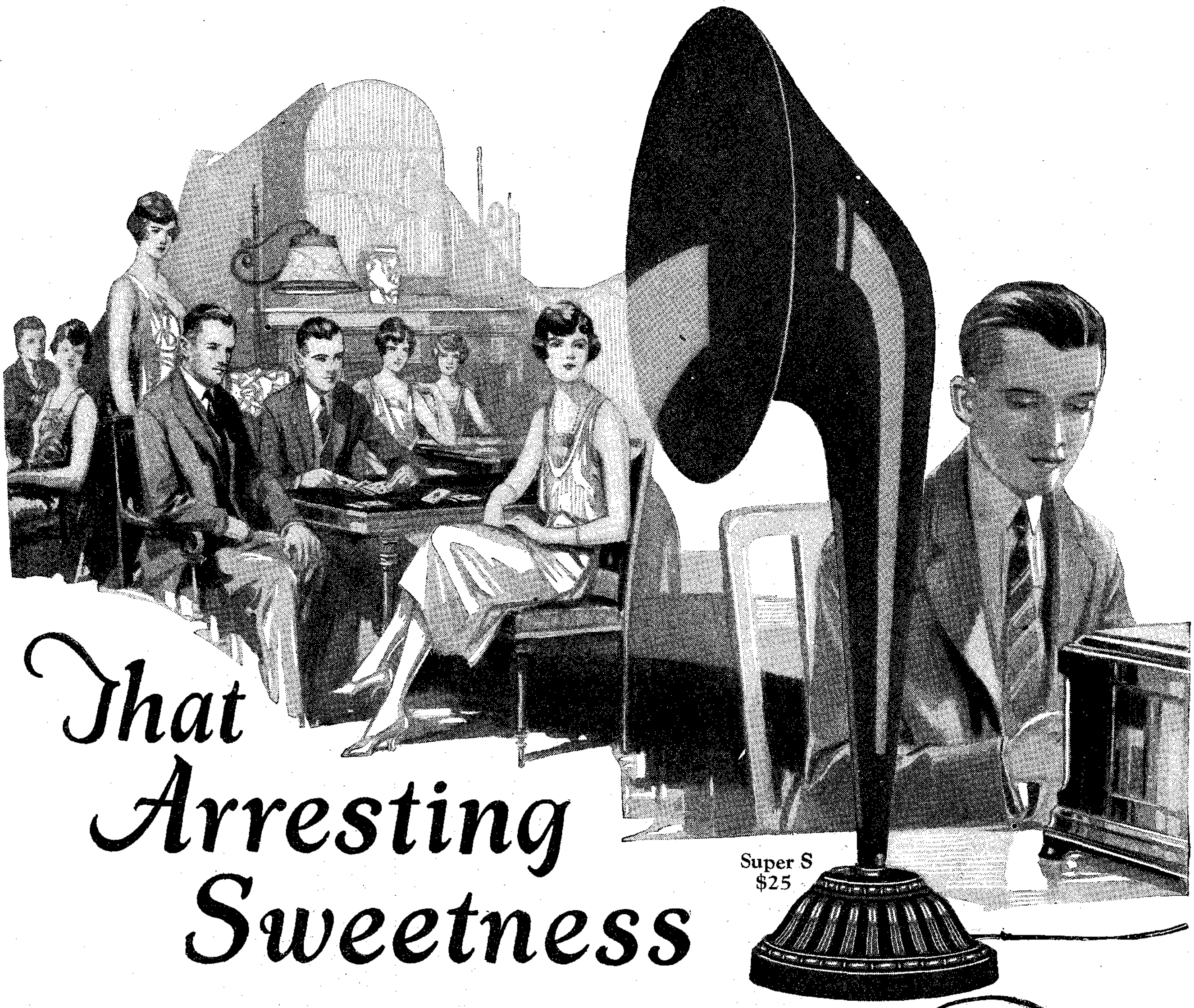
"NOT GOOD ENOUGH"

"The work had not been planned with the usual accuracy; the end protruded over the other logs by a full yard—not good enough for the man who would come along with the marking-pot. The leader saw, and glided around, and with trunk made into a rod of steel, shoved the log into place. All this without a word of command."

> We left Rangoon at sunrise. An amazing trip! One panorama after another unfolded with every mile. We passed towns and villages and monasteries, where lived soft-natured monks and novitiates. Tiny houses—fishermen's houses—built on stilts were a common sight. Here and there were large islands, impassable jungles, homes of tigers and other beasts. Forests unbroken to China grew to the water's edge, giving us an opportunity, since we were moving slowly, to single out individual trees, as tall as some that grow in California; there were mangoes and palms and trees bearing flowers in clusters as large as a hat. Now and then we passed enormous rafts of teak, cottonwood, and *pyengadu*, or ironwood. They were manned by Shans—maybe twenty or forty of them to the raft—musical, devil-may-care fellows, who sang, as Venetians do, while their paddles dipt to steer. At every landing came the floating bazars. To what purpose? I never could make out. Over and over their owners must sort out their stuff—never anything that a white man could be in need of. Like mosquitoes in the woods, they somehow live, but off whom or what?
>
> The second morning I was awakened by a Chittagong deck-hand, who dipt up a bucket of water for my bath, saying as he set it down, "Breakfast ready, master." I found the captain waiting with his feet cocked on a chair. "Good morning," was his greeting. "Have you heard the elephants yet?" Then, in a more serious tone: "Remember what I've told you. An elephant at work in his own country sometimes is a pretty nasty beggar if you get too close. Mind what I said about white! You're wearing white, I see. Elephants hate it; it's like a red rag to a bull. Not far from here the telephone officials painted the poles of a cross-country line white, to keep borers from working. The next week not a pole was left standing." He shook his head admonishingly. After breakfast he followed me up the bank. "Good-by and good luck," he said, at the turning I was to take, "—and remember."
>
> All of a sudden there came a hush. I was in a forest, none denser in the world. Behind me voices could no longer be heard. Around me were hobgoblins and ghosts: here a tiger stalking me; there barring my way in front, the head of an ancient rogue elephant, waiting. . . . Were there ever such spectral surroundings? Was there ever such a white man in white? A dozen or two monkeys came from somewhere—and even they at first marched without a sound.
>
> The road grew narrow and still narrower, finally ending in an elephant path, crossed by other paths at intervals—the only thoroughfares in sections like this. My monkeys led me to their village; it was a clattering place. Just a short way beyond I came upon an odd sight. Over a natural clearing a small herd of elephants was passing. I leaned against the side of a tree, entranced. A mother cow appeared to be in too much of a hurry for her little one; so now and then she must help it along, often raising its rear quarters clear of the ground.
>
> Soon I heard loud screeches; and later on human voices warned me that I must now be near the logging-camp I had come to see. All at once, as if emerging from a tunnel, I found myself in sunshine. What material here for a tale of jungle life! In the air was the fragrance of wild perfumes; about were trees more than two hundred feet in height, walled on all sides by vines and creepers and flowers. Behind lay the way like a pipe-line; in front, a clearing, made by modern machinery, and an overgrown, tropical stream. There were fifty or sixty acres of clear. Logs, thousands and thousands of them, had been floated down-river; and a ship's cargo, perhaps several cargoes, was yet to be drawn and carried to ricks on the bank.

A new life now appeared before Mr. Williams's eyes, almost like some queer dream, in which prehistoric beasts move with stately tread and with almost uncanny cleverness accomplish herculean tasks. As he writes:

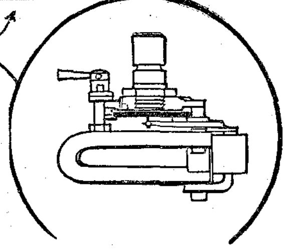
> The walls of the clearing—I can think of no better term than walls—were tall as a twenty-story building. Men and elephants were everywhere moving about like automatons. Little brown men with heads swathed in gaily colored cloths were buzzing around the commissary-shacks, busy with preparations for the next meal. Long rows of stables, covered with poles and giant leaves, but open at the sides, housed a score or more beasts. Here and yonder tuskers were carrying; the tuskless ones, harnessed, were drawing. Rick after rick, I could see, was receiving just one log more, hurled up by a pair of those humanly clever animals. I was missing nothing!
>
> Suddenly something in another quarter attracted my attention. My eyes began to distinguish gray from green among the trees; I saw a part of a rusty head and then a trunk, weaving. Its



Super S
$25

That Arresting Sweetness

—due to the new SUPER-UNIT



THE true test of a speaker is not the wonderment it creates as a curiosity, but the attention it commands as a reproducer of pure music.

The arresting sweetness of Bristol reproduction is due mainly to the new SUPER-UNIT in the tone mechanism. Contrary to the accepted practice, this Unit contains—instead of the usual small-sized diaphragm, which responds only to the middle and upper tones—a large diaphragm, sensitive to the entire gamut of voice or instrument. The result is a faithfulness of reproduction that seems almost to bring the performers into the room!

Super S, shown above, at $25, and Super C, the cabinet design, at $30, have the Super-Unit. If not at your dealer's, we will ship on receipt of the price.

A New
Low-Pitch
Diaphragm
Reproduces
The Entire
Tonal Scale

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET "How to Select Your Loud Speaker," a booklet that tells how to look for and find tone in a loud speaker.

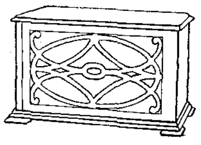
BRISTOL LOUD SPEAKER

[THE AUDIOPHONE]

Other
Horn
Speakers
at $15
and $20

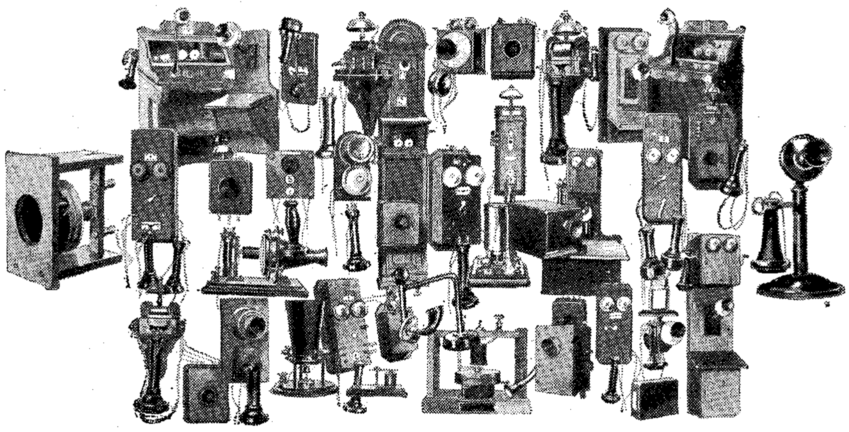
THE BRISTOL COMPANY
Division A, Waterbury, Conn.

For 36 years makers of the highly sensitive and accurate
Bristol's Recording Instruments



Super C Cabinet
Speaker, $30

Give a Bristol for Xmas



An Account of Stewardship

Fifty years ago Dr. Alexander Graham Bell was busy upon a new invention—the telephone. The first sentence had not been heard; the patent had not been filed; the demonstration of the telephone at the Centennial Exposition had not been made. All these noteworthy events were to occur later in the year 1876. But already, at the beginning of the year, the basic principle of the new art had been discovered and Bell's experiments were approaching a successful issue.

The inventor of the telephone lived to see the telephone in daily use by millions all over the world and to see thousands of developments from his original discovery.

If he had lived to this semi-centennial year, he would have seen over 16,000,000 telephones linked by 40,000,000 miles of wire spanning the American continent and bringing the whole nation within intimate talking distance. He would have seen in the Bell System, which bears his name, perhaps the largest industrial organization in the world with nearly $3,000,000,000 worth of public-serving property, owned chiefly by an army of customers and employees.

He would have seen developed from the product of his brain a new art, binding together the thoughts and actions of a nation for the welfare of all the people.

American Telephone and Telegraph Company
and Associated Companies

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

tip was curled back; the nostrils were extended. One of the beasts close at hand was trying to locate me! Finally it did—the wind was right for scenting; it knew the direction, but had not yet seen me. What hobgoblin screeches! Every beast and every man answered; they knew I was there tho I had not stirred in the shadows. I did stir then, however; I got out—and pretty quickly at that! A cook came toward me—Hindu, he was, with, fortunately for me, some knowledge of English. For two rupees he became my cicerone for the day and my guide back to the boat that night.

As racing-touts know more of horses and the history of horses than owners and trainers, so this cook-foreman imprest me as knowing the history of elephants better than any other man I had ever met. He even went as far as to say that one of his ancestors—and Indians are the greatest ancestorians on earth—had been connected with the stables where an elephant named Ajax lived. "And Ajax was very old, master," he informed me, "very old, and the biggest *hathi* that ever was in the world." That is an Indian all over: Ajax was owned by Porus, and Porus, a king of India, was a contemporary of Alexander.

He told me, this man, everything I think there is to be told—of trunks and tusks and feet and little red calves that turn gray; of the wounded helped along by mates; of tail-hairs becoming pricking needles; of tame and wild; of herds and how they are replenished; of travelers—passenger-carriers—and of their mahouts, or keepers, who graduate into *ouzies*. And with intense interest I listened.

Of tusks, he told me that those of a female rarely go over forty pounds the pair, but that it is not uncommon to find the tusks of a heavy male weighing twice as much, even more.

"An elephant's trunk," he continued, "is like a rubber band. It can turn in any direction and can take any position. It has no bone, but it is very tough and hard to cut into—I have dissected many. With his trunk an elephant can squirt a stream of water that will put out a hut on fire; he drinks with it, feeds himself and smells and works and fights with it. There is nothing else like *hathi's* trunk in all the world."

"And about his feet; isn't he afraid of mud?" I asked.

"No," the Hindu burst out in defense, "he is not. I've seen elephants buried to their bellies, but they never stick, and I'll tell you why." Then he ran into a long story, which in condensed English might go something like this: an elephant walks on his toes, which he spreads fanwise at all times; he spreads them especially broadly if on soft earth or in mud; then, when he wants to lift out his leg, he simply contracts them. That's about all—a large hole for a small peg.

It was a strange discourse; the weird style and the mixed neologisms helped to make it the more interesting. I should have liked to stop there on the edge of the clearing for hours; but I must see everything. So we moved on, skirting the fringe of the forest.

Of the seven or eight elephant crews, which, taken together, looked like a three-ring circus, the one that captured my attention numbered six—three tuskers, three wearing harness. Their rick was as high as a one-story house and as long as the cuts, thirty feet and more. The "boss" of this outfit was an immense old bull, whose tusks, tho a trifle blemished and chipped, were beautifully polished, and showed a good five feet. His stacking-mate grew as fine a pair, but he was not so old—not by two man generations, my guide said—and I think he weighed a ton less.

The cow came dragging a timber that might have stalled any two of the largest buffalos in the Rangoon Yards. She capered with it and made a half-circle between the two stackers; the instant her chain clanked free she ambled for another. I followed her. When she reached the log she had gone for, she stopt to "size up" a situation that even to man was obviously bad. And to her—a dumb brute! The end nearer her was buried in the earth, as she knew. I looked keenly at the man on her head to see whether he might give word or sign of any sort. He did not—not so much as a sound, a motion of the hand, a squeeze of the knees. Her big underlip, loose, hanging like a damp sack, only dropt a bit lower; she blew a time or two—a goose hiss—and moved to the other end. Was that instinct, knowingness or thought? Who knows? I do not, but I hold pretty strongly to my belief that it was the last.

She went to the other end, as I say, and backed and waited for a timber-*wala* to hitch her on. He was slow in getting there; so between times she amused herself by studying the uncommon white thing a few yards away. As plain as anything, I could see the glint in her eyes and spoke to my guide about the stories told of an elephant's short-sightedness.

"All rot!" he exclaimed. "*Hathi* has the best eyesight of anything in the world, but sahibs don't think so." Again he told the why: an elephant fears no living thing except man, and consequently is not on the lookout for moving creatures, as are beasts that are fearful one of the other. The elephant is too sure, too sublimely awesome, to be the least bit interested in what moves or stands, comes or goes. I do know that this one studied me for a long time. Finally she got tired, flaunted her disdain with a wave of trunk and head, backed to the near-by timber and was hitched. Again, thinking, she made no motion to pull straight-away, but went at a right-angle; she knew the exact moment when the buried end was free, and immediately set out for the rick.

Then we read some examples of the elephant's ingenuity:

During the early part of the drag, a chain trace knotted itself on a fair-sized green stump. She pulled once, then stopt—something special was necessary. She prepared for that; she began tautening every ounce of bone and muscle in her body. Lower she got and longer, a foot lower and more than that longer. An astonishing sight! She lay to, until every mechanical connection, from breast-strap to chain around the log, was as tense as her body. Something must happen; the green stump—so large that a clearing-hand might spend hours at grubbing—came out as if dynamited.

Later she fouled again—but no lack of thought the cause. The timber rolled half over, as she reached an incline, and was wedged between two stumps. Tho old in years, she was young at heart. She tried twice—I thought she would pull herself in two—and then with a grunt she relaxed and straightened herself up and

A dentist would have told him
She neglected her gums
Vain regrets won't restore lost beauty
He found out—too late

Prevent tooth decay below the gum-line

As the soil nourishes the tree roots, the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the roots, so do the teeth decay when gum shrinkage starts in.

This condition—one of the first stages of Pyorrhea—is very common and something that ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to prevent. If not checked promptly, it will lead to loss of teeth and various diseases.

Forhan's Checkmates Pyorrhea

If used in time and used consistently twice daily, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will preserve the gums in their pink, normal, healthy condition, safeguard your health and keep your mouth clean, fresh and wholesome.

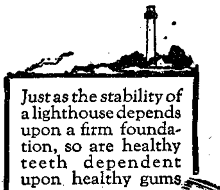
Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

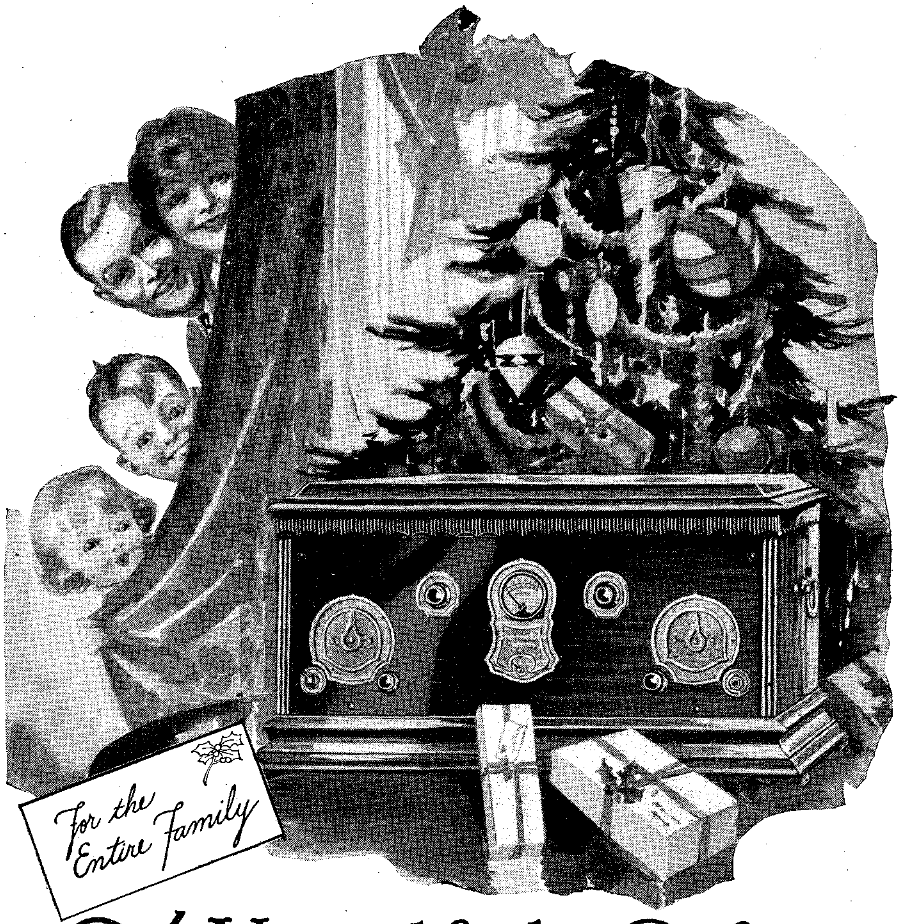
Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea

4 out of 5 are marked

There's no way to get around it. Dental statistics show that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are victims of Pyorrhea. Do you want to avoid this disease?

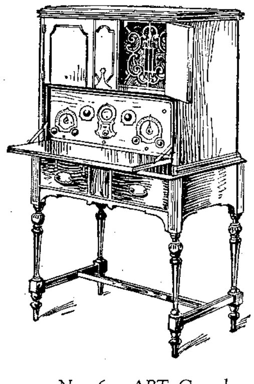

Just as the stability of a lighthouse depends upon a firm foundation, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums

Forhan's
TRADE MARK
FOR THE GUMS
"BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"
FORMULA OF
R.J. Forhan D.D.S.
NEW YORK
Specialist in
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION



The Unselfish Gift... at Christmastide,

No. 601 Table Model—a strikingly handsome receiver of solid mahogany, with wonderful beauty of tone. 6-tube; totally shielded; dual control; volt meter; operates with either horn or cone type loud speaker.



No. 602 ART Console American walnut cabinet; built-in Loud Speaker; spaces for battery and battery charger. Same operating unit as No. 601.

A Stromberg-Carlson, 6-tube, Dual Control Receiver does not confine its pleasures merely to the one to whom it is given.

The entire family may enjoy its simple two dial operation, its ease of selecting the finest radio entertainment on the air; its rare power to re-create all sound faultlessly.

Also—its almost perfect ability to reject unwanted broadcasting and other interference no matter how near or how powerful—the famous Stromberg-Carlson quality of "Rejectivity."

Do not mistake "Rejectivity" for super selectivity, which cuts off part of the broadcasting you desire in order to partly escape various kinds of interference.

"Rejectivity" is a unique Stromberg-Carlson ability to render all the wanted signal in true tone quality, without bringing in any part of the unwanted signal.

Heavy copper shields, enclosing each tuning circuit, are vital factors in giving this important feature.

Ask your dealer to show you NEUTRODYNE the latest Stromberg-Carlson Receivers

Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

Stromberg-Carlson

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

gave a call, her mahout all the time sitting, with legs dangling, as dumb as a god on his pedestal. From a point not far off came a ponderous male. He needed no command; he received no command. Slowly his majesty came weaving to the fast end; on his knees, he thrust under his ivories—one broken off about a fourth—and, as he raised, he threw. He had answered her call and told her so by a low noise. I had never before heard a sound like that come from an elephant—not a grunt, but a blubber.

She was off. Soon her chains were free again, but this time she did not bat her ears and scamper away; she had fetched an unusual load and was proud of it. She salaamed three times, long and loud; and her rider, too, was proud. The log, so big the stackers could only roll it, must have weighed tons.

The man smiled down at me and I tossed him a rupee, which he caught in a fold of his *dhoti*. Then he made the brute kneel to me and salute on rising. I felt sorry about that—she looked weary about the eyes; but as a reward I had a boy feed her a few dozen bananas.

More quickly than twenty men with cant-hooks, or fifty men, maybe, could have done the job, those two stackers had rolled that log to a secure place. Next came a timber of no less than thirty feet by twelve inches or more, left between the two pilers. It was amusing, the maneuvering of the elephants for a right hold; satisfied finally, each got down on his knees. Tusks thrust under the logs, trunks thrown over, there began an uncanny search for tips that had not gone far enough; rusty heads shoved again—and sufficiently this time; a coil around a tusk, a double hitch, and the log was secure. Then with engine trueness both bodies rose, poised before the heave, and up the timber went nearly to the top. But the work had not been planned with the usual accuracy; the end where the "boss" stood protruded over the other logs by a full yard—not good enough for the man who would come along with the marking-pot. The leader saw and glided around and with trunk made into a rod of steel shoved the log into place. All this without a word of command.

But all members of the tribe of "*Hathi*" are not content to pile logs endlessly. Some there are who hear the wild voice of the jungle calling, and then their eyes glow red with the rage of madness, and they make a try for freedom. Says Mr. Williams:

Elephants, like ourselves, have their limitations and go mad sometimes. I saw one go mad that day, stark mad. Never since there were trees and men and beasts had this forest known such tameless fury as that displayed by the frantic bull. He kicked fore and aft and sidewise with all legs and with a mule's rapidity. His throat rattled, like that of a dog in convulsions; his trunk threw about in the air like a snake. He shook his massive head and stamped precisely as one of our own bulls stamp; he pawed the earth with wide-spreading toes. At last he so worked himself up that he bolted, with rider half-sitting, half-falling—but that's a little ahead of the way I meant to tell it.

The show was on when I arrived; in fact, my man said it had been on for several days, and he exprest a doubt about the outcome. "That elephant, he is a blockhead," I was told. "Make haste, come back," he warned, when he thought a charge might be headed our way.

What a magnificent beast! Probably nearing fifty, red-eyed, three-fourths crazy and bleeding from dozens of wounds, ugly-looking gashes on head, trunk, ears, neck and legs. He was being broken to man's ways after half a life of freedom. I had never before seen an animal so thoroughly punished; I did not know that a Hindu could be so cruel.

I was glad when the noon-hour came, but sorry to see, when men and animals reached the river, that the untamed elephant was not allowed to shoot shafts of water and play and swim with the others; instead, after a mere drink, he was marched back to the stables, chained fore and aft and left to brood over sores and hoped-for revenge. He was too proud to eat a mouthful, not even touching the roots, somewhat like asparagus, that he might have fought for at other times.

At three a cow that had not known chains or hobbles in fifty years slowly meandered out of the water and curled her trunk for a step. Her rider, a ring-eyed ancient, jumped up; she gave a toss, and he sat just back of the head. The next elephant gave a leg, and with an energetic fling her man was up. And so on—one a leg, another the trunk.

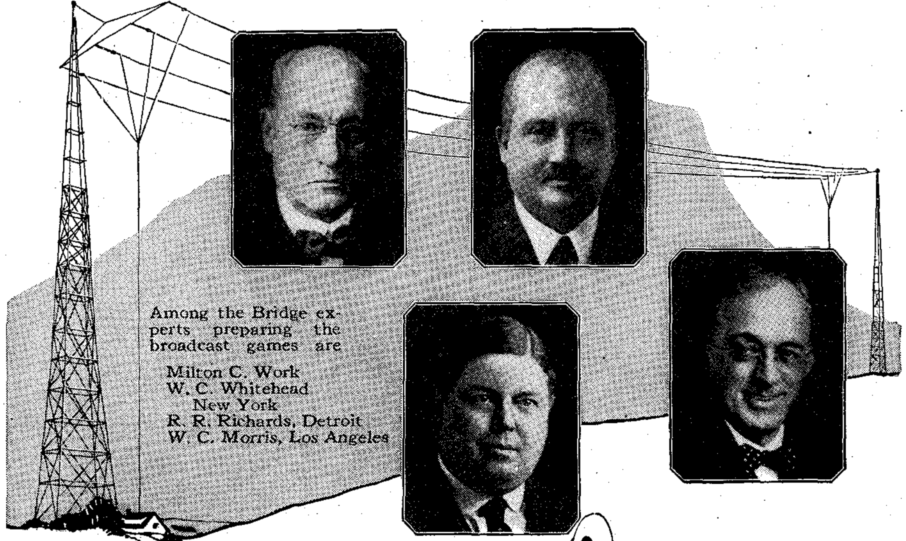
But the new recruit, when brought out, would give neither. With battle in the eyes of both contestants, each seemed to be waiting for what the other might do. The man was first—and what a man! He walked up, placed a hand on a snout as thick as his own body and then slowly raised his steel to a three-fourths stroke; and he was so devilishly deliberate about it that I became annoyed. The beast—I could see from my place behind the tree—never for a moment changed the focus of his yellowish blood-shot eyes. He squinted his hate so that tears came—my guide said they were tears. Then the man struck. The elephant might have been made of wood; he neither whimpered nor moved; nor did he whimper or move during the time the barb was being removed, tho that operation took fully as long as I have taken on occasions in removing a deeply embedded hook from the mouth of a fish. The trainer struck in all three times. The beast raised his trunk, not properly, but diabolically—he had a scheme. Like a flash the man jumped on and was hurled high. The elephant thought he had won and turned to stamp a life out—they often kill that way—but the man held on with his hook. *Hathi* accepted the challenge; throbbing with a furious hate, he bolted.

The suddenness of this act gave me a shock. The rider was not seated; the snorting thing was headed for the jungle, his pace faster than that of a horse. Squealing in triumph, he reached the vines and overhanging growth. I had the thrill of my life as his bulk cut through. The man was not brushed off; instead, he managed to rise half-way—and strike.

All around us was bedlam. I got well under cover and looked on at the primeval battle. Men screeched like animals. Some of the elephants tried, in a way, to follow. There was but one sane beast among fifty—she, the grand queen, merely milled in a circle, without a sound.

Soon, except for a snort now and then, all was quiet. I kept wondering about the two; then shrill, piercing screams, terrifying in their intensity, reached me. Every

BRIDGE by RADIO



Among the Bridge experts preparing the broadcast games are
Milton C. Work
W. C. Whitehead
New York
R. R. Richards, Detroit
W. C. Morris, Los Angeles

Play with the experts and improve your game...

BY having your cards and players ready at the time scheduled below you can "make believe" that you and your fellow-players *are* the experts and play the game exactly as broadcast. Every bid and play explained in detail, thus making the games as helpful as a series of lessons from these great players.

Every Tuesday, 9-9:30 P. M. (C. T.)
WSAI......Cincinnati......The U. S. Playing Card Co.

Alternate Tuesdays,—Nov. 24, Dec. 8, etc. — 10-10:30 P. M. (E. T.)
WEAF....New York..........American Tel. & Tel. Co.
WEEI......Boston.............Boston Edison Co.
WFI.........Philadelphia..........Strawbridge & Clothier
WGR.......Buffalo.....Federal Tel. & Tel. Co.
WWJ......Detroit..................... Detroit News
WOC........Davenport..............Palmer School
WCCO....Twin Cities......Washburn-Crosby

Every Tuesday, 9:30-10 P. M. (P. T.)
KGO........Oakland...... General Electric Co.

Alternate Thursdays —
Nov. 5, 19, etc. — 8-8:30 P. M. (C. T.)
WSOE......Milwaukee........Wisconsin News

Alternate Tuesdays —
Nov. 17, Dec. 1, etc.—10-10:30 P.M.(E.T.)
WNAC......Boston................ Shepard Stores

Alternate Tuesdays —
Dec. 1, 15, etc. — 9-9:30 P. M. (C. T.)
WSB........Atlanta............... Atlanta Journal
KPRC....Houston ....Post-Dispatch
WFAA....Dallas..................News & Journal
WMC......Memphis...... Commercial-Appeal
WDOD....Chattanooga..Chatta. Radio Co.

Every Tuesday, 8:20-8:45 P. M. (P. T.)
KGW......Portland...... Portland Oregonian

Every Tuesday, 3:30-4 P. M. (P. T.)
KHJ ....Los Angeles....Los Angeles Times

Every Friday, 8:30-9 P. M. (P. T.)
KFOA......Seattle.................... Seattle Times

Alternate Saturdays —
Nov. 7, 21, etc. — 9-9:30 P. M. (E. T.)
WGY......Schenectady.....General Elec. Co.

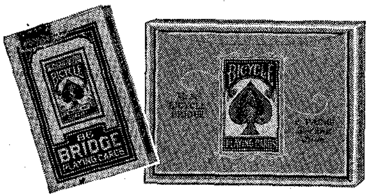
Every Wednesday, 3-3:30 P. M. (C. T.)
WGN......Chicago................Chicago Tribune

Every Tuesday, 10-10:30 P. M. (E. T.)
WEAN......Providence..........Shepard Stores

FREE on request

Advance announcement of hands to be broadcast. Try them. Then listen in and hear how the experts play them. Also ask for printed report of each game in detail as broadcast. Write to either address below.

The U. S. Playing Card Co.
Dept. S-3 Cincinnati, U. S. A., or Windsor, Canada
or The Auction Bridge Bulletin
Dept. S-3, 30 Ferry Street, New York



BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS
CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

XMAS MONEY FOR YOU

Search Your Attic for Fortunes in Old Envelopes

Among the old letters of many families are hundreds of very rare stamps and envelopes. Many have been found and sold for fortunes. Single envelopes have been sold for as high as $6,000, and many have brought upwards of $100 each. It sounds "fishy," but it's true. They are valuable because they are rare. And they are rare, not because there are only a few, but simply because most of them have remained stored away and forgotten, in old trunks, family chests and closets.

Make a thorough search through your attic or store room for such old letters—anything mailed from 1845 to 1865. Fortunes in rare stamps have been found in old trunks which no one ever dreamed contained anything of value. Keep the letters if you wish, but send the envelopes to Mr. Harold C. Brooks, Box 246, Marshall, Michigan, and he will immediately write you, stating their value. In sending them to him you are not obliged to sell unless his offer meets with your approval. Anything not purchased he will return in good order. Mr. Brooks, who is mayor of his city, is a private collector and has paid thousands of dollars for old envelopes bearing stamps. Although the rare issues are especially desired he also buys many of the commoner kinds. Many people in this way are getting Christmas money with very little trouble and no expense.

The First National Bank of Marshall, Mich., writes: "Mr. Brooks has been in business here for twenty years. You will make no mistake when you recommend him to your readers as worthy of the fullest confidence, both financially and personally."

Mr. Brooks states that there are so many different stamps which are similar in appearance he cannot quote values from written descriptions, but must see the envelopes. Furthermore, he is not interested in buying loose stamps or stamp collections, but only the old envelopes bearing postage; so do not cut the stamps from the envelopes. It is not necessary to write dates on envelopes as Mr. Brooks is fully acquainted with all issues even though the postmark shows no year date. Those especially wanted are United States issues, but he also buys Confederate, Canadian, Hawaiian, and certain foreign stamps provided they are on the original envelopes and mailed not later than 1865.

If envelopes are sent in a bunch they should be carefully packed in a cardboard box to protect them from damage while in the mails. If you have reason to believe your envelopes are of special value send them by registered or insured mail. If you have no old letters written during or before the Civil War, show this notice to your friends—especially those whose families have lived in the same home for several generations. Many old families, old banks and law firms still have stored away hundreds of letters, waiting to be burned or sold for large sums. Before destroying such envelopes or folded letters, investigate their value. Mr. Brooks' address is as follows:

HAROLD C. BROOKS,
Box 246, Marshall, Mich.

Advertisement

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

living thing there but myself understood. Men shouted victory while beasts seemed to slink—if I may say it—like conquered pups. The man had won.

An hour later things were going on as if nothing had happened. I was seated on a stump not ten feet from a patch of heavy creepers and underbrush. I heard the cracking of twigs and turned to see the time-worn head of the rogue emerging into the clearing. Both he and his rider were bleeding, but the man's face, tho ashen, was immobile. He had been cruel, no doubt about that, but he was every inch a man all the same.

The next act of this vivid forest drama had to do very nearly with Mr. Williams. In fact, he played a leading if not aggressive rôle, but not with much joy:

> Scenting silver, the *pucka mistri*, or foreman, allowed all to knock off early that evening. Dewdrops had just begun to sparkle in the spider-webs when massive forms came to stables from the river. They were hungry and at times spurted into a considerable trot—that is, when the "overboss" did—and soon would be lashing mud from their fresh hay by beating it against legs and over a neighbor's back. But every so often the leader appeared to take pleasure in slowing down to a roll; this fretted the younger ones, who noised their feelings in every tone known to one of their kind. I wondered, when thinking matters over, how they in their hankering could have taken time for the dramatic performance that followed. I participated—had to, once in!
>
> The high foreman had had a rickety bamboo chair brought from a hut and placed beside the path before the herd passed. By signs and with the help of my cicerone, I was told to sit there and not stir, no matter what came. Then the *jemadar*, or overseer, of a hundred-odd elephants took his stand beside me. He was a finely made fellow, very tall and commanding; he was fierce, too, with his extraordinary, hastate hacking-iron, which he did not lower from beginning to end.
>
> "*Tum*"—"You," and he made a motion as if to strike. "*Tum,*" again he shouted, as an elephant was about to pass. "*Tum,* salaam sahib." The animal wheeled, flashed his eyes on me, lowered his head a trifle, trumpeted and got on at full speed. Several that followed did the same thing; then came one that bore numerous gashes, partly healed. I knew what they meant. The man became rigid and, while poising the hook threateningly, bellowed to the rider up; a stroke from him and the elephant swung on, but without salute.
>
> ("The act of damn fools," said my captain friend when I told him about the show. "You might have had your head knocked off.")
>
> I think I should have moved after that, but the foreman waved me down; for another elephant was there, with more to follow. Finally the last—I thought of Jumbo's mate or that of Ajax. A mountain of flesh stood at my knees. The *bakshish* beggar had saved her for a purpose. "Perhaps she means two rupees for me, or five," he was thinking.
>
> She, the queen already mentioned, had passed her one hundred fiftieth birthday, so the cook told me. For decades her business had been that of overlord—quieting and

Coat & Knickers
$20.00

REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
Thermo
Knitted Coats
Vests & Knickers

Give him a Thermo

The outstanding gifts for any man—Thermo sport coats, knickers or vests to match, as you wish.

No matter which you buy, the wearer will be more than pleased, because Thermo can be worn the year 'round.

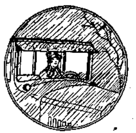
Quality is assured, for every Thermo garment is *guaranteed all virgin wool.* Many wearers have had from two to six years' service from Thermo garments, and they are still good for longer wear.

Thermo knickers, coats and vests are obtainable in a variety of colors, including the latest popular shades, to suit all tastes.

Be sure to look for the Thermo hanger in each garment. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us and we will see that you are supplied in time for Christmas.

THERMO MILLS, Inc.
345 Broadway, Dept. D
New York

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"



Better Than a Windshield Wiper

It's Dangerous and Nerve-Racking to Drive "Blindfolded" Like This

No BLUR
FOR WINDSHIELDS

Apply Twice a Year

Apply NO-BLUR on your windshield every six months and you are always ready for Jupiter Pluvius. Whether spring showers or drenching downpours, NO-BLUR assures perfect vision through the ENTIRE windshield. NO-BLUR is absolutely transparent—cannot be seen on your windshield. One application lasts six months—Will not wear or wash off. Even though your car is equipped with a mechanical windshield wiper you will welcome the added safety and convenience of being able to see clearly through the entire windshield instead of a scant semicircle. NO-BLUR comes complete with cloths for applying. At your accessory dealer's or sent postpaid to any address upon receipt of $1.00. The best dollar you ever spent.

STANDARD SALES CO., Distributor
Memphis, Tenn., Dept. D.

PRACTICAL RADIO

Fourth Edition—Revised and Enlarged

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

To know all that there is to be known about radio—fundamental principles—how radio outfits are made—new styles of equipment—you should read this standard text-book. 157 pictures of radio apparatus. 439 pages, including glossological index and official list of broadcasting stations as of February 11, 1924.

12mo. Cloth, $1.75, net; $1.89, postpaid.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

punishing and ruling. The others were mostly dupes of hers; she was the bait at herd-replenishing time; into the stockade she led them, threw them or butted them; if they resisted leg ropes, she battered them until they submitted.

Being the head and very old, she naturally received a little more mash in her trough, and a dozen extra bananas. What wonder, then, that there was a bond between her and a human being, even a white human being! She seemed actually sanctimonious as she stood looking down into my face. The *jemadar* had made up my mind for me: I was not to run. But I shut my eyes in quick succession during her inspection. I wonder who wouldn't. And the overseer smiled.

"Won't he say something?" The thought ran through my mind time and again. I was afraid to speak. She had not stirred from her tracks; a big snout waved incessantly around and over my head; once it stopt and the clammy nostrils rested against my chin.

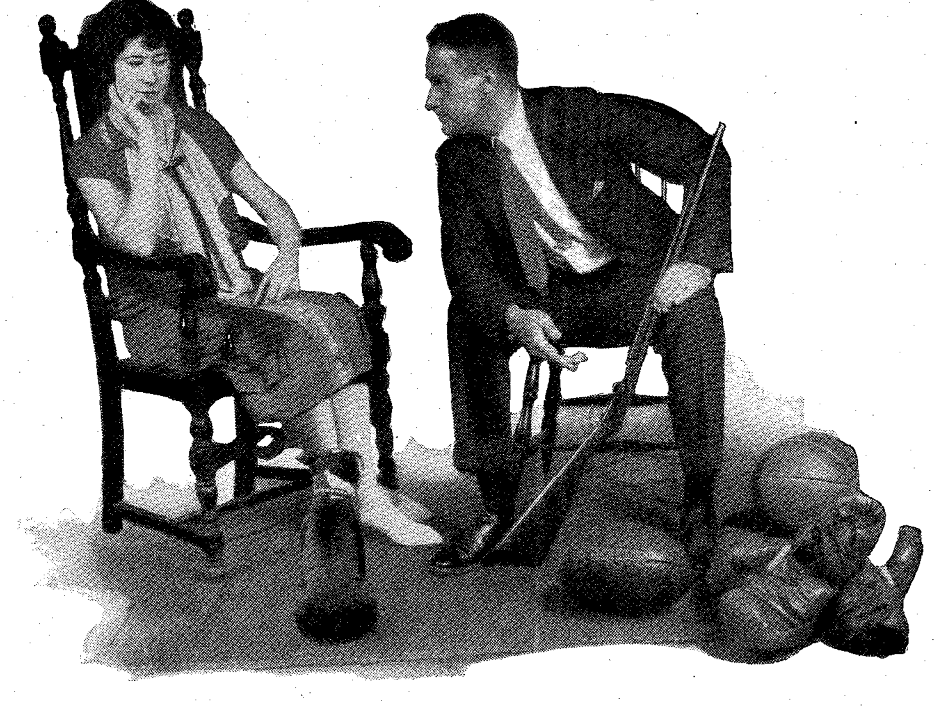
The foreman had had a Hindu's fun, quite enough. "Salaam sahib!" His tone was slow and pleasant. She lowered her head, and on raising it she gave a wheezy screech. "*Namaskar* salaam," the fellow then said, and she went on her knees, the upper part of her mammoth head pushing so hard against my legs that I was almost knocked over. As she rose, she opened a cavernous mouth for me to look into; then she screeched like a ship siren. "*Namaskar* royal salaam" meant three salutes.

As her great form strolled away, I saw a tail bristling with bony things that had once been hairs; I saw her pick up a strip of bark and slap a mate with it, and prod this one and butt that one. Still I gazed at her—and still my wonder grew.

HOW WATER FLOWS UP-HILL

THE ascent of sap in plants is so commonplace an occurrence that we seldom stop to consider what a truly amazing thing it is, writes Dr. Frank Thone in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). Here is an apparent contradiction of the law of gravitation, going on all about us all the time. On every summer day, in every field and woodlot, water flows up-hill, whether only a fraction of an inch in the humble mosses or a couple of hundred feet in a towering tree. We read:

> A single full-grown maple or linden will evaporate from its leaves as much as a barrel of water in a single day, and this must, of course, be replaced by sap flowing up the trunk. The water sent into the air by all the plants combined must be comparable in quantity with the water carried off by the rivers.
>
> How the water gets up-hill in the trunks and stems of trees and plants has long been a sore puzzle to scientists. Several theories have been proposed, none of them very satisfactory. Until recently the one most commonly favored was known as the theory of "capillarity," which assumed that the water rose in a stem much as oil rises in a wick, through the natural tendency of liquids to climb up in narrow tubes and crevices. The trouble was, however, that ordinary capillary attraction could not raise water high enough or fast enough to account for all the losses through evaporation and use within the plant. Then there was another theory that took



"What shall we give our boy for Christmas?"

Perhaps you're debating between a rifle and a football—a sweater and a bull pup. Perhaps you don't know what to buy, the young beggar has so much.

Along with the rifle, would you like to give him the instinct to be a *"straight shooter"?* With the football a high sense of *"fair play"?* With the bull pup a generous measure of *"stick-to-it-iveness"?* With the sweater a warm respect for reliability, responsibility, courtesy to his elders?

Between the ages of twelve and twenty, boyish minds are inquisitive, alert, impressionable, adventurous. Impulsive, strong-headed, afraid of being laughed at for a ninny, a boy often is easily misled or hard to put right. That is the time he needs sympathetic leadership.

You can't cram ideals into a boy by curtain lectures or sermons or moralizing. But you can inoculate him with character, subtly, unnoticed, in a way that will catch him off his guard. How? Give him a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY.

In this magazine, especially designed and written for boys, your son will associate with some of the finest men in the world. Authors who know boys, editors who know the boy mind, fiction characters who stand out like men and boys of flesh and bone. THE AMERICAN BOY stories are not the goody-goody type. There isn't any nice little moral tacked on at the finish. There's life in them, adventure, yes, battle, if need be, self-sacrifice, justice, mercy, courage, discouragement, success, failure. Stories woven around business, science, history, travel, art. The kind of stuff that thrills a boy; the stuff that shows him why the world values and rewards honest effort and square dealing. And how boys enjoy it!

THE AMERICAN BOY, for twenty-five years, has been the friend, counselor, big brother to the best of American boyhood. Entertaining them, yes, decidedly! But unobtrusively getting under their skins with ideals of fair play, courage and honor.

Make your boy a Christmas present of a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY. Include that other boy in whom you are interested. Mail the coupon today!

$2.00 *a year by mail,* 20c *the copy at all news-stands. Subscribe for a year or leave a standing order with your news-dealer.*

The American Boy

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
No. 351 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Enclosed find $2.00, for which send THE AMERICAN BOY for one year, beginning with the current issue, to

Name..

Address..

....

Canada $2.25. Foreign $2.50.

Phoenix
ARIZONA

Where "Winter" is like an evening in June!

OLD fashioned, northern "winter" never comes to Phoenix. Snowstorms, blizzards, zero weather—the usual discomforts—are unknown.

For twenty years the temperature in December, the coldest month, never averaged lower than 51 deg. In January and February they will be playing golf in Phoenix—perhaps in shirt-sleeves—or picking flowers in the gardens that bloom all the year round.

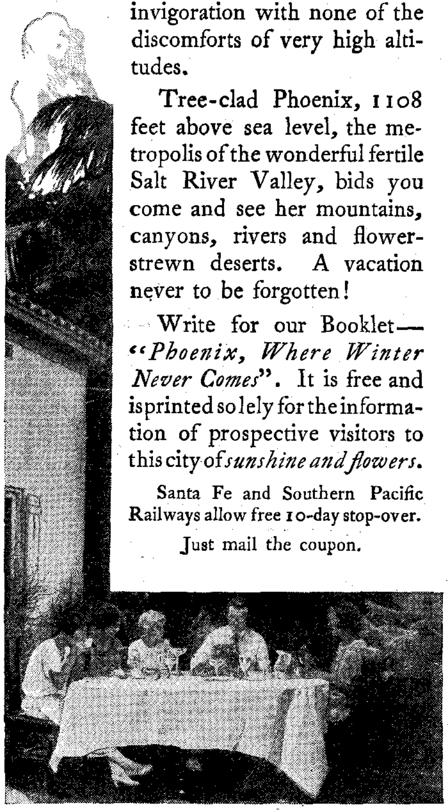
Southern Arizona qualifies as the Winter Scenic Playground of America, and Phoenix competes with any city in the mildness of its winters. Here, dry, clean, mountain air, with almost constant sunshine, produces a maximum of invigoration with none of the discomforts of very high altitudes.

Tree-clad Phoenix, 1108 feet above sea level, the metropolis of the wonderful fertile Salt River Valley, bids you come and see her mountains, canyons, rivers and flower-strewn deserts. A vacation never to be forgotten!

Write for our Booklet—"*Phoenix, Where Winter Never Comes*". It is free and is printed solely for the information of prospective visitors to this city of *sunshine and flowers.*

Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railways allow free 10-day stop-over.

Just mail the coupon.



Phoenix Arizona Club
500 Chamber of Commerce Building, Phoenix, Ariz.
Please send my copy of "*Phoenix, Where Winter Never Comes*," by return mail.
*Name*__________
*Street*__________
*City*__________ 16

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

into account a supposed pumping action by the roots, or a so-called "root pressure."

A comparatively recent development is a theory that seems to explain the phenomenon and at the same time to be free from the objections that have overthrown the earlier ideas. This theory is largely the outcome of experiments by a British scientist, Professor Dixon. He found that by sealing a column of water in a glass tube and using appropriate experimental means, he could make the water carry a considerable weight without breaking. Ordinarily, of course, we think of a stream of water as a thing as unstable as a rope of sand, but the trick seems to lie in getting rid of all the air, for when this was done the water column could support a strain of several hundreds of pounds per square inch.

This is exactly the condition we find in the stems of plants. The fine fibers of which all stems are largely made up are really exceedingly slender tubes, in which water is carried as sap, but from which all air is excluded. These tubes are connected with each other from the ends of the remotest roots to the edges of the topmost leaves. It is thus possible to think of the evaporation from the leaves setting up a strain or pull on the water in the tubes, which is transmitted as through a system of slender silver wires, drawing the water up as rapidly as it is needed, and even reaching out into the soil in contact with the roots and obtaining a fresh supply from outside.

"HOME, SWEET HOME" IN FIELD AND FOREST

AFTER dark nights full of danger, when the faintest sound might mean life or death to him, after days of fear while hiding stealthily in the underbrush of the forest, after wild races for safety, now at last the weary trail led back home, and the great buck which had taxed the "most sagacious hounds" and "the fastest and most sure-footed horses," stood in the woods where he was born and whence he had fled when the "season" opened. He had lived a life of terror, but had saved his magnificent horns, for now the season was closed and he had come home. So do the "hunted" long for their homes as much as does man himself. Archibald Rutledge in *The American Magazine* (New York) reveals the pull of home to the wild creatures he knows:

> From the first day of September until the fifteenth day of the following January—for more than a third of a year—day in and day out, earnest men had had tireless designs upon his life. They were head-hunters, and his was the coveted head.
>
> The fastest and most sure-footed horses, the most patient and sagacious hounds, the craftiest hunters, armed with shotguns and with rifles of almost incredible range, all these had been employed in the stern business of trying to cut short the romantic career of an old friend of mine.
>
> A thousand perils he weathered. A thousand wild races, deft dodges, sly elusions, dim lurkings, silent crouchings; all these he executed with the finesse that only a wary wild creature can employ. And when the season closed, that long and perilous season, the antlers of the great buck were not drying out drearily at a taxidermist's; they were still wet by the fragrant dews of the pineland morning, and from them the early starshine of the lonely swamp shed little silver sparkles.
>
> While he was being hunted, this buck had fled from home; but a day or so after the season closed, back he came; back to where his mother, long before, had first bleated tenderly to him, and taught him his first trembling steps; back to those very places whence he had been hounded and shot at; back to the wild places he knew well and loved best.
>
> He had quit the country for a while; but off in the hinterlands he had nearly perished of homesickness. He simply had to get back. He just had to see the old home again—even as you and I!
>
> This particular stag I had known for many years; and I was made aware of his return home almost as soon as he came, for his track was unlike that of any of the other deer on our plantation. The hoof of the right foreleg was twisted, so that his track was readily identified. All the hunters in that part of the country knew it well; but they did not seem to be able to improve their acquaintance with him in the manner they wished. I was a little better acquainted with him, I think. At least, I appreciated his high intelligence and his love of home.
>
> Since fawnhood he had been one of my friends. I knew just what walks he took at night, in those dim and dewy hours when he loved to roam the glimmering country of the darkness. It made me glad to see his tracks reappear along their ancient wildwood routes. It did my heart good to see that his own wild, sensitive heart was enjoying once more that keen delight that only a return to the old home can give.
>
> A boy may be born in Sandy Corners; he may go far away to college; he may rise to fortune and fame in some metropolis; but, depend upon it, one of his most secret and ardent ambitions is to return some day to his native heath. There are few stronger holds upon people than geographical ones. The human spirit pines for home; and since wild creatures are remarkably, sometimes absurdly, like us, they have many of our own inspirations and longings.
>
> That old stump-toed stag lived on what I called my place, near the Santee River, in South Carolina; but in a certain very real sense he was the genuine owner of the property. A boy once asked his father who owned the mountains, and the father said that he who loved them owned them. This splendid buck loved my woods even better than I did; for I might as well confess that if some one had hounded me and shot at me and raced me off my own domain, I might hesitate long ere returning to the hearthstone.

But with a wild creature, says Mr. Rutledge, this pull of home is irresistible; "and to me, the recognition of it is pathetic, appealing." He goes on:

> To understand it is to be opening one more of those magic, mysterious doors in the great House of Life. Wandering in that spacious dwelling, getting fleeting glimpses of how our comrades live, of their cares and hopes and loves, we come at least dimly to understand somewhat better the meaning of our existence. We call ourselves the children of God; but perhaps all

The Pacific Northwest

WASHINGTON OREGON
MONTANA
IDAHO WYOMING

© By Curtis

Half the nation's timber

In the beautiful valleys and plains of Wyoming and Montana a great sheep industry centers

The astonishing variety, yields and fine quality of fruits, and the beauty of the orchard country charm the visitor

One of Seattle's fine new business blocks

Stadium of the University of Washington, Seattle

Sidewalks are "paths of roses," for here this flower finds its perfect clime

Where success meets you *half way!*

People in the Pacific Northwest are growing with the country.

In 20 years population has doubled; ocean commerce has increased 500 per cent; the number of farms has increased 118 per cent; the value of industrial products has increased 800 per cent.

Swift growth like this means Opportunity. Here, success meets you *half way*. You may find your opportunity in the work you are doing now or in a fresh beginning at something new.

Prosperous people

Success is won in the Pacific Northwest, as elsewhere, by hard work. But here, if anywhere, the rewards of working, planning and saving are rich and sure and lasting.

Thousands of families like yours have found here a larger chance to get ahead, a better opportunity, and greater happiness.

They earn more than most people. In 10 years their bank savings have trebled. More of them own their homes than the average for the nation. They have resources that provide 50 per cent more than the average amount for the education of their children.

Happier lives

Success is *enjoyed* by the people of the Pacific Northwest. They live in a natural wonderland of great beauty, with a healthful and invigorating climate.

The cities of the Pacific Northwest delight all who visit them. Modern, clean, well planned, they are model American communities.

The Pacific Northwest offers the pioneering opportunities without the pioneering hardships. Life here is more interesting and enjoyable for every one.

The opportunity is NOW

There is no time better than the present to come to the Pacific Northwest.

Enormous resources of rich lands, minerals, timber, water, shipping are now being developed. Every day the Pacific Northwest grows in wealth, in population, in markets, in commerce—in all the things that go to make Opportunity for its people.

This free book gives you the facts

Perhaps *your* success, your future home and happiness lie in the Pacific Northwest. Let us send you the illustrated booklet, "The Land of Opportunity Now." It describes fully the things you will want to know about Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. Simply sign and mail the coupon for it now.

FREE
Descriptive Booklet and Photo-Travelog

The Pacific Northwest
THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY NOW

MAIL
*this coupon
for both*

Booklet contains 32 pages of interesting, authoritative information—fully illustrated. Photo-Travelog consists of scores of beautiful photographs—an absorbing pictorial tour of the Pacific Northwest. Mail the coupon to

DEVELOPMENT BUREAU,
Dept. 21-E
BURLINGTON RAILROAD BLDG.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

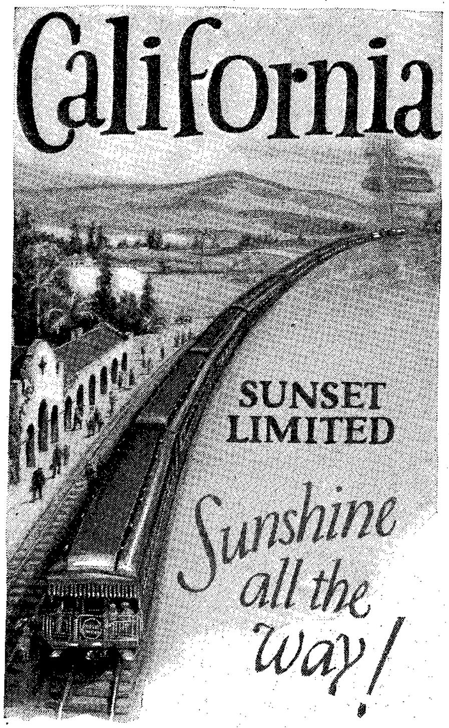
Name..........................

Street..........................

City..............*State*..........

Northern Pacific — Burlington Route — Great Northern

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Great Northern Ry.
The Northern Pacific Ry.



IT'S all like a pleasant holiday, this smooth, balmy midwinter trip to the Coast on the Sunset Limited. No smoke and no dust and *open windows all the way.*

Scenic marvels, historical associations and attractive stopovers can all be enjoyed amid the incomparable service and refinements of a famous and luxurious transcontinental flyer.

SUNSET LIMITED

An all-steel, de luxe train operated daily from New Orleans to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. Convenient service for the 120-mile motor side trip over the famous Apache Trail. Also to San Diego via California's marvelous Carriso Gorge.

For information and literature address

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

New York 165 Broadway
Chicago 35 W. Jackson Blvd.
New Orleans Pan Am. Bank Bldg.
Houston So. Pacific Bldg.
Los Angeles Pacific Electric Bldg.
San Francisco Southern Pacific Bldg.

Sunset Route

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

are His children. In the tremendous fact of possessing the gift of life itself, all of us are the same. And we are the same too, in this matter of loving home.

Within sight, indeed within call, of my house, wild turkeys nest every year. During more than one season I have watched a brooding hen turkey come from her nest into the bowed and brown cotton-field for her noontide meager foraging. I have found nests close to the rail fences that border the home fields. Any one who has watched a tame turkey's craft in nesting time—her patient, tedious secretiveness, her gentle self-effacement—can have a very correct idea of the behavior of the wild turkey at such a season.

But, touching and strange to relate, this most wild and astute bird, once on her nest, can be readily approached. For a man to catch a wild turkey on her nest is no difficult task. "Perfect love casteth out fear." Even so. I have seen it with my own eyes.

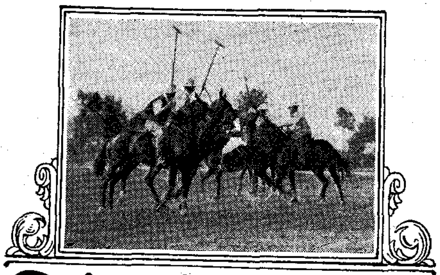
In due time her brood comes forth, and she knows the mystic and infinite pride of motherhood. She watches with delight the behavior of every one of her little helpless children. She loves them. She mothers them. She radiates maternal affection and that watchful and constant sacrifice that is the chief charm of deep devotion.

I remember watching one day in late spring such a brood in a wild tangle of greenery just beyond a field of young corn. The turkeys had been hatched in an adjacent thicket, a dim, sweet place, where jasmines tossed their showers like golden fountains playing, where smilax rioted over hollies, scrub-oaks, and myrtles, with here and there a patriarch oak keeping the copse away from the generous area that he sheltered. Shimmering little sunny glades beneath huge pines were here, lonely fair paths beside which the tall wood violets grew; aisles carpeted with brown pine straw, offering always a spicy odor in which the scents of dew, jasmine blossoms, myrtle leaves, and pine seem commingled. To those who are aweary of attar of roses, I can recommend that hale fragrance.

I was sitting on a stump in a small clump of myrtles when the turkeys were heard approaching. But for the noise they make walking through the leaves and brush, a flock of grown wild turkeys can be singularly silent. But it was not so with these children. I heard a faint elfin piping—flute notes of a quality most delicate, yet almost piercing in their soft sweetness.

And for every plaintive or excited call that the little ones gave, the old mother had an instant reassuring answer. I am not sure what language she was using, but what she assuredly said was, "Never mind; that's all right." The infants seemed to stray a good deal, running into blind alleys among the deep greenery, getting into dense heaps of leaves, and not being able to extricate themselves just handily, lagging behind the flock to gaze about at the great new world into which they had come. They were real babes in the woods, full of innocence and of wonder.

Whenever he was in doubt, one of the little fairy wanderers would pause, looking to be, tho not actually, on tiptoe, would gaze about for a moment with glistening eyes, and then would complain of his plight in a dulcet treble. The old mother never failed to supply an answering



SAVANNAH
GEORGIA

Two Centuries Old —and Still Young

It's a living epic of two heroic generations—the old, old South with the stately elegance of colonial days and the practical enterprise of the forties.

It's the owner of the mildest possible climate for outdoor living.

It's the Big Thing of the New South—industrially and commercially—attracting the serious attention of the nation's financiers.

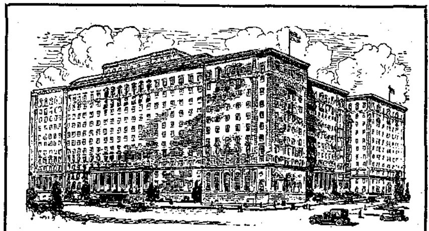
Splendid tourist hotels, all sports and amusements. The country's first golf club. Hunting, fishing, water sports. Seven hundred acres being developed for recreational purposes, to include four additional golf courses, one of which will soon be open for play.

By means of the new Savannah-Carolina bridge at Savannah, the motorist from the North to the Far South will save 210 miles via Washington, D. C., and Richmond, Va.

Railroads grant stopover privileges on all round trip Florida tickets. Modern seaport facilities for steamship service from principal seaboard points.

For illustrative booklets and road information, address

Tourist Department
BOARD OF TRADE
10 East Broughton Street, Savannah, Ga.



Atlanta Biltmore
ATLANTA, GEORGIA
Where Southern Hospitality Flowers

One of the greatest of the famous Bowman chain, and the South's most superb hotel.

Surpassing comfort.

RATES: Single, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00
Double, $6.00, $7.00, $8

Write for latest Booklet "D"

Atlanta Biltmore Hotel Company
HOLLAND B. JUDKINS, Vice Pres.—Mgr.
WILLIAM C. ROYER, Associate Mgr.

Banish Pimples
By Using
Cuticura
Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Try our new Shaving Stick.

A Beautiful Style of Talking and Writing

You can acquire it by following the precepts of that masterful teacher, James C. Fernald, L.H.D., through the pages of his book, EXPRESSIVE ENGLISH. This volume is offered to you with the frank assurance that it will prove an exceptionally interesting work and a most satisfactory purchase. An adequate description of it would require columns of space.

474 pages. 12mo. Cloth. $1.90, net; $2, post-paid.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

note of comfort. For his dismay, even tho childish and imaginary, she was always the solace. She understood; she sympathized.

I watched her leading her brood into a dim pathway shadowed by trailing vines. Ever on the alert was she—wise, patient, cautious. One tiny turkey got his foot caught between a jagged strip of bark and the fallen limb to which it clung. He tugged manfully, his gleaming feathers fluffily disheveled, but the grip hurt his ankle. He complained. Instantly the old mother went to him, looked carefully at the situation, made sure of the trouble, drove her black beak at the offending bark, and so freed the tiny captive.

I shall never forget with what fairy-like abandon and grace that little wild thing, liberated from what might have proved a dangerous trap, fled joyously down the sunflecked pathway toward its companions, its tiny wings held up, its feet twinkling, its faint pipings sounding on the still forest air with pathetic, winsome charm—as if a child of Titania herself were taking music lessons on a fairy flute.

I have said a good deal about these turkeys, so much, in fact, that you have a right to ask if I wander as much as they do. But my purpose all along is to show how they love their home woods. These wild birds, the noblest, I think, in all the world, and certainly the most splendid in our own country, follow a certain routine every year that, when understood, proves their attachment for the place where they were born.

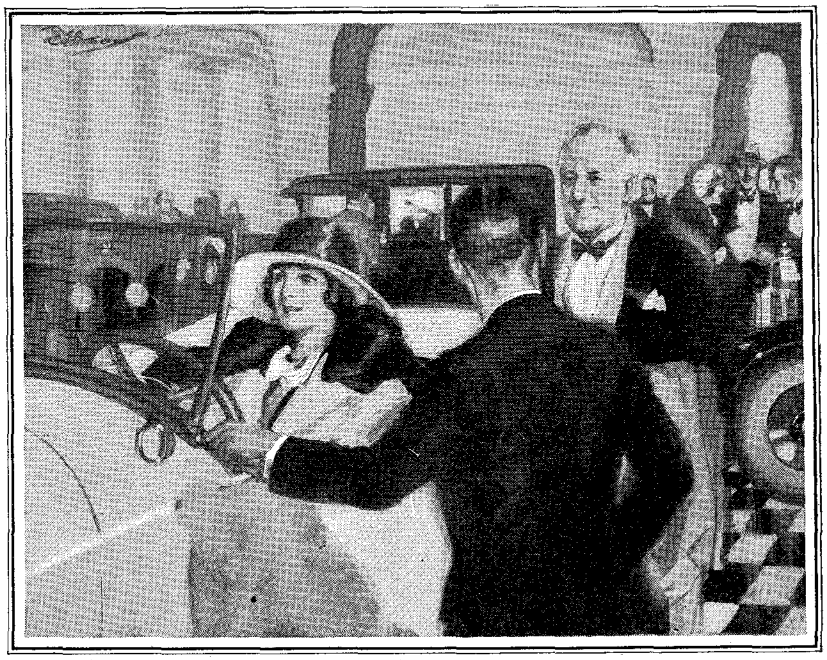
Near the old hearthstone they live until the first gun of the hunting season is fired. Then, with admirable sagacity, they betake themselves across the river into the mysterious fastness of a moldering swamp. There they stay as long as the sportsman is abroad in the land.

But during all those months they do not forget home. When the first bull alligator begins to moan his profound and ludicrous love lyric; when the first yellow jasmine begins to hang out its golden bells, when the first warm, cloudy weather sets the frog chorals going, then the turkeys will come back, their ranks thinned, perhaps—and all of them wiser and warier birds. But no fear will ever keep them from the old home woods. The flock will break up. Mating will begin. And the great cycle of life will once more be commenced.

Contrary to the Prohibition principle, a home may be dry or wet, but it is still a home in good and regular standing, in some communities. As we read:

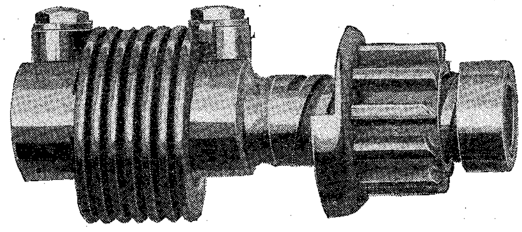
> And now imagine waters so dark and still that out of them might issue the voice of the Delphic Oracle. This dim lake lies in a wood so deep, so cloistered, that even a black tempest, ramping through the pineland country, will hardly dimple the serenity of its beauty. It has the stillness of felicity. Its silent loveliness reminds me that merely to be is perhaps a greater thing than to achieve; to radiate peace and quiet joy is better than to whirl along with the hoof-hearted hurry of Progress.
>
> I love to sit on a yellow pine stump on a sunny slope overlooking this lost lagoon near my old home; for not only is eternal beauty here but an old friend of mine as well—a shy, elusive, intelligent creature. This has been his home as long as I can remember. My acquaintance is an otter, a regal black old male that has apparently become solitary.
>
> From this shimmering pond to the Santee

ECLIPSE
STARTER PRODUCTS



PROGRESS

AGAIN come the national automobile shows to emphasize the constant progress and achievement of the automotive industry. Years of development and unremitting effort . . . . skill, ingenuity and wide resources . . . . reach new heights in the refinement and perfection of the motor cars of 1926. And in the principal shows of America and Europe you will be reminded that the Eclipse Bendix Drive is standard equipment on a majority of the world's motor cars.



THE ECLIPSE BENDIX DRIVE
"THE MECHANICAL HAND THAT CRANKS YOUR CAR"

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY
ELMIRA, N. Y.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, HOBOKEN, N. J.
ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, *Ltd.*, WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Spare yourself the misery of colds

Read how care of the nose and throat will help

A-CHOO-O!

This is nature's warning that a cold is on the way. But why wait for a sneeze to tell you to get busy? Start working on a cold even *before* you get one.

Glyco-Thymoline, used morning and evening in an atomizer, nasal douche, or as a gargle, strengthens the delicate lining of your nose, mouth and throat. It washes the membrane clear of dust and irritants that form weak spots in the tissue. It is chiefly at these irritated places that the germs of cold and sore throat make their attack.

Used regularly, Glyco-Thymoline prevents these weak spots from forming.

Cleanses, soothes, heals

Glyco-Thymoline is not merely an antiseptic. It is an *alkaline* antiseptic. Any doctor will tell you that the most effective healing agents for infections of the mucous membrane are *alkaline*.

Glyco-Thymoline cleanses the irritated or congested membrane thoroughly. It removes excess mucus. It washes away the germs and objectionable matter that the mucus contains. At the same time the antiseptic properties make it hard for germs to multiply. Get a bottle of Glyco-Thymoline today. Use it regularly and enjoy greater freedom from colds and sore throat. Sold by druggists everywhere, in three sizes—3-ounce, 6-ounce, and 1-pound bottles.

INSIST ON

GLYCO-THYMOLINE

THE ALKALINE ANTISEPTIC

© 1925, K. & O. Co.

FREE Liberal Sample

KRESS & OWEN COMPANY
361 Pearl Street, Dept. 3-H1
New York City.

Send me free of charge a trial bottle of Glyco-Thymoline.

Name.................................

Address...............................

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

River the distance is half a mile; and the two are connected by a dim watercourse, choked by alders, wild blackberries, and masses of tangled muscadine vines. Occasionally the otter travels down this outlet, disports himself for a while in the river, and in the old freshwater canals on the island beyond it; but this lake he calls home. Here he hangs his hat.

I remember that one winter, for about six months, a negro woodsman tried to trap him right in the superb swimmer's own house, here in the still-hearted lagoon. But the otter, sensing trouble, vacated the premises for a month or two. When the season for traps was passed he returned, to glide like a miniature submarine in and out among the strange cypress knees; to dive glossily, with glimmering swiftness, after the lazy green-sided bass of the black waters; to lie out on his favorite log, preening his exquisite fur.

From my throne on the old stump I have watched him on his throne, an old cypress log. I have observed him, in moments of joyous relaxation, enjoying the beauty about him; watching with soft-gleaming eyes the green pennons of reeds drooping on the margins of the pond; the bloom of wonder on the mysterious vistas between the lonely trees; the far blaze of sunset through the dark-tressed pine; the infinite wan gulfs of evening.

Under the roots of an immense cypress, centuries old, roots that spread away from the shaft of the tree, the otter has a den. From his basking-log to the entrance of his abode the distance is about ten feet; and I should say that the very swiftest and deftest thing I ever saw a wild animal do is the manner in which this graceful otter leaves his log and dives home. I just get a shimmer of glistening fur, of a darting black form, incredibly lithe, a soft, foamy plunge—and it's over.

It seems that even the alligator, which looks like the most unsentimental of all animals, may harbor tender feelings for his home pond:

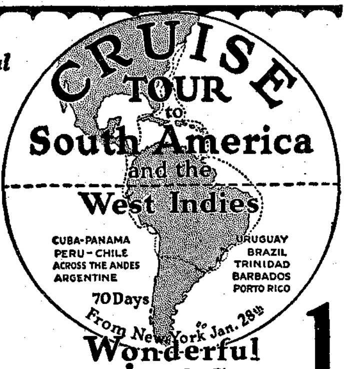
> All wild things seem to me high-born. They have a certain elegance. Of my wild acquaintances, the most apparently grotesque is the bull alligator; yet in his element he can swim gracefully, and he can execute certain fancy dives that no man can equal.
>
> Even this grim saurian loves home. You might think him the most cold-blooded and phlegmatic of creatures; but somewhere in that strange heart lurks the infinite yearning for home. For example, there was one of heroic size that lived in a lagoon known as Jones's Pond, near my South Carolina home. This alligator I knew well, because of his size, because of the loss of a certain section of his tail, and because of his unusual coloring. The river alligators take on the reddish tinge that impregnates the water; those that live in the lagoons are much darker.
>
> One summer, Jones's Pond went nearly dry. I came one day on the track of the big bull; he was heading for the river. I followed the trail, but he had reached the Santee before I did. That was early in August. I knew that, once in the river, he would be in a place alive with others of his kind, and would find accessible thousands of congenial reed-hung creeks,

Sunshine 360 Days A Year

SKIES are always sunny in the Sunshine City. Only 82 sunless days in 15 years. And there's all kinds of fun for every sunny day. Swimming, boating or fishing in the Gulf and Tampa Bay. Golf, tennis, lawn bowling and every outdoor sport. Big League Baseball. Daily band concerts. Splendid accommodations. For booklet address:

H. B. DILLMAN
Chamber of Commerce

St. Petersburg
Florida
The Sunshine City



7th Annual American Express

2 Wonderful cruises in 1

Seventy happy days—a palatial steamship—sailing away from Winter—through the sunny islands of the West Indies to the gorgeous ports of South America. Through the Panama Canal, over the Andes, along the Spanish Main—you traverse scenes rich in historical and romantic interest. Total cost (including all shore excursions) $1850 and up. As reservations are made in the order received, and as the party will be strictly limited, you should write at once for Booklet "E" showing deck plans with full itinerary and other details.

American Express Travel Dept.
65 Broadway, New York

Always carry American Express Travelers' Cheques

Health Care of the Baby

By LOUIS FISCHER, M.D

A classic for the nursery and the home.

The fifteenth edition (205th Thousand) of this work comes of a naturally increased demand which caused Dr. Fischer to completely revise it. Four important steps in the baby's life are considered with special care—airing, bathing, clothing, dieting. First aid in all contingencies has full consideration. Illustrated with photographic plates.

12mo. Cloth. 267 pages. $1, net; $1.14, post-paid.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Ave., New York

marshy banks on which to bask, dim haunts beneath bluffs. I thought he would never return. But I had not realized what home must have meant to him.

One morning in late September I was riding out through the woods looking for some strayed stock. I could hear the old pines dimly playing music that might have come from dulcimers. The fitful sea wind touched a fragrant copse of young hickories, making them murmur and wave and shed the dew; and it seemed to me that the wind was a mystic wand, touching the trees until they began softly to sing.

Within a few hundred yards of Jones's Pond my horse (I was in a reverie) suddenly stopt. I felt him tremble under me, and he suspired a stormy snort of indignant amazement and apprehension. It was no wonder.

Prone in our path was a huge dragon—a grotesque primeval creature—an incredible survivor from the Age of Monsters. It was my bull alligator crawling back home! He had spent six weeks in the river-wilds; but he had evidently been homesick. It is all right to visit one's distant relatives; but, after all, home is home.

Here he was, almost at the end of a long and perilous crawl, not quite within sight but certainly within smell of the waters he loved best. The lagoon exhales a damp perfume. I had always enjoyed it; but here was another creature who must have enjoyed it more.

It bores an alligator to travel overland. He is at a tremendous disadvantage. His progress is tedious; his pathway may be rough; certainly it is beset with dangers. But we know of what small deterring power all the objections in the world are when we want to get back home. Nor was my dragon's return untimely; for we had had abundant rains to refill the lagoon. Of course he knew about those rains as well as I.

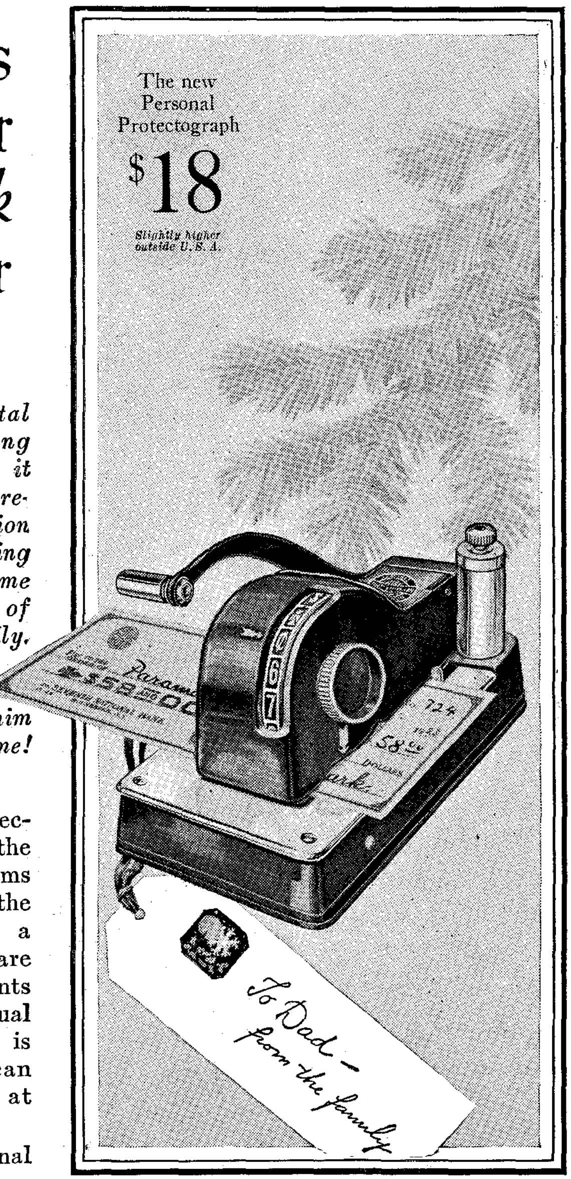
Much to the distaste of my horse, we followed the old monster down to the edges of the pond. I shall never forget with what evident boyish delight he took a little waddling run down the last mossy slope of the bank and slithered into the black water.

And now, as I look off through the woods, two lordly blackbirds with brilliant crests come winging their flight toward the tall bay tree. On they come, assured, glad, calling joyously, already one in that communion that we call mating. They both alight on the green limb that juts out below the hollow, a limb worn rather smooth by their use of it in other years.

The male, his glossy plumage glinting, remains perched on the limb while the female enters the hollow. For a moment she vanishes. Then she reappears at the aperture, only her head showing. Presently her head disappears; then it comes into view once more, her bill packed with certain dry sticks. They are perfectly good materials from last year's nest. But this is springtime. A woman has to clean house, you know. Out of the hollow tumble the sticks.

The male, meanwhile, acts in a manner rather typical of his sex's behavior at such a time; he keeps his distance and his silence, he appears to admire the scenery of the surrounding woods. But in reality he gazes with an astonished eye at his mate's assiduity, marveling that she finds so much to fling out of the house, having vague misgivings as to certain treasures

Why not give the business man in your family *check protection* for a lifetime?


The new
Personal
Protectograph
$18
Slightly higher outside U. S. A.
To Dad – from the family

How often the sentimental Christmas gift is of fleeting value. How often, indeed, it duplicates presents already received. But here is a suggestion for you who would give the thing eminently worth while to some business man, some man of affairs, some head of a family. For only $18 you can purchase the Todd Personal Protectograph. You can give him check protection for a lifetime!

* * *

The need for check protection is recognized today by the nation's leading business firms who are users of one of the larger Protectographs. As a matter of sound policy they are guarding their bank accounts against the forger, whose annual loot through check fraud is estimated by the American Institute of Accountants at $100,000,000.

But most writers of personal checks, whose need for protection against check-fraud loss is even more acute, have not felt justified in buying one of the larger Protectographs. Not until the invention of the Todd Personal Protectograph was it possible for all depositors with personal checking accounts to have positive protection at a reasonable price.

The Personal Protectograph guards the amount line on personal checks by the same method used on the checks of big business. It shreds the amount line into the very fiber of the check paper. Erasures are impossible. The bold, closely spaced figures are insurance against raising the amount even by "pen changes," the clever method that does not need erasures. And it makes personal checks so neat that every one is a compliment to the writer's signature!

In your vicinity is a Todd expert who will be glad to explain the Personal Protectograph. You can see it, also, at many banks and in most good stationery and department stores.

Write for free copy of "Check No. 197," an interesting booklet on the adventures of a single check, as well as detailed information on the Personal Protectograph. The Todd Company, Protectograph Division. (Established 1899.) Rochester, N. Y. *Sole makers of the Protectograph, Super-Safety Checks and Todd Greenbac Checks.*

© 1925, The Todd Company, Inc.

THE TODD COMPANY 12-12
Protectograph Division
1143 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Check No. 197," and detailed information about the Personal Protectograph.

Name....................

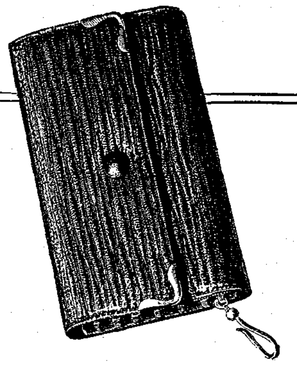
Address....................

Name of bank....................

TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION

Merry Christmas To Father from La

The Blackstone—made of black pin seal, lined with silk. Packed like a jewel, in an attractive gift box. Price only $5.00.



The New Amity Key Kaddy—made of the finest leathers. A style to suit every taste—at a price that is reasonable. A beautiful, useful gift.

A gift as lasting as a rare friendship

THERE is no better gift for the man you care most about, than something made by true craftsmen from true leather. One that will stand the test of time and mellow with age. One that he will use and be proud of—not for a day nor a month, but for years.

Amity products are made carefully from only the finest leathers brought from the tanneries of the world. Each bears the stamp, "Amity." Let this distinguishing mark be your guide in choosing a gift.

At your favorite store you will find a complete assortment of Amity products, packed in an attractive Christmas box. Among them you will find the style to please him, at a price that is surprisingly low. . . . The Amity Leather Products Company, West Bend, Wis.

if stamped AMITY *it's leather*

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH IN YOUR FEET

Hustle-Bustle
The Spirit of the Times

KEEP UP . . . . OR DROP OUT!

THE way of the world is inexorable. You can't handicap your health and expect to keep pace with the hurly burly of city life.

When you cramp your feet in stiff-arched, muscle-binding shoes, you deaden your circulation and strike at the very FOUNDATION OF HEALTH. Remove the CAUSE! The flexible arch, muscle-building features of GROUND GRIPPER SHOES will bring the distorted bones of the foot back to normal. They give you free, youthful walking action . . . sturdy, contented feet! Get a pair now! In a month from today you'll realize their incalculable worth.

In the event no authorized Ground Gripper agent is accessible to you, write to the factory direct.

GROUND GRIPPER SHOE CO.
Incorporated
91 Linden Park Street Boston, Mass.

We'll be glad to send you a FREE COPY of our book "What You Should Know About Your Feet." It merits your earnest attention.

Ground Gripper SHOES *The Most Comfortable Shoe In The World*
For Men Women and Children

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

of his that might vanish in the general avalanche!

I love to watch this pair of birds go back to housekeeping in the same apartment in the deep green metropolis of the wildwoods, wrapt new in the sweet, virtuous passion of the virgin spring. It is the season of the renewal of life and of hope.

Few of us, even tho we try to be precise in our observation, realize, I think, the amazingly intimate knowledge that a wild creature has of its environment. I am positive that a deer, for example, knows every dim pathway, every fallen tree, every green bush, every damp stretch of ground, every sandy hill in that limited territory that he calls his domain. It is his "daily walk and ancient neighborhood." An incident will illustrate what I mean.

One day I was walking through the woods with a very old hound. His hunting days were over, but he was a good companion. His philosophy of life had the effect of improving mine. He had many infirmities, and these he bore with amiable patience.

A philosopher is probably one who takes a grim, fantastic pleasure in his tribulations. My hound did.

On the borders of a hushed thicket I noticed that he began to smell the bushes—almost a certain sign of a deer trail. I slipt the leash to give the old fellow a chance to renew his youth. He entered the copse; immediately from the farther side stealthily emerged two great stags, superb fellows, heroes of many a desperate escape, I knew well.

The hound followed them slowly through the woods, and across a plantation road. When I reached the road, I saw just where the deer had crossed, and where the faithful hound had toiled after them. I noticed that they had jumped a fallen tree on the edge of the road. On this tree I sat down, knowing that my dog would soon return. Of course I had no idea of seeing the deer again that day.

But not ten minutes later an object far down the roadway to my left caught my sight; then I saw two, then three. The two bucks were coming back, and the old hound was behind them. On they came, sprightly creatures, vividly wild, elegant even in flight. Their flight, however, was an exceedingly leisurely one; and to me the deer seemed a little amused over my hound's futility. When deer have many a time escaped from a full pack of fast dogs, one ancient hound after them merely takes them for a walk.

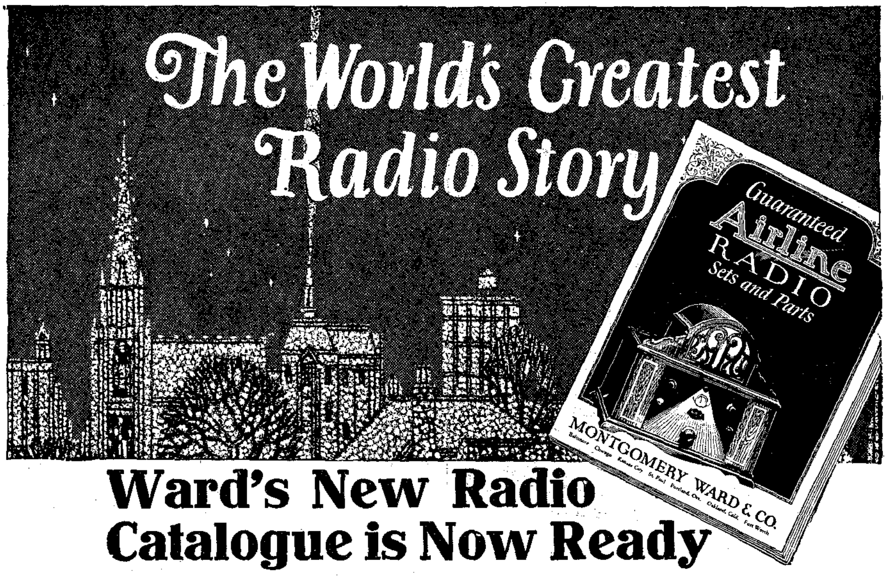
Nearer they came. I sat still, knowing that they were pretty sure to run close to me. But I was utterly unprepared for what they did. Just as they came broadside to me, they turned toward me, left the road, jumped the same log that they had jumped before, and vanished into a myrtle thicket. Upon examining their jump, I found that they had almost obliterated the first tracks they had made! That log, and the place at which it should be jumped, was evidently quite familiar to them. Know the woods? Those two stags could give lessons to me about finding my way about in my own country, and they had had the knowledge long; to use a quaint negro description, "ever since a hatchet was a hammer."

DREAM LIFE UNDER THE GREEN WATERS

OVERHEAD the glass-bottomed diving-boat swayed and swung in the waves, and as William Beebe descended into the submarine world under the boat, the Sargasso seaweed wrapt great strands around him as if to draw him into a dream life under the green waters. As he lay at full length upon a mat of the sargassum a "gang" of giant groupers came swimming along with their ugly jaws ever chewing in anticipation of a victim. And once a sea-lion, black and monstrous, came stealing through the sea jungle and almost nudged Mr. Beebe in the back. In *The Atlantic Monthly* Mr. Beebe relates what a surprize this gave him:

> As I stood watching a mist of grazing Xesurus, I felt a sudden water-pressure against my back and legs, and turned in time to see a monstrous black shape bank and veer away, having rushed in a lightning sweep within a foot of me. His eyes were no longer the dull, soft, deerlike, half-seeing organs with which he gazed at me on land, but bright and clear and keen; the long whiskers stood out white and bristling, the mouth partly opened as he turned, and the dog teeth gleamed wickedly. As my eye caught the form I leaped involuntarily toward the ladder, forgetting that I was in a land where mighty acrobatics could be achieved with a push. I landed on a boulder at a height of about four rungs up, and some eight feet beyond the ladder—a standing high jump which broke the world's record in the upper air by feet. The strangest thing was that whenever I did such a thing as this I accomplished it slowly. I took off with deliberation in spite of my strongest effort. I went through the water with conscious elapse of time, and I landed as in a slow-motion picture.
>
> The instant I leaped I realized my mistake and watched the wonderful form as it swung up from me. It turned just below the surface and again shot down. I think a considerable percentage of these maneuvers was pure side, executed for the benefit of a smaller, probably a lady, sea-lion, who hung between earth and air, a short distance away and watched. The big male—he was certainly over seven feet long—began his second rush at an acute angle, heading for the bottom some distance away. Turning like a meteor the moment his head touched the waving sea-weed, he again cleared me by inches. I could not help flinching, not so much from a fear of being bitten, as from a disbelief that such a great body could possibly stop its impetus and avoid smashing into me. As he passed, I stretched out a hand and felt the smooth, hard body brush against my fingers. This was apparently a surprize to the animal, who in alarm inserted an extra curve into his simple parabola, and in the effort gasped out a mouthful of bubbles. This time he shot to the surface and half out, followed by his admirer, while the string of bubbles ascended slowly—coalescing, as it went, into larger and fewer spheres, like the puff of smoke from an airplane engine, or the blossoming of white shrapnel against a blue sky. In each bubble I could see a distorted reflection of myself, my helmet, and all my surroundings.

A glance around showed that every fish had vanished, and not until two or three



Ward's New Radio Catalogue is Now Ready

Are you interested in seeing what is new in Radio—what is best and what has been approved?

And do you wish to know the lowest prices on tested sets, prices made without the usual "Radio profits?"

This Catalogue is a Complete Guide to Radio

Ward's is headquarters for Radio, with probably the largest retail radio department in the whole world.

This new 52 page Radio Catalogue shows everything in parts, batteries, cabinets, contains a list of stations, a radio log for recording stations. It shows the best of the new sets. One tube sets that give amazing results. Five tube sets with a single dial to turn. Think of tuning in one station after another by turning a single dial!

Every price quoted means a big saving to you. Everything offered is tested by our own Radio Experts. In fact, the best experts compiled this Catalogue for you.

Write for this 52 Page Book. It is yours free.

Our 53 year old Policy

For 53 years we have sold only quality merchandise under a Golden Rule Policy. You can rely absolutely upon the quality of everything shown in this Radio Catalogue.

Write to the house nearest you for your free copy of Ward's new Radio Catalogue. Address Dept. 22-R

ESTABLISHED 1872

Montgomery Ward &Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Baltimore Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Ft. Worth

Keep your radio handy as your favorite books

Globe-Wernicke
Sectional Bookcases
for every room in the home

Your Xmas Radio in Louis XV Design

RADIO and Reading—a whole evening's enjoyment right at your elbow, in Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcases.

Snug-fitting glass doors shut out dust and dirt, and glide smoothly out of sight when opened. Sectional construction allows various groupings to best accommodate the space.

There are many other handy uses for Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcases—in the living room, bedroom, dining room, nursery—in fact, every room. Made in modern and period designs; beautifully finished, or unfinished for matching painted furniture.

If there is no Globe-Wernicke branch or authorized dealer in your city, buy from us direct at no additional cost, all freight prepaid.

THE GLOBE-WERNICKE CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Mail This Coupon

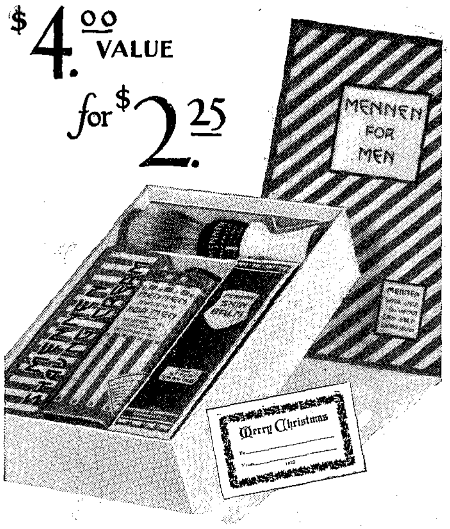
The Globe-Wernicke Co.,
Dept. L-3,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me your new, free booklet giving prices and showing how others use Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcases, "For Every Room in the Home."

Name..

Address..

City.............................State...............



MENNEN
LATHER BRUSH
MADE IN U.S.A.
STERILIZED

$4.00 VALUE for $2.25

SHAVING CREAM SKIN BALM
TALCUM FOR MEN LATHER BRUSH

A wonderful gift-box at a wonderful price

FEATURING

The New Mennen Lather Brush

You know what they always say: "I *never* know what to give a man for Christmas!"

Well, here's an attractive-looking Gift-Box that will thrill *any* man—and go easy on your pocket-book at the same time. The last word in shaving comfort and satisfaction!

Let me tell you first about the new Mennen Lather Brush, because that's the great kick in the package. It's a real beauty. Ultra-quality. Made specially for us with some new kinks of manufacture hitherto found in only the most expensive brushes. Soft and silky feeling, yet stands up and does its work like a grenadier. Just about the finest lather builder a man ever rotated against his face. Guaranteed, too. We make good if the brush doesn't.

This Mennen LATHER BRUSH alone is worth $3

Actually, it's far and away better than those that usually sell for $3.00 and as good as some I've tried at $4.00 or $5.00. For any man who's using an old whisp of discouraged bristles or some brush of a cheaper variety, it's going to make his Christmas morning shave—and all succeeding—feel like a million dollars.

Then, besides the brush, in the box, there's a fine tube of everybody's favorite—Mennen Shaving Cream; a tube of Mennen Skin Balm—a refreshing after-shave treat; and a can of Mennen Talcum-for-Men—protects the skin, doesn't show. All old friends that every user will appreciate. And to first-timers, they'll come as a revelation.

The Company lets me make this special $2.25 offer in order to win new friends. And between you and me, it's going big. So if I were you, I'd stock up for all my Christmas gift needs *now*, before the druggist says, "All sold out."

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY Newark, N.J., U.S.A.

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

minutes had passed did they begin slowly to come into view, for, he says:

> The sea-lions are the masters of these waters, and I was surprized to see even a great turtle slide hastily out of the way when one came too near. Sharks always disappeared with the fish.
>
> Even if the fish had not returned, I could have watched the movement of the sea-weed for hours, it was so unlike the movement of wheat or grass. The whole mass seemed alive—a field of Medusa growth—each stem writhing and curling and twisting of its own volition, in its own particular way, and yet the whole ebbing and flowing as one frond in obedience to the rhythmic breeze. It was the old story over again of the single corpuscle tumbling and rolling individually, while yet helpless in the general current of the blood; and of the colonial organism, each individual ant doing his own work and bound irrevocably to the will of the whole; and—who knows?—it is perhaps no whit different from the apparent free-will personalities of our separate selves, compared with the destiny of the human race.
>
> I sat me down on a couch of golden, blowing weed, with beautiful green-armed starfish sprawled here and there, and, leaning back, watched the bubbles of my life's breath tumble out from beneath my arms and shoulders. From invisibility, from the colorless, formless stream of gas flowing down the length of black hose, they became definite spheres, painted and splashed with all the colors in sight. Once, when I was making my first flight in a plane, I had for a short space of time the soul-devastating sensation of being suspended motionless in the ether while the earth dropt away from me. That has never been repeated; but here on the bottom of the sea, looking upward, I can as often as I wish conjure up the belief that I am actually looking at a constellation, a galaxy of worlds and stars, rolling majestically through the invisible ether. The background is as mysteriously colorless and formless as space itself must be, and as I peer out through my little rectangular windows I seem to be actually living an experience which only the genius of a Verne or a Wells can imagine into words. It suddenly flashes over me that in giving over my moon and stellar longings for the depths of the sea, I have in a manner achieved both.

Mr. Beebe's assistant felt that he was far away from life as we know it, and often came to the window of the glass boat to look down at him to be sure he was safe. Then—

> The face vanished, the window slammed shut as the water glass was withdrawn—and I am again visually lost to the upper world.
>
> Two small black forms approach from the offshore side of my aquatic sky, looking from below like the keels of funny, diminutive tugboats, but driven by a pair of most efficient propellers. These were rather turbines of sorts, furling and unfurling in a curling, spiral manner, which offered the most and the least resistance respectively to the water. Long rudder tails, two slender, sharp beaks, and sinuous snaky necks came into view, and a swirl sent both birds into my world—meaning complete submersion for them. There followed a chase which no man's eyes have ever seen before—a pair of flightless cormorants pursuing a scarlet sea-bass, viewed from below. The fish saw them coming and fled at full speed, not in a straight line, but in a series of zigzags, perhaps, like a chased hen, seeing the pursuers first out of one eye, on one side, then out of the other, apparently on that side. The cormorants separated, one diving deeply while the other followed its prey directly. Soon the confused fish dived at right-angles, and before it had time to turn again was in the beak of the second bird. The moment he was captured, both birds relaxed every muscle, and with dangling wings and feet let themselves be drawn up to the suface. There, even from my depth, I watched a second race begin, and surmised the details of what I had seen enacted twice the day before from the boat—a cormorant coming up with a fish and instantly chased by another, both traveling at such high speed that, with wings spattering and feet going, their entire bodies were almost out of the water. At the first opportunity there was a quick upward toss, reversing the fish, and a gulp, and down it went head first. On this occasion I saw only the frantic disturbance of the surface, rapid dodging, and then cessation of motion, after which the leading bird immersed and shook its beak in the water several times, and I knew that if I so chose I could write in my journal that *Nannopterum harrisii* includes *Paranthias furcifer* as an article of diet.

During his last dive Mr. Beebe had noticed five or six new species of fish and, hoping to hook some of the smaller ones, he decided to get some bait. He relates:

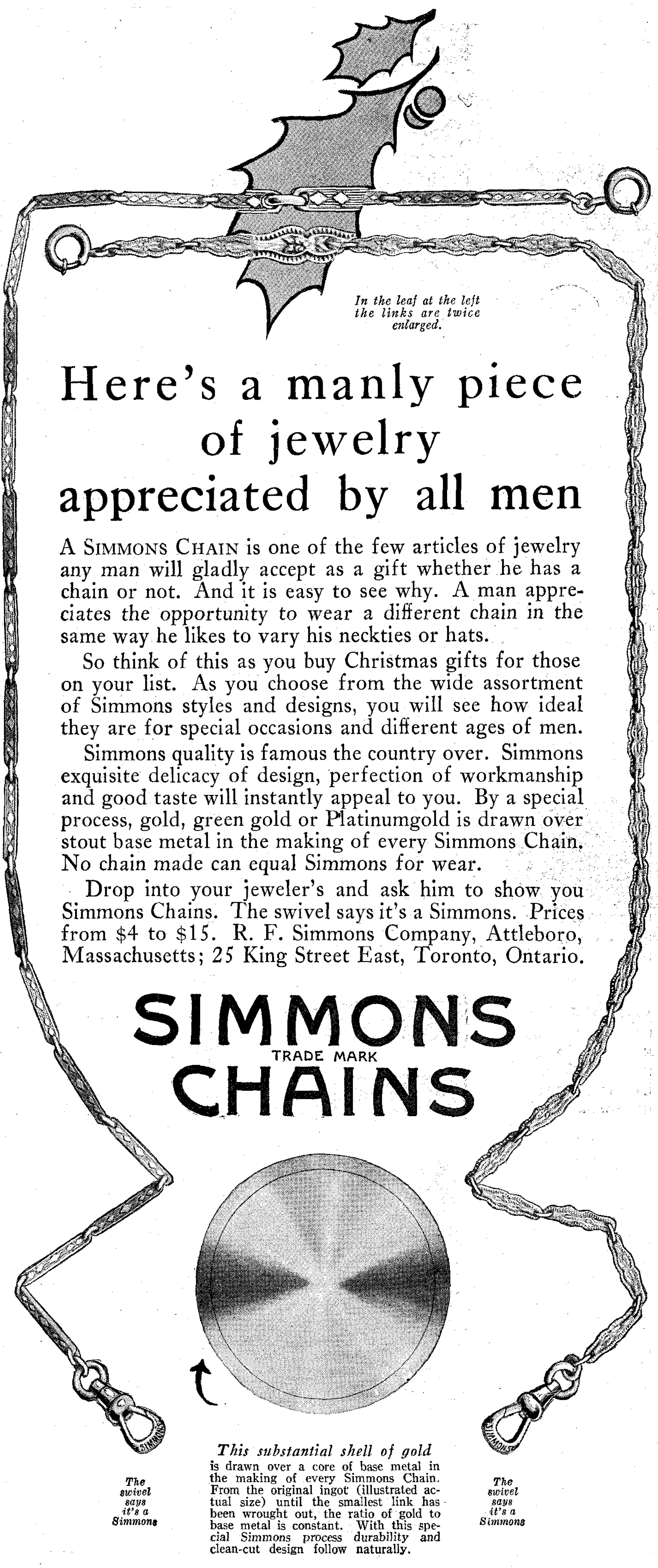
> With two big scarlet crabs, I found to my disappointment that we had between us only one hook, and that a large one. However, I anchored again near the spot where I had last dived and threw over the hook. I immediately caught one of the round-headed pigfish. As I was pulling a second one in, a six-foot shark swung toward him, and this gave me a hint upon which I acted at once. I pulled in the fish quickly and studied the situation through the water glass. Two sharks were swimming slowly about the very rock where I had been sitting a few minutes before, probably the same individuals who had then been so curious about me. A small group of the pigfish swam around, over, and below the sharks, as they had also done when I was submerged, sometimes passing within a foot of the sharks' mouths without the slightest show of emotion, of fear or otherwise. An angel fish and two yellow tailed cows passed; a golden grouper and two deep-green giants of the same species milled around beneath the boat, now and then cocking their eyes up at us.
>
> I baited the hook with a toothsome bit of crab and lowered it. All the pigfish rushed it at once, and as it descended the sharks and groupers followed with mild interest, almost brushing against it, but wary of the line. Failing to elicit any more practical attention from the golden grouper, I allowed one of the pigfish to take the bait and hook. Then, watching very carefully, I checked his downward rush, and swung him upward. He struggled fiercely, and like an electric shock every shark and grouper turned toward him. Without being able to itemize any definite series of altered swimming actions, I knew that something radical had happened. The remainder of the school of pigfish, while

they stayed in the neighborhood, yet gathered together in a group and milled slowly n a small circle. There was no question that, from being a quiet, slowly swimming, casually interested lot of fish, the three groups—pigfish, groupers, and sharks—had become surcharged with interest focused on the fish in trouble. I drew the hooked fish close to the boat, and could plainly see that the hook had passed only around the horny maxillary. There was not a drop of blood in the water, and the disability of the fish consisted only in its attachment to the line. Yet the very instant the struggle to free itself began, the groupers and sharks, from being at least in appearance friendly, or certainly wholly disregarding the pigfish, became concertedly nimical, focused upon it with the most hostile feeling of an enemy and its prey.

For half an hour I played upon this eaction and learned more than I had ever seen or read of the attacking and feeding habits of groupers and sharks. When the struggling began, the sharks all turned toward the hooked fish. Not only the one nearest, who must easily have seen it for himself, but two far off turned at the same instant, and within a few seconds two more from quite invisible distances and different directions. What I saw seemed to prove conclusively that sharks, like vultures, watch one another and know at once when prey has been sighted by one of their fellows. The numerous sharks thus call one another all unintentionally; as happened when one of our party caught a shark at Cocos, and in an incredibly short time there were seventeen close by. On the other hand, it must be admitted that sharks differ from vultures as widely as the poles in the matter of scent. Vultures probably all but lack this sense, while we know that fish have it well developed. But, even in the case of blood in the water, it seems to me that diffusion can not be nearly rapid enough to account for the instantaneous reaction on sharks near and far. The phenomenon is as remarkable in general aspects as the apparent materialization from the air of a host of vultures where a few minutes before none were visible.

Even more than this problem did these methods of feeding of sharks and groupers hold my attention. After making sure of the first phase of interest, I allowed a six-foot shark to approach the hooked pigfish. It came rather slowly, then with increased speed, and finally made an ineffectual snap at the fish. The third time it seized it by the tail and, with a strong sideways twist of the whole body, tore the piece off. The second fish attacked was pulled off the hook, and two sharks then make a simultaneous rush at it. So awkward were they that one caught his jaw in the other's teeth and for a moment both swished about in a vortex of foam at the side of the boat.

I noted carefully about thirty distinct efforts or attacks on the hooked fish, and only three times was I able by maneuvering the fish to get the shark to turn even sideways—never once on its back, as the books so glibly relate. I sacrificed seven pigfish, and then tried to get the golden grouper, but it was too wary. A giant five-foot green grouper, larger than any we had taken thus far, was becoming more and more excited, however, and when I had tolled him close to the surface I let my fish lure drift loosely. One swift snap and the entire fish disappeared; then a single slight nod of the head, and the line parted cleanly. The general effect was of much greater force and power exerted in a short space of time than in the case of the sharks. When it comes to lasting power, however,



In the leaf at the left the links are twice enlarged.

Here's a manly piece of jewelry appreciated by all men

A Simmons Chain is one of the few articles of jewelry any man will gladly accept as a gift whether he has a chain or not. And it is easy to see why. A man appreciates the opportunity to wear a different chain in the same way he likes to vary his neckties or hats.

So think of this as you buy Christmas gifts for those on your list. As you choose from the wide assortment of Simmons styles and designs, you will see how ideal they are for special occasions and different ages of men.

Simmons quality is famous the country over. Simmons exquisite delicacy of design, perfection of workmanship and good taste will instantly appeal to you. By a special process, gold, green gold or Platinumgold is drawn over stout base metal in the making of every Simmons Chain. No chain made can equal Simmons for wear.

Drop into your jeweler's and ask him to show you Simmons Chains. The swivel says it's a Simmons. Prices from $4 to $15. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Massachusetts; 25 King Street East, Toronto, Ontario.

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

This substantial shell of gold is drawn over a core of base metal in the making of every Simmons Chain. From the original ingot (illustrated actual size) until the smallest link has been wrought out, the ratio of gold to base metal is constant. With this special Simmons process durability and clean-cut design follow naturally.

The swivel says it's a Simmons

The swivel says it's a Simmons

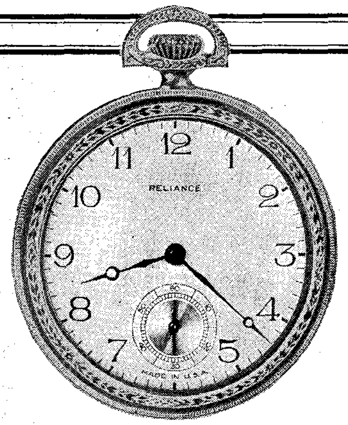
For Christmas an Ingersoll

THERE'S no gift like a watch, nothing used so much, consulted so often, carried so long. The Ingersoll you give now will be ticking Christmas Greetings every day throughout the year

Wrist Radiolite $4.50

INGERSOLL
RADIOLITE

A serviceable watch for women, boys, girls, sportsmen, motorists, etc.



RELIANCE $11.00

The 7-jewel, thin model Reliance in a green or white 14-k rolled gold-plate case

Other Models

Yankee, $1.75 Midget, $3.50
Junior, $3.50 Waterbury, $5.50

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

the groupers fight for only a short time after being landed, while the sharks smash and thrash until they are actually cut to pieces.

After this exhibition I would, without hesitation, have dived in the helmet again in the very spot. I had had these sharks close to me a little while before; and, altho my efforts under water seem to me no less awkward and helpless than those of a hooked pigfish, yet to these so-called man-eaters there is apparently all the difference in the world, and I am certain I should be absolutely safe from attack.

LIFE IN THE SEAL HAREM

ALL winter the ice-laden waves of the Bering Sea dash against the angry rock-bound coast, and the bitter gale, snow-filled, churns the water into foam which covers the shore with its freezing mist. The cold, short days wear slowly past, and then suddenly it is spring, and up from the south come floating strange tides of life. All the gay, "sleek, warm-coated bachelors," proud of their strength, arrive and, following on, all the coy and particular females, and the fight for the "seal harems" begins. At this time Otter Island, Walrus Island, and Sea Lion Rock are covered with these yearly visitors. Edward A. Preble, in *The Nature Magazine* (Washington), speaks of the strange names given the seal family:

> There has evolved a strange and incongruous nomenclature. The male of breeding age is called a bull, the female is a cow, but the young is a pup! The breeding bull with his assemblage of cows constitute a harem, and their place of abode is a rookery. The immature males are called bachelors, and their resort on land is a hauling ground. Yet, however inapt this terminology at first appears, the observer soon becomes accustomed to it, and its incongruity is forgotten.
>
> The fur seal is not an intelligent animal, and therefore has learned nothing from his many generations of sad experience with man. Each year he returns with his fellows to the islands where several hundred people exist by preying upon him. When it is desired he gathers with his companions in bands of the proper age, and allows himself to be driven overland to the slaughtering ground. Here he presents himself for close inspection, and holds his tender head aloft to receive the fatal blow. If rejected and encouraged to escape to the sea, he makes every effort to rejoin his companions who are being slaughtered. In short, he does his best to serve man's interests, giving all and asking nothing.

When the seal reach the islands, the formation of the harems starts, and the seal needs his strength for his "ceaseless three-months' vigil." When spring comes and the snow and ice begin to melt—

> Then up from the south come the earliest of the fur seals, the strongest bulls, great, sleek warm-coated fellows, full of energy and vain of their strength. Straight for the land they come, and climbing upon the rocky shore each seeks the place where last

There is enjoyment in planning Early!

The Greatest Summer Vacation

A Cruise to Europe and the Mediterranean

by S.S. "CALIFORNIA" of the Cunard and Anchor Lines

—a superb new sister to the TUSCANIA,—equipped with many novel features.

From New York July 1st returning Aug. 31, 1926

MODERATE RATES
Send for descriptive guide book

Thos. Cook & Son
NEW YORK
Philadelphia Boston Chicago
St. Louis San Francisco Los Angeles
Toronto Montreal Vancouver

Get well Comfortably

ASIDE FROM the fact that *All* climatic factors at Albuquerque favor the cure of tuberculosis many people get well here after failing in less favored climates because here they can live the outdoor life the year round in absolute comfort. Winters are mild, dry and sunshiny. Everyone sleeps under blankets in the summertime. Less than one-fifth the rainfall of eastern health resorts; less than one-half the rainfall of Colorado.

Our new illustrated book *Putting 4-Wheel Brakes on Tuberculosis* which tells about accommodations, living expenses, etc., will be sent gratis to the names you suggest.

Albuquerque Civic Council

738 First National Bank Building
Albuquerque, N. M.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK CHEMCRAFT THE CHEMICAL OUTFIT

Demand CHEMCRAFT —the original and best chemistry set.

The Christmas Gift Your Boy Will Like!

Every boy who likes to find out things for himself and become a leader in his studies and among his friends, should have a Chemcraft outfit. Get one for your boy. Let him experiment; make soap, ink, dyes, test water, food, soil, and do magic tricks. He will have the time of his life with the many instructive Chemcraft experiments. Five sizes: 75c; $1.50; $2.50; $5.00 and $10.00. Each complete with SAFE Chemicals, apparatus and instruction book. Sold in toy departments, or sent direct upon receipt of price. Additional information gladly mailed.

THE PORTER CHEMICAL CO.
103 Washington St., Hagerstown, Md.

By Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt.D., LL.D.

CONJUNCTIONS

Their functions and uses fully explained. Illustrated by examples from classic English literature With this little volume you can avoid the mistakes of those who think they watch their speech, but fail to watch their conjunctions.

Cloth. Pocket size. 35c, post-paid

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York

LISTEN: "You were born great! You can achieve greatness if you will! And if you go about it the right way, you will have greatness thrust upon you!"

Thus begins Keith J. Thomas' great book, "Personal Power." And the 314 pages point the way to all live, ambitious men and women. It is indeed a wonderfully inspiring book.

12mo. Cloth, $1.75, net; $1.89, post-paid

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Pubs., 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

year he made his home. If the season has been normally severe, and if his station be favorable for ice accumulation, it may happen that a coating of ice many feet in thickness still covers his favorite position. Whether this be so or not, there he takes his stand and begins his ceaseless three-month vigil, to be spent without food, almost without drink, and without sleep, save what brief snatches he may catch in the unending clamor and incessant activity of harem life.

From time to time other bulls arrive, each seeking a station. In the year that has passed since the last breeding-season thousands of young males have reached the age and size which enables them to compete with the beach masters. So each station must be defended and held by force, or lost, for to each bull seal finally comes the time when he must retreat before a younger and stronger rival. So as the days go by many battles are fought. In the meantime, from early June on, the prospective mother seals arrive from the south. They land with little delay, tho somewhat timidly, and each soon selects her lord and master. Jealousy is not a characteristic of the female seal, consequently a rapidly growing harem is more likely to gain recruits than a small one. For this and other reasons the harems vary greatly in size; some may contain only a few females, while others, apparently no better situated, may number several score. Once a female has selected her home, the male under whose care she has placed herself resists with all his might any defection. Each harem master must be continually on the alert to keep his wives from straying away, and to prevent their theft by other bulls, either already established or seeking stations.

At any moment the lord of the harem must be prepared to make a rush to overtake a cow which seems inclined to wander. As we are told:

> She is seized by the neck or back and unceremoniously tossed back among her sisters. At the same time perhaps another male which has been watching his chance attempts to usurp the place of the legitimate owner. *He* must be driven away, or all is lost. So the days and nights are filled with action.
>
> Each female gives birth to a single pup soon after she comes ashore—sometimes within a few hours. This little fellow is coal-black all over, and weighs about twelve pounds. Within a day or two after the birth of her pup the female is free to go and come as she wishes. Then she begins a series of trips to the feeding-grounds offshore. These may be many miles away, but distance means little to an animal able to make a journey of several thousand miles twice a year. On the fishing-banks the mother seal eats enormously, and having remained at sea a day or two to digest her feast, she returns to her home and nurses her hungry offspring. How a mother can pick out her own dusky youngster from among the thousands that soon throng the rookeries, no one else knows, but this she does. Unlucky the pup whose mother has been intercepted and devoured by the killer whale, her worst enemy, unless indeed such an orphan be adopted by some mother bereft of her own pup by death. In the trampling that these little fellows must undergo in the fights which constantly occur, and the everlasting mad scrambling, many lose their lives.
>
> Nourished by the abundance of rich milk periodically furnished, the pups grow rapidly, and as they gain in strength and

3
IN
Known
the World Over

The Big Red "One" speaks a universal language. To the Spaniard it stands for "Aceite Tres-en-Uno." To the Rio de Janeirian it means "Oleo Tres-em-Um." To the South African it represents 3-in-One Olie." All over the world, whatever the spoken tongue, the Big Red "One" symbolizes

3-in-One

The High Quality Oil

One oil with three functions—to lubricate all light mechanisms; to clean and polish furniture, woodwork, floors, windows, mirrors, etc.; to prevent rust and tarnish on all metal surfaces.

3-in-One is a light, penetrating oil for all lubrication purposes, that never gums or dries out; never burns out at high speeds. Stays in the bearings and oils perfectly. Cleans out gum and residue, and any excess of oil works out of the bearings.

Buy 3-in-One of your hardware, auto accessory, sporting goods, department, drug, grocery or general store.

FREE: Write for generous sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses.

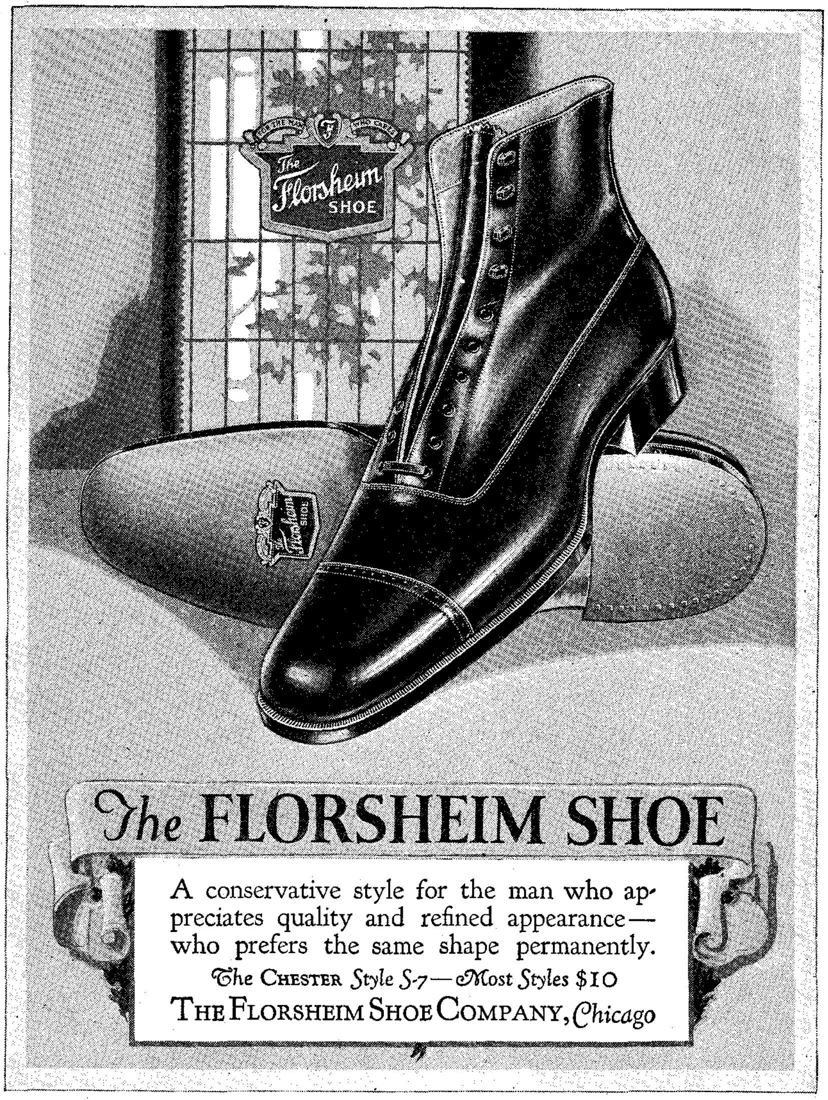
THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 130 LE. William St., New York
Factories: Rahway, N. J. and Montreal

J93

Lubricate
Sewing Machines
Guns
Phonographs
Office Mechanisms
Vacuum Cleaners
Locks and Hinges
Clocks
Auto Springs

Clean & Polish
Pianos
Furniture
Woodwork
Hardwood Floors
Windows
Mirrors
Oil Cloth
Linoleum

Prevent Rust and Tarnish
Razors
Firearms
Bicycles
Gas Range Ovens
Bathroom Fixtures



The FLORSHEIM SHOE

A conservative style for the man who appreciates quality and refined appearance—who prefers the same shape permanently.

The CHESTER Style S-7—Most Styles $10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, Chicago

Answers to thousands of questions about HOW TO BEHAVE in

Emily Post's Brilliant Book

ETIQUETTE The Blue Book of Social Usage

How to introduce people—when they should and should not shake hands.

Giving a theatre party—what to wear—how to go down the aisle—how to sit—dining afterward.

How to talk—niceties of conversation—phrases to avoid—when to converse without an introduction.

Salutations—when a man lifts his hat—how a woman bows—calling cards.

Behavior on the street—a man shouldn't sandwich between two women—bundles—offering his arm.

How a young girl is presented to society—debutante ball—supper—how many guests—the debutante's dress—duty of hostess—why a girl should dance well.

Courtship—danger of being "carried away"—no more stilted artificiality—first duty of accepted suitor.

Announcing the engagement—whom to tell—who should call—etiquette of engaged couples.

Compiling the wedding list—a "Cinderella" wedding—groom should not give wedding—wedding hour—arranging presents—trousseau—decorations—wedding dresses—wedding trip.

Christenings—choosing godparents—christening dress for baby and godparents.

The well-appointed house—"becoming" furniture—what the butler wears—house footman—cook—lady's maid, etc., and their duties—household etiquette—where servants entertain their company.

Afternoon parties—teas with and without dancing—the garden party.

Formal dinners, luncheons, etc.—how they can be bungled—don'ts in table setting—etiquette of gloves and napkin—attacking a complicated dish—dinner giving with limited equipment.

Balls and dances—decorations—sit-down suppers—duty of hostess—how to walk across ballroom—"cutting in"—asking for a dance—subscription dances.

Notes and letters—choice of paper—complimentary close—signature—business letters—thanks—introduction—condolence—letters no one cares to read—letters no woman should write.

Dress—the chic woman—vulgar clothes—dresses on street—when income is limited—fashion and fat—a gentleman's formal clothes—jewelry.

Every day manners at home and in traveling abroad—helpful hints.

Funerals—first details—hanging the bell—honorary pallbearers—checking expenses in advance—when a veil is not worn.

"Mrs. Post is unquestionably an authority on the customs and manners of polite society."—*Philadelphia Record.*

16 pages illustrations of table settings, etc. 639 pages.
Crown 8vo. Cloth $4, net; leather $7.50, net; postage 18c extra.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers
354-360 Fourth Avenue New York City

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

activity they wander back and forth along the beaches, alternately playing with their companions and sleeping. About the beginning of August the older pups, now nearly two months old, begin to venture into the water, and soon become proficient swimmers. By late August they are able to brave the roughest water, and spend hours playing in the surf, extending their excursions so far from their nurseries that one wonders how the mother seals continue to find their own. Long after the breeding-bulls have left the islands the mothers must still attend their pups, for it is not until November that they are sufficiently developed to go to sea with the older animals.

When they leave the islands the seals travel southward, leaving Bering Sea by the same routes that they have followed for ages. Except at the breeding season they are independent of the land; at sea they find their food; on its surface they sleep in comfort. So southward they leisurely make their way, some reaching the latitude of southern California. The bulls and the older of the bachelors winter mainly not far south of the Aleutian Chain and in the Gulf of Alaska, the younger males go farther south, while the cows go the farthest of all. On the northward migration the old males arrive first, the bachelors and cows next, two-year-olds later, while the yearlings, grown longer and slimmer, but weighing no more than they did the previous autumn, do not reach the islands until late in August.

The growing scarcity of another sea-born fur-bearer, the sea-otter, the owner of the softest and most valuable fur the world has ever known, was responsible for the discovery of the Pribilof Islands. It was toward the close of the seventeenth century that the sea-otter was discovered by the Russians on the coast of Kamchatka. It was pursued relentlessly by its discoverers and those who followed them, and within less than fifty years it had become so scarce that the fur gatherers had to extend their explorations in search of fresh fields. In 1741 the surviving companions of the ill-fated Bering brought back a large catch both of sea-otter and seals from the Commander Islands. This new field and the Aleutian Islands, next to be exploited, were well-nigh exhausted within the next thirty years, and then it was that the numerous companies began to be interested in the fur-seals.

During these years, while the wealth of the Aleutians was being so ruthlessly wasted, the attention of the Russian fur-hunters was attracted to the vast numbers of fur-seals which rushed northward each spring through the passes of the Aleutians, and in the autumn passed southward. Questioning brought out the fact that the natives knew nothing more of the seals than this. But since the animals never landed on these stormy shores, it was naturally supposed that they must repair to some unknown land to the northward to breed, and perhaps to some other continent to the southward to winter. Many voyages of search were made in both directions, but it was not until 1786 that Gehrman Pribilof, blundering about in the impenetrable fog in a small sloop, the *St. George*, almost wrecked his vessel on the high cliffs of an island where the clangor of thousands of seals told him that his long search was ended.

Drury College, Springfield, Missouri

It was a year later that the other larger island, St. Paul, was found. Altho no record exists of any previous visit, tradition has it that the remains of a fire were found on the beach of St. Paul when these hardy navigators first landed there. Who those first discoverers were will never be known. Probably they were lost while endeavoring to make their way back home. At any rate, our greedy fur-hunters asked no questions. What most interested them were the immense herds of seals congregated on the beaches. Unvexed by any land enemy their thronging thousands covered the rocks and sands in dozens of communities which stretched beyond the range of the eye.

But these teeming hordes were not long left in peace. From the Aleutians, where the Russians already held the natives in virtual slavery, recruits were brought to the Pribilofs and established in several small villages for the labor of skinning the seals. Here the natives, living in half underground huts, which they heated as best they could with the scanty supply of damp driftwood and seal fat, driven and abused by their Russian masters, lived and died and were forgotten.

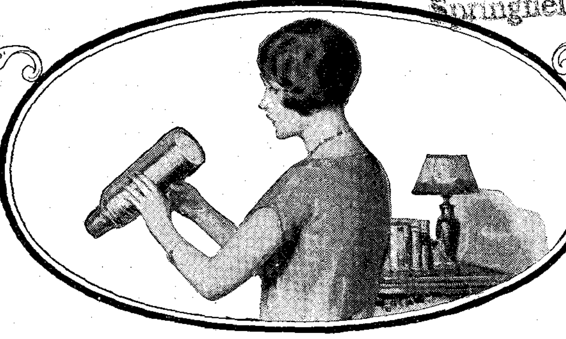
During the first fifty years of Russian rule on the Pribilofs, male and female seals were slaughtered indiscriminately, but later the killing of females was abandoned, and in 1867, when the United States bought Alaska, the herd was variously estimated at from two to five millions.

For about forty years following the right to take the seals was awarded to private companies. The development of pelagic sealing, however, the killing of seals at sea, an extremely wasteful and brutal method, resulted in 1911 in the negotiation of a treaty with Great Britain, Russia, and Japan, abolishing pelagic sealing for a period of fifteen years. This treaty is effective until 1926, and it is expected and hoped, in view of the manifest advantages gained by the cessation of this wasteful practise, that it will be further continued.

Since 1912, yearly seal estimates have been made. The count of pups has shown an annual increase in that class of between nine and ten per cent. The seals taken for their skins are all three-year-old males, since it is at this age that the pelage is most valuable, but the herd is a growing valuable resource.

I, We, Us and Co.—On last Tuesday the voters of Burnside Township elected the writer to the office of Justice of the Peace the ninth time in succession for which we are very thankful for the confidence they had in me in always supporting me in everything we asked for not only in the township, but always giving me good majorities in running for county offices and hoping that we will still conduct ourselves in a way that no one will ever be ashamed or regret that he voted for us for any office. We thank you one and all for the confidence you have always had in me.—*Vienna (Ill.) Times.*

A Mixed Audience.—Lansing, Nov. 18. —(By the Associated Press.)—Sterilization, to weed out mental defectives and certain types of criminals, and birth control, to prevent the production of so many children they can not be cared for properly, were advocated by Dr. Clarence Cook Little, president of the University of Michigan, in an address here to-night before Three saloons, four Kroger stores, ficers and nurses.—*Detroit Free Press.*

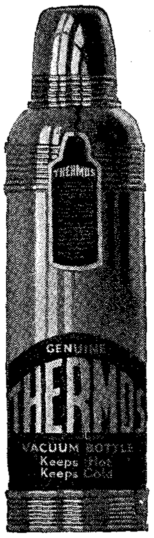


'Tis "Thermos" or 'Tisn't "Thermos"

"THERMOS" Bottles make ideal Christmas gifts because everybody finds constant need for portable foods and drinks—hot *without fire* and cold *without ice.* And Genuine *Thermos* Vacuum Bottles provide them.

In giving "Thermos" gifts you need not worry about duplications, for to possess *two* "Thermos" Bottles is just *twice as convenient* as to have only one.

Don't, however, expect genuine "Thermos" service from any but a Genuine *Thermos* Vacuum Bottle. Some "Vacuum" bottles, you know, are *not* "Thermos" Bottles. There's only one Genuine *"Thermos".*

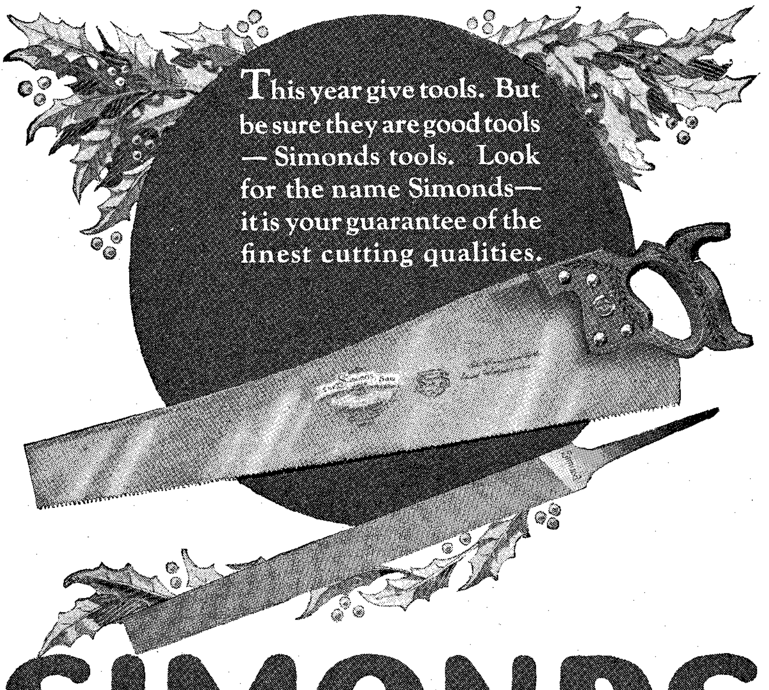


THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY
New York Chicago Cincinnati
San Francisco Norwich, Conn.
Huntington, W. Va.

Enamel Finish Set No. 27614. Wild Rose Border on Art Enamel Background, in various colors. Each, $20. Other styles of enameled sets, $10.25 up.

GENUINE
THERMOS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
VACUUM BOTTLE

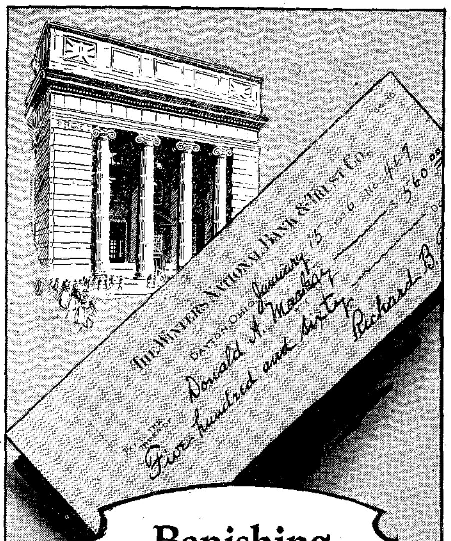
HANDY GIFTS FOR HANDY MEN



This year give tools. But be sure they are good tools — Simonds tools. Look for the name Simonds— it is your guarantee of the finest cutting qualities.

SIMONDS
Pronounced SI-MONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY, Fitchburg, Massachusetts
"The Saw Makers" Branch Stores and Service Shops in Principal Cities Established 1832



Banishing the Danger of Check Fraud

With the tremendous growth of checks in modern business, has come a greater appreciation of the protection which these valuable instruments should receive.

More and more banks all the time are furnishing their depositors with checks on

National Safety Paper

—the *self-protecting checks.* This protection is now used by a majority of banks in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco and Toronto—and by thousands more throughout the country.

A check on National Safety Paper is automatically protected the moment it is written. Any eradicator which will remove the writing inevitably produces a white spot in the paper—instant exposure!

Ask your bank for this protection.

Write for our book "The Protection of Checks"

George La Monte & Son
Founded 1871
61 Broadway, New York
National Safety Paper is also made in Canada by George La Monte & Son, Ltd., Toronto

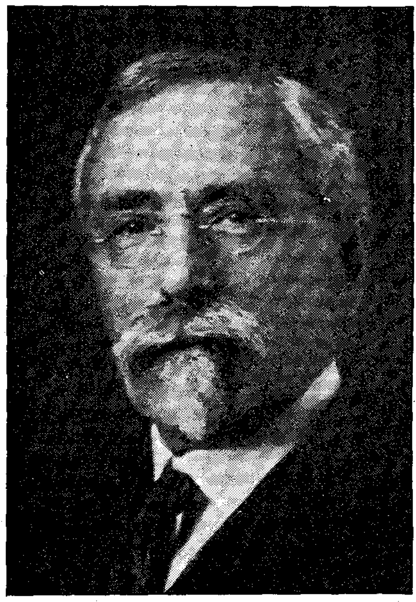
INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

WANTED—A GUARDIAN FOR THE SMALL STOCKHOLDER

WHILE there are voices in the business world still loudly calling for the abolition of the Federal Trade Commission, Prof. W. Z. Ripley, of Harvard University, comes forward with a suggestion that the Commission's scope be enlarged in order to protect the millions of small investors who are unable to safeguard their property rights. Whereas President Coolidge, in his recent New York address, emphasized the desirability of "the largest possible independence between government and business," Professor Ripley advocates the extension of governmental supervision over so-called banking interests which sell the preferred and non-voting common stocks of corporations, and retain control by keeping the voting common stock, with the result that those who actually put up the money have no voice in the corporation's affairs.

Twenty-five years ago, writes Evans Clark in the New York *Times*, the problem of absentee ownership was not a pressing one. Then only 4,400,000 people in the entire United States owned stock in some corporation or other; "to-day the number must be well above 15,000,000." One person out of every seven is a corporation stockholder. The net result of this revolution in the ownership of industry, says Professor Ripley, "is the assumption of an irresponsible control by intermediaries—most commonly bankers, so-called—in place of the former responsibility for direction which, theoretically at least, rested upon the shoulders of the actual owners." Continues the economist:

> All kinds of private businesses are being bought up by banking houses, and new corporations are being substituted for the old in order that the purchase price (and more) may be recovered by sale of shares to the general public. But the significant change is that the new stock thus sold is entirely bereft of any voting power, except in case of actual or impending bankruptcy. Every kind of business is being swept into this maelstrom. All kinds of public utilities, except railroads—chain and department stores, foodstuffs, washing-machines, refrigerators, confectionery, make-believe silk stockings, toilet and beauty preparations—our daily bread, our cake and our ice-cream, even our home-made pies!
>
> As for the wide distribution of stock to employees and to consumers of the corporation's product, the effect is bound to be cumulative with that of insinuation of banking power between ownership and operation. Corporations have always been susceptible to control by concentration of voting power. Far less than half of the capital stock may be as effective for such control as possession of an actual majority. But it is elemental—requiring no proof—that the larger the number of shareholders the more easily may a small concentrated block of minority holders exercise sway over all the rest.
>
> The former concentration of wealth is now yielding place to so wide a diffusion as to call for public recognition by way of legislation or oversight.
>
> But the important point to note is that the wider the diffusion of ownership the more readily does effective control run to the intermediaries, in this case promoters, bankers, or management companies.
>
> The foregoing dangerous tendencies are much aggravated, also, by reason of the operation of a number of highly artificial legal devices which serve to isolate still further the property owner from control over his investment. The holding company, voting trusts, trusts set up for the living, the moribund or the dead, the investment trust, and finally the intervention of the life-insurance companies as investing agents for their policy-holders—each and every one of these has latterly insinuated itself to still further set off ownership from responsibility in management.
>
> One remedy stands forth preeminently. Publicity of accounts and their standardization are likely to be most serviceable as a check upon otherwise unrestrained control. These millions of investors and the public, even if they have so confidingly given their possessions over into the care of others, have a right to full and complete, unmitigated information. There lies an appropriate function for a rejuvenated and enlarged Federal Trade Commission, to discharge an obligation of the Federal Government to a great and in many respects a helpless body of our citizens.



PROF. W. Z. RIPLEY

The Harvard economist who suggests government supervision in the interests of minority stockholders in large corporations.

"It is an elementary principle of government, as well as of business," agrees the Raleigh *News and Observer*, "that responsibility must be fixt and certain in order to secure efficiency." It is also possible, points out the New York *Times*, "for a well-organized and active group of stockholders, controlling not more than 30 per cent. of the stock, to dominate a corporation, for in these days when small holdings are widely diffused, proxies are difficult to obtain." In the final analysis, believes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "the dodging of responsibility by certain processes of financial hocus-pocus will be stopt by popular opposition. But the public mind moves slowly, and needs to be steadily enlightened." And, adds *The Wall Street Journal*, "while Professor Ripley's warning was given in exaggerated terms," yet—

> Those who buy stocks and subject themselves to the risks of a business should not be asked to forego the characteristic right of a partner to participate in the selection of managers for the business in which his money is embarked.
>
> Artificial devices to perpetuate control of a corporation by the banking or other group which happens to have it are in general unwholesome. They make it too easy for a limited number of individuals to hold control with a relatively small commitment.
>
> In respect to preferred shares, it is sometimes contended by bankers or other reorganizers that the holder thereof receives his fixt rate of dividend in consideration of foregoing voting rights. The buyer is supposed to take them with his eyes open, but that argument has no bearing upon the potential evil of unnecessarily great powers vested in the holders of a fraction of the investment.
>
> Argument that exclusive voting powers or voting trusts are required to assure continuity of governing policies is more specious than sound. Dozens of railroad corporations have enjoyed the highest continuity of managerial policy for long periods without resort to arbitrary restriction of voting powers, and so have many industrials from the Steel Corporation down.

On the other hand, "the average stockholder can not be expected to keep up with the multitudinous details in the company in which he has invested," declares the Mobile *Register*. In fact, observes the New York *World*, he apparently welcomes the opportunity to turn his proxy over to some one else. And if Professor Ripley's remedy—the publicity of accounts and their standardization—were adopted, several other editors remark, it is doubtful if this would help matters, for even if the average stockholder understood financial statements, without power to make his influence felt, as a holder of non-voting stock, he is not much better off than before. Furthermore, maintains the New York *Commercial:*

> Isolated instances of the kind Professor Ripley mentions can not be made the basis of a wholesale charge that the control of industry is slipping away from ownership.
>
> As for his prediction that government supervision over banking interests is a possibility, does Professor Ripley believe that the stockholders of corporations would be better off if the management or control of their corporations were in the hands of bureaucrats at Washington, instead of in the hands of men who have demonstrated their fitness for the task?

The KIMBALL in Every Clime

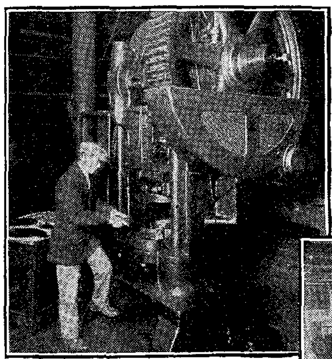
THROUGHOUT the years since Kimball Pianos were first manufactured, they have been given the most severe climatic tests—through heat and cold, dryness and moisture. In our own country—the homes of the valleys and the mountains, of the coast regions of the east and west, or from the lakes of the north to the warm, moist vicinity of the Gulf—the Kimball has earned an enviable reputation for excellence of *tone* quality and for *staying in tune*.

The same commendation comes from the use of the Kimball in the tropical countries of South and Central America, Mexico, the Philippines, Cuba—from the varying conditions in Australia, Spain, and Alaska.

The unanimous admiration of the Kimball must, therefore, come from the *merit of the product*—its reliability under all conditions. Correspondence is invited whether you are considering the purchase of a grand, a reproducing grand, an upright, a player piano, pipe organ, or phonograph.

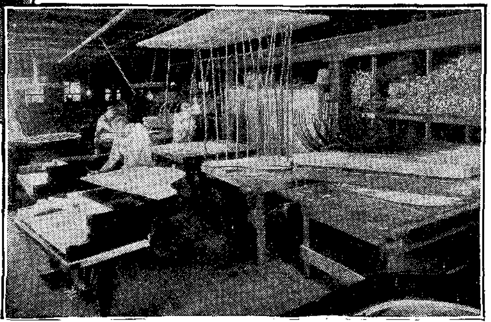
A responsible KIMBALL dealer should be near you. If not, write Dept. KL, and we will sell to you direct. Descriptive catalogs, also nearest dealer's address, sent you on request

W. W. KIMBALL CO. (Established 1857)
Gen'l Offices and Sales Depts.: 306 So. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, U.S.A.



The powerful punch press, shown on the left, is used in making the innumerable metal parts of Kimball pianos and pipe organs. It is but one of the items that strikingly illustrate the completeness of the Kimball factories, Chicago, which manufacture the instruments entire.

The sounding boards for Kimball instruments are given the utmost attention. The best quality of mountain spruce is selected and so shaped and fastened to the frame as to produce the *tone* qualities of the violin. Each rib must be firmly glued, each operation must be exact. Special machinery aids in producing excellence that endures.



It's nice to, get up in the morning when your radiator is hot,

After a zero night you will realize how Hoffman Vacuum Valves increase the comfort you get from steam heat. Radiators warm up in the morning when the first vapor is generated at the boiler.

Hoffman Vacuum Valves not only let air out of steam radiators—they keep it out. You don't waste steam to push out the air that has sneaked back and made radiators cold. Your precious coal goes into heat. You will also be astonished how much less coal you burn.

The Thirty Day Challenge Test
Make it yourself

Put a Hoffman Vacuum Valve on one radiator or equip all of them. Hours after you have banked your fires you will find these radiators still hot. In the morning they will be the first to heat. That is because air has been kept out. That is the magic of a vacuum.

Send the coupon for "Locking the Door Against the Heat Thief" which explains in simple words just why the vacuum created by Hoffman Vacuum Valves transforms steam heat. We will also send you a "Thirty-Day Trial Certificate" which lets you test these valves at our risk.

Your local plumbing and heating shops sell Hoffman Vacuum Valves

HOFFMAN
VACUUM VALVES
more heat from less coal

The Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc.
Dept. Q 5, 25 West 45th St.,
New York City

Please send me without obligation your book "Locking the Door Against the Heat Thief" and the "30-day Trial Certificate."

Name......................................
Street......................................
City.......................... *State*..............

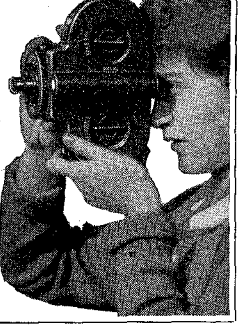
CALLOUSES
Quick, safe relief for callouses and burning on bottom of feet.
At drug and shoe stores everywhere

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

For *Free Sample* write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

For Christmas:
Give
Filmo
REGISTERED
AUTOMATIC
The World's Highest Quality
MOTION PICTURE CAMERA
For the Individual
Sold by better dealers
Write for descriptive Booklet
"What You See You Get'
BELL & HOWELL CO.
1803 Larchmont Ave.
CHICAGO, Ill.



INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

ERAS OF CONSERVATISM

In considering generally the future of the stock market and the course of investment values, and in particular the future of first, railway, and secondly, public utility rates, Moody's Investors Service thinks that an extremely important question is how long the present era of conservatism in popular feeling may last. For instance, "we found in 1922 that in spite of prosperous trade conditions a general spirit of radicalism is quite capable of breaking the bond and stock markets any time. Even United States bonds and municipals, after that Congressional election wherein radicalism was so clearly displayed, broke sharply." We are reminded that, after all, "stocks and bonds are worth what they will sell for in the long run; and bills and laws threatening property rights have the effect of diminishing both market price and true values." Hence this investment authority finds it most gratifying that the "present era of conservatism promises to endure for some years":

Theoretically it ought to run through 1930, subject only to some temporary radicalism during the next business depression; but one can neither make reliable estimates of the future nor tabulate past experience accurately. It is impossible to say just when the various eras of conservative feeling began and terminated. By the study of election returns, legislation and bills introduced, however, we have gained the impression that history upon this question may be tabulated roughly as follows:

Radicalism		*Conservatism*	
Began	*Lasted*	*Began*	*Lasted*
1869	3 Years	1872	2 Years
1874	4 "	1878	6 "
1884	2 "	1886	4 "
1890	5.5 "	1896	6.5 "
1903	5 "	1908	3 "
1911	5 "	1916	6 "
1922	2 "	1924	— "
	—		—
	4		4.6

Probably, then, the typical era of conservatism since the Civil War has had a duration of about 4.6 years, as compared with an average duration of four years for eras of radicalism. But this is a relatively unimportant half-truth. The main point is that radicalism arises out of the ill-feeling created by either business depressions or the passing of excessive prosperity. The feelings of discontent beginning in 1922 and that of 1869 were probably the consequences of the passing of excessive war prosperity and unearned income. Usually, however, unrest and radicalism thrive only upon depression, and disappear when trade becomes prosperous.

If the present era of conservatism should have the average duration, it would, we are told, run approximately through 1928. But a study of the business cycle has led Moody's to conclude that the next business depression is likely to "be moderate in extent and severity, and should not, therefore, give rise to any very dangerous radicalism." After that slight depression

GERMAN ARMY OFFICERS' FIELD GLASSES
FREE TRIAL

8-power $9.85 If you wish to keep them
A Practical Christmas Gift

Free trial coupon will bring you these genuine German War Glasses purchased at exceptionally advantageous rates of exchange.

Manufactured by most prominent of German optical factories. Many were received direct from the Allied Reparations Commission.

Finest achromatic day and night lenses, 40 m. m. objective. Dust and moisture proof. Pupillary adjustment. Built for service, regardless of cost, according to strictest military standards. All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition. We have sold 90,000 pairs of this model to date.

Shipped promptly on receipt of attached coupon on 5 days' free trial. If satisfied send check or money order for $9.85. *Order your field glasses today.*

HENDERSON BROTHERS
Largest importers of field glasses in America
95 Federal Street Boston, Mass.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Gentlemen:
Please send me on 5 days' free trial one pair German Army Officers' war glasses. After 5 days' trial I will either return glasses or remit $9.85.

Name......................................
Address......................................
State......................................
DIG. 4......................................

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn $18 to $60 a week Retouching photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish **Working Outfit Free.** Limited offer. **Write to-day. Artcraft Studios, Dept. D4, 3900 Sheridan Road Chicago.**

GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself
Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off!
W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 38, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

"Don't-Snore"
Mouth breathing asleep or awake is harmful.
PATENTED DEVICE ON TRIAL MADE OF GOLD $2.00. Stops Snoring.
Stops mouth breathing even during violent exercise
SIMPLE DEVICE CO., WASHINGTON, D. C. Box 1477-D

A Working Grammar of the English Language
by James C. Fernald, L.H.D. English grammar presented so concisely, simply, accessibly, that it is of constant value to every one who needs practical information. Cloth, $1.50; by mail, $1.64.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 74, N.Y.

The Literary Digest As a Christmas Gift

Thousands of people have found The Literary Digest to be the *ideal* Christmas gift! You will too. Instead of a fleeting, one-time reminder of your good-will, such as most other gifts convey, The Digest will bring *52 reminders*, one each week for a whole year. It will inform, amuse, and interest every one to whom you send it. No wonder people so universally prize and appreciate The Digest as a gift!

Engraved Card Sent Free

Just write in a letter the names and addresses of the people to whom you are going to send The Digest this coming year, and sign your name as donor. We will send to each person an engraved card signed with your name, bearing your Christmas greetings. To avoid delay, send your remittance with your letter—$4.00 for each yearly subscription. You can solve several of your most perplexing gift problems by giving The Literary Digest—but do it NOW.

The Literary Digest
354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

there should be even greater prosperity than at present and, "according to this hypothesis, the present era of conservatism might run for five years or more, subject only to a temporary and rather unimportant relapse." Now this is said to have a distinct bearing on the future of railway bonds and stocks:

> According to our hypothetical and tentative outline of the business cycle, the 1926 Congressional elections may occur during a time of moderate trade depression, but the 1928 national elections ought to occur at a time of great general prosperity. Now, if this should prove true, we might expect some spotty victories for radicalism in 1926, but rather general triumphs for conservatism in 1928.
>
> A prolonged, conservative and constructive period might mean higher freight rates for the Northwest, and a general absence of oppressive or costly regulation of railroad affairs. Such an absence would be pretty sure to denote a steady improvement in the credit and borrowing power of railroads, a healthy growth of carrying capacity, and also a sustained growth in the true values of stocks and junior bonds.
>
> How significant this might be for long-term railroad bonds one may easily imagine. The next business depression, whenever it occurs, will doubtless be accompanied by some reaction in such bonds; but if at its termination the political skies should still be clear and Federal taxes steadily diminishing—then there might come into sight an important bull movement of years' duration in these long-term issues.

THE PASSING OF THE BIG FARM

We used to hear that the time was coming when "the small farmer, like the small tradesman, would disappear, tho more slowly." As the New York *Times* remarks, "it was from our own West that the main support for this prophecy was drawn." Europe, as well as our own East, was greatly imprest by the "bonanza" farms in the Dakotas with their many thousands of acres, and people were becoming convinced that "large-scale production was to triumph on the land as in the factory." But *The Times* tells us that this argument has now been wiped out. It quotes Prof. Alva H. Benton of Fargo as saying in *The Journal of Land Economics* in effect that the bonanza farms in North Dakota are no longer an agricultural factor of any importance, and that another generation will see them forgotten. As *The Times* summarizes what Professor Benton has to say:

> The classic Dalrymple farm of 100,000 acres, the Grandin, Hillsboro, Cooper, Amenia, Mosher, Spiritwood farms, ranging from 61,000 acres down to 17,000 acres, have either been entirely split up into small holdings or are near extinction. Such big farms as exist in North Dakota are almost without exception unprofitable ventures.
>
> Economic law, as Professor Benton points out, was not primarily responsible for the rise of the big farms. The Northern Pacific Railroad had received by charter in 1863 nearly 11,000,000 acres in North Dakota. In 1873 the failure of Jay Cooke, financier of the Northern Pacific, left

A wide range for book giving in

Robert Louis STEVENSON

A wide range for book giving suggests itself in the new South Seas Stevenson. Here is the man himself, whose rare personality charmed all who ever knew him in life or in his writings. "R. L. S." meets every taste, with thrilling adventure stories, poems for grown-ups and poems for children, plays, thoughtful essays, and intimate revealing letters. The price is modest, only

[90¢ *any volume*]

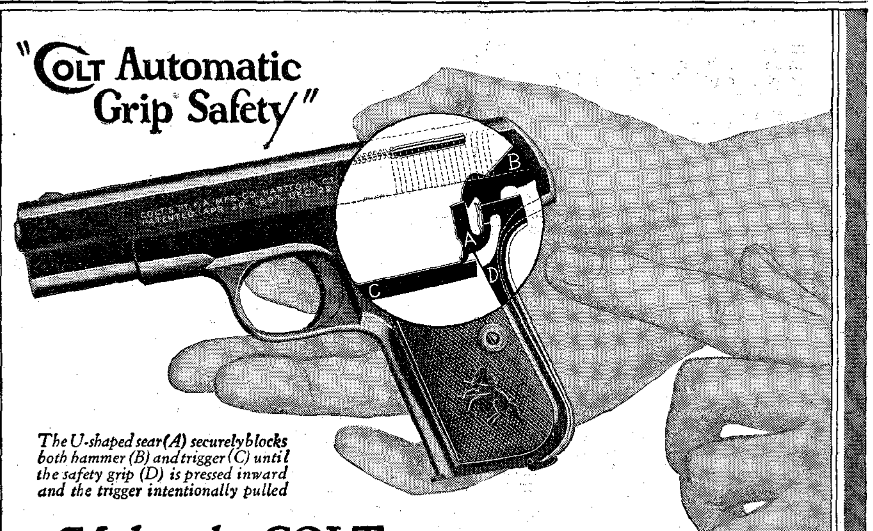
The books are attractive, with green library binding, two-color title-page, and decorative end papers. You can buy any title, or any selection of titles. And remember the cost, *only 90 cents each.* The South Seas Stevenson complete, only $28.80.

COMPLETE - AUTHORIZED - COPYRIGHTED

At any place where books are sold

Charles Scribner's Sons · Fifth Avenue · New York

P. S. Every child who has read TREASURE ISLAND *should know the delights of* KIDNAPPED *and* DAVID BALFOUR.



The U-shaped sear (A) securely blocks both hammer (B) and trigger (C) until the safety grip (D) is pressed inward and the trigger intentionally pulled

***Makes the* COLT *Automatically* SAFE**

Some people still think a Colt Automatic Pistol is too complicated for them. Quite the contrary; it is just as safe and easy to handle as a Colt Revolver—the arm everyone understands.

The Colt Automatic Pistol has two safety features.

The *Automatic Grip Safety* cannot be released until you intend to shoot. The grip (or handle) must be grasped at the same time the trigger is pulled.

The *Slide Lock*, which is on the outside, is an additional safety operated with the thumb. It makes the arm doubly safe when it is put away or carried in the pocket.

In five minutes any Colt Dealer can teach you how to handle a Colt Automatic Pistol.

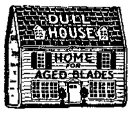
The new Colt Catalog explains all Colt Safety Features

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Pacific Coast Representative
Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco, California

The Arm of Law and Order

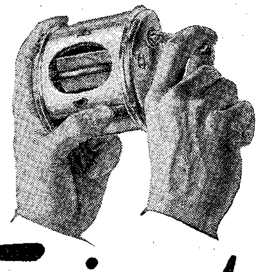
"Dear me! What can I give John for Christmas?" exclaimed Sally.
"Does he shave himself?" asked Phil.
"Yes, and how he hates it."
"That's fine," said Phil, "for I know something you can give him which will make his shaving a joy."
"Really! I'm consumed with curiosity."
"Give him a Twinplex Stropper," suggested Phil.
"I don't believe he would use it. I've heard John say he wouldn't bother to strop his blades, new blades are so cheap."
"He won't say that after he has had one shave with a new blade stropped on Twinplex," insisted Phil.
"Does Twinplex really improve a new blade?" asked Sally.
"I should say it does. I never knew what a good shave was until I shaved with a new blade which had been stropped on Twinplex," said Phil emphatically.
"Will a Twinplex make a blade last longer?" asked Sally.
"You bet it will," Phil ejaculated. "Why I use one blade for weeks at a time."
"How jolly," exclaimed Sally. "I'll give John a Twinplex and it won't cost anything for he won't have to buy so many blades."
You can get a Twinplex for him at any good store. Models for seven popular razors.



Send for this unique Home for Old Blades

Once inside this tiny house with green blinds, blades can't get out to harm anyone. Send 10c, name your razor and we will send you a Dull House and a sharp new blade, made keen by stropping on Twinplex. We would just like to show you what Twinplex will do to a new blade.
For fifteen years Twinplex Stroppers have been sold on approval at leading stores all over the world. Ask your dealer for one.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1622 Locust St., St. Louis
New York Montreal London Chicago



Twinplex Stropper
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

numerous investors with securities of little value in their hands. They were persuaded by the Northern Pacific's land sales manager to exchange their securities for land. In that way the great farm aggregations arose. They had their vicissitudes. The fat years were put to skilful publicity use by the railroad company for attracting settlers. Lean years, accompanied by increased taxation and mounting overhead, wrote another story for the big farms. With time they lost the initial advantage they enjoyed in the way of shipping rates. In the end it has been shown that year in and year out the small farm operated by owner or tenant with his own labor is a better economic unit than the bonanza with its elaborate management and elaborate problems.

The Dakota farm remains larger, and is bound to be larger, than the average landholding further East. Eight hundred acres in the western part of the State, 320 to 480 acres in the eastern section, seem to be the most favorable units. But, as in the case of the small tradesman who manages to hold out against the department store and the chain store, the small farmer of the West has apparently shown that his day is not over.

HOW WAGE-REDUCTION HITS JOHN SMITH, DEBTOR

ONE little point in considering wage-reductions deserves more attention than it has yet received, we read in the Dearborn *Independent.* "That point is that the wage cut does not measure the full loss to the earner who has ventured into debt." In other words, asserts this weekly, founded by that eminent employer and wage payer, Henry Ford, "debt increases more rapidly than pay decreases." The point is illustrated as follows:

> John Smith, encouraged by steady employment at a good wage, invests in a home for which he agrees to pay $10,000. His wage is one dollar an hour. His only source of income being the exchange of his labor for dollars, the investment represents 10,000 hours at the rate just stated.
>
> But a change comes. Amateur economists think that the way to help business is to reduce wages. John Smith, therefore, is notified of a 10 per cent. cut; his wage henceforth will be 90 cents an hour.
>
> Having agreed to pay 10,000 hours of his work for the home, on the basis of one dollar an hour, John Smith is now confronted with the necessity of paying more hours because he has fewer dollars for his hours.
>
> His original debt representing 10,000 hours is thus increased to 11,111.11 hours, or more than 11 per cent.
>
> If the wage cut is 25 per cent, John Smith must pay 13,333.33 hours of work, a debt increase of 33⅓ per cent.
>
> At "normalcy," or the price-level of pre-war times, Smith, if fortunate, must exchange his labor for 50 cents per hour, a cut of 50 per cent. But then the increase in his debt is 100 or double his contract conditions, for at 50 cents an hour it will require 20,000 hours instead of 10,000 to pay for the home.
>
> This view of wage-reduction, as a human effect, is worth bearing in mind.

If shaving leaves your skin inflamed

INGRAM'S Therapeutic Shaving Cream is made particularly for you. It is more than a rapid beard softener—it prevents all after-shaving irritation and heals troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin smooth, cool, invigorated and refreshed.

Thousands of men have told us that it makes shaving a pleasure—no longer a job to be dreaded.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c. for the blue jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send two cent stamp for sample.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
1877 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Canada

Made particularly for tender skins

Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream

Spring Weather All Winter Long

Come to Daytona Beach where winter is softened into a northern spring. Enjoy the world's finest beach. Boating and fishing on the Halifax and Tomoka Rivers. Golf, tennis, lawn bowling, roque, and all kinds of outdoor recreation. Best accommodations. For booklet address, Daytona Beach Chamber of Commerce, 204 Chamber of Commerce Building, Daytona, Florida.

DAYTONA BEACH
·FLORIDA·

WHAT EVERY PEACE OFFICER SHOULD KNOW

The rigid instruction a man has to receive before he can be appointed on New York State's splendid police force is minutely—and impressively—told in a new book—just from the press—titled—

THE POLICEMAN'S ART

As taught in the New York State School for Police by George F. Chandler, Superintendent New York State Police.

It describes not only how criminals are tracked and crimes are unraveled, but as to matters affecting public health and morals. What to do in accidents or deaths. Dying confessions. Making arrests. How private persons can make arrests. Differences in warrants and when some cannot be served. What constitutes evidence? Court proceedings. Rights of prisoners. Finger printing. Extradition. Traffic and parking. The four classes of society. *It's all so absorbingly interesting!* And it concludes with a detailed explanation of felonies and misdemeanors by Lieutenant Inspector Albert B. Moore.

Says Lynn G. Adams, Superintendent Pennsylvania State Police: "I have reviewed this book and consider it one of the best that has ever been written on the subject."

12mo, Flexible Cloth, $1.50 net; $1.64, postpaid.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, *Publishers*
354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

November 24.—French reenforcements rescue the French garrison of 250 men in the town of Rasheiya, west of Damascus, and in fighting in the Bika valley 200 Druse tribesmen are killed.

November 25.—Five of the twelve British Communists charged with conspiracy to utter seditious libels and to incite soldiers and sailors to mutiny are sentenced by a London court to twelve-months' imprisonment and seven to six months' imprisonment.

November 26.—Martial law prevails in Mukden, and while Marshal Chang Tso-Lin is believed still to be in command, his chief lieutenant is reported to have fled, and his own power is said to be waning.

November 27.—The German Reichstag votes to ratify the Locarno security treaties and approves the proposal that Germany enter the League of Nations.

Aristide Briand becomes Premier of France for the eighth time, and forms a cabinet with Louis Loucheur as Minister of Finance.

The Turkish Council of Ministers has decided to refuse compulsory arbitration by the League of Nations in the dispute with Great Britain over the Mosul territory, says a dispatch to London.

The United States destroyer *Mack* sails from Manila for Shanghai on account of threatening conditions in China.

November 28.—President von Hindenburg of Germany signs the bill ratifying the Locarno security pact and arbitration treaties and Germany's entry into the League of Nations.

A violent storm and tidal wave sweep Sicily, Calabria and Naples and cause tremendous property damage.

November 30.—The Prussian Ministry of Finance agrees to pay to the Kaiser about $7,150,000 and to return to him 180,000 acres of agricultural land and forests, three palaces in Berlin and other properties in compensation of his claims for hundreds of millions of marks.

December 1.—Representatives of the seven participating nations sign the Locarno security pact and arbitration treaties in the British Foreign Office in London.

Senor Valdes Mandeville, Chilean Minister at Berne, Switzerland, presents a memorandum to Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General of the League of Nations, complaining that General Pershing, head of the Tacna-Arica Boundary Commission, has delayed fixing the plebiscite date and laying down the voting conditions.

DOMESTIC

November 24.—President Coolidge commutes the sentence of Gerald B. Chapman to twenty-five years in the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta, from which he escaped, in order that he may be turned over to Connecticut for execution for murder.

November 25.—Gerald Chapman refuses the commutation from his Federal sentence and receives a reprieve until March 3.

November 27.—Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania invites John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of

Now within the reach of all~
A Cunard Trip to Europe!

A New Transatlantic Service

DIRECT to the CONTINENT–DIRECT to LONDON

FROM NEW YORK *to* CHANNEL PORTS
Plymouth, Cherbourg & London

This new service—sailing regularly every other week till May first and every Saturday thereafter—opens to everyone the most attractive opportunities for trips to Europe at fares which need fear no comparison. The steamers selected are the fast and popular oil-burners Carmania, Caronia, Cameronia, Lancastria, Antonia, Alaunia and Ascania with their special feature of having only one class for cabin passengers. These ships in accommodations, equipment and service afford the maximum of comfort

at a low Rate
It is Cunard - Yet Costs No More!

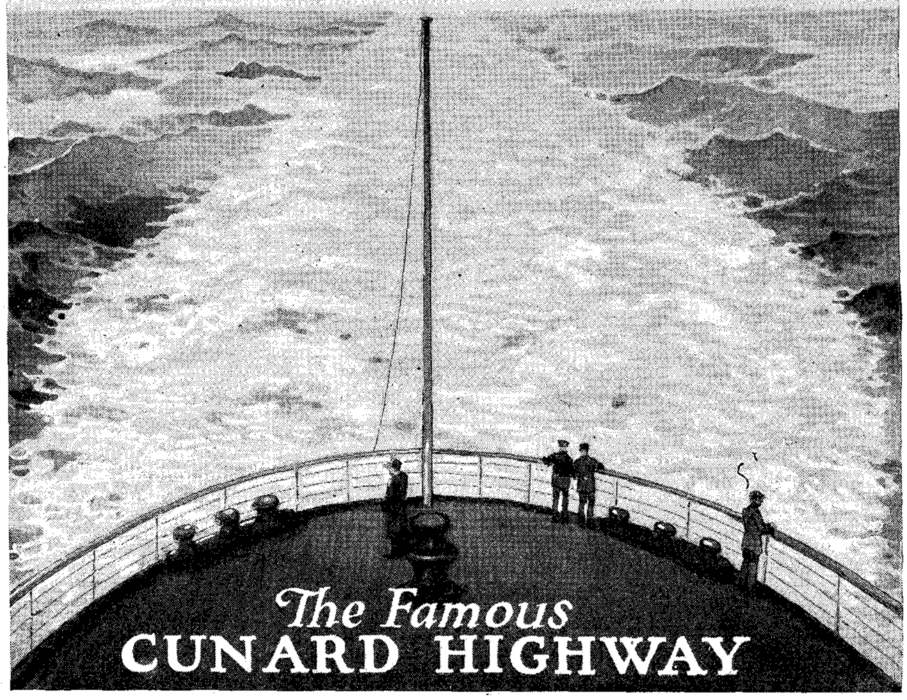
Throughout its history the Cunard Company has been foremost in meeting the ever varying requirements of the many types of transatlantic travelers. This new service, true to that tradition, will uphold the standard of excellence for which Cunard is known the world over.

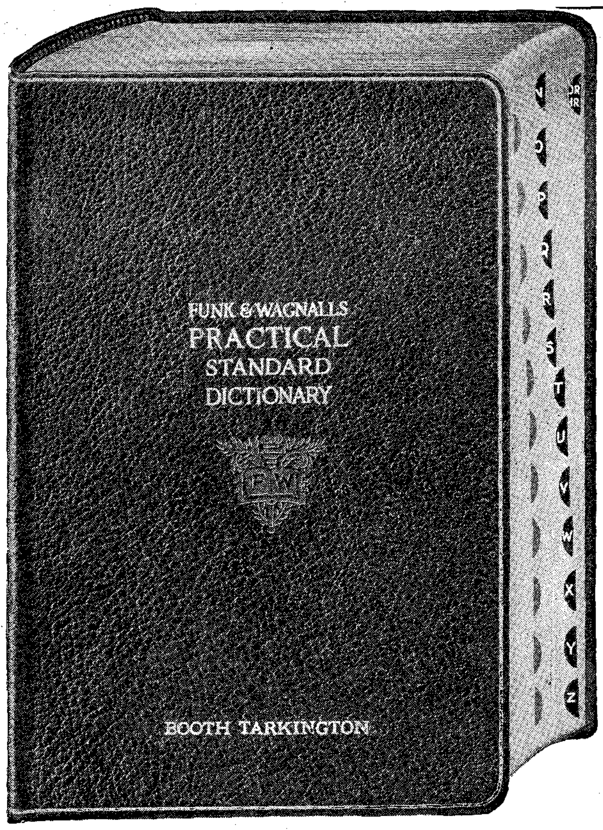
Unvarying in their excellence the World's Fastest Ocean Service to Cherbourg and Southampton and our other services to Queenstown-Liverpool; Londonderry-Glasgow, etc.—will continue to offer to the traveling public the utmost in de Luxe ocean travel.

FARES—Cabin		*One Way*	$145 *up*
		Round Trip	$290 *up*
Vacation Specials	Tourist Third Cabin	*One Way*	$ 85 *up*
		Round Trip	$155 *up*

CUNARD *and* ANCHOR *Lines*

25 Broadway, New York or Branches and Agencies





The Ideal Christmas Gift!

Defines 140,000 Terms Embracing All the Newest; Includes 2,500 Illustrations; Contains 1,325 Pages, Making It the Largest and Most Up-to-Date Abridged Dictionary in Existence. 12,000 Lines of Synonymic Treatments. 6,000 Antonyms. 1,900 Foreign Phrases. Vocabulary Arranged in One Alphabetical Order. Most Common Meaning Given First.

The Superb Full Flexible Leather Binding

with lettering in gold; gold-edged Bible paper; thumb-notch index. Size 9⅞ inches high; 7 inches wide; 1⅝ inches thick.

Your Name or Any Other Stamped on Cover Without Extra Charge

***"A marvel of condensation, range, and up-to-dateness"*—**
Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Chancellor, New York University.

Some Exclusive Features

1. Its vocabulary is arranged in one alphabetical order throughout.
2. It gives first the meanings of the words as they are used to-day—the most common meaning first.
3. Specializing in living words, its vocabulary is the most practical for educational and home use of any dictionary published.
4. It embraces all the reputable words used in the English Classics by the Fathers of English Literature.
5. Abridged from the joint labors of nearly 400 experts, brought down to date by eminent authorities from leading American Universities, the PRACTICAL STANDARD DICTIONARY reflects the learning of more than 100 national and international institutions—educational, industrial, political, scientific, etc.—and is therefore, THE MOST AUTHORITATIVE DICTIONARY EVER PUBLISHED.
6. It is the only dictionary of which the Pronunciations are based on the decisions of an International Committee of Twenty-five Experts in English speech from the leading educational institutions of the English-speaking world.
7. It defines all words by definitive statement, giving the meanings of terms in simple words instead of by abstruse and often ill-defined synonyms.
8. It makes a point of systematically correcting errors in speech and writing.
9. It is the only dictionary that follows a simple system for the compounding of words, and is the only one that is a safe guide to follow in the division of words in printing and writing.
10. It gives 15,000 Proper Names, personal, mythological, geographical, etc.
11. In the department of Synonyms it devotes 12,000 lines to 6,000 synonymic treatments. It presents 6,000 Antonyms and indicates the correct use of Prepositions.
12. Contains 2,500 illustrations—masterpieces of pictorial definition and of art. Also a collection of 1,900 Foreign Phrases used in English literature and drawn from French, German, Greek, Italian, Latin, Spanish, etc.

MAKES A WONDERFUL GIFT

THE FUNK & WAGNALLS

PRACTICAL STANDARD DICTIONARY

The Greatest Dictionary Value Ever Offered

An unequaled achievement in abridged dictionary making—a truly marvelous book of information and knowledge, the largest and latest abridgment of the colossal Funk & Wagnalls Unabridged New Standard Dictionary, which cost over $1,500,000.00 to produce!

The Funk & Wagnalls Practical Standard Dictionary will prove the most satisfactory, the most up-to-date, the most useful, the most valuable, the most economical, and the most authoritative abridged dictionary you can find.

New From Cover to Cover

The Funk & Wagnalls Practical Standard Dictionary defines the very newest words and phrases in our language, such as *audiometer, Dail Eireann, milline, radio-broadcasting, radiophone, synura, vactuphone, variocoupler, vitamin,* etc. It brings to you the very newest meanings of old terms, and brings you down-to-the-minute information on all the changes taking place in our language.

Contains 2,500 Illustrations

And these illustrations really illustrate—they mean something. Prepared by skilled artists, accurate to the finest detail, and passed upon by experts in various sciences and arts, they bear the stamp of authority.

Every One Will Appreciate It As a Gift

In schools, in business offices, in homes—for physicians, teachers, lawyers, writers—for public speakers, students, men of affairs—for club women, business women, society women, and "old-fashioned" (?) women directing home affairs—for parents who are training their children in that priceless accomplishment, the correct use of our language—for all who speak, read, or write English, or who desire to do so, this volume will prove a never-failing guide of sterling worth.

Highly Endorsed

Ernest F. Amy, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of English, Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio: "I find myself referring to it constantly instead of to the unabridged."

P. E. Campbell, A.B., LL.D., President University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon: "More nearly meets the needs of the average person than any dictionary I have seen before."

E. A. Alderman, Ph.D., LL.D., D.C.L., President University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.: "In its scholarship, convenience, and usefulness, it is one of the best dictionaries now existing."

The Greatest Dictionary Value Ever Offered

Think of it! This matchless dictionary—the newest and the largest abridged dictionary published—for a total of only $7.76 (carriage prepaid) bound in full flexible leather, printed on Bible paper from new, clear type, with thumb-notch index!

Full Flexible Leather, Gold-edge Paper,
Boxed, $7.50; Post-paid, $7.76

Name stamped in gold without extra charge

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I enclose $7.50, plus 26 cents for carriage charges ($7.76 in all), for which please send me THE NEW PRACTICAL STANDARD DICTIONARY, bound in full flexible leather, with name stamped in gold on cover.

DIG. 12-12-25

Name..

Address..

City..........................State..................

Print plainly on line below, name to be stamped on cover

....

CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

America, and Maj. W. W. Inglis, chairman of the Operators Committee, to a conference designed to settle the anthracite strike.

November 28.—In the absence of the mine owners, who had refused to attend, Governor Pinchot proposes to the representatives of the miners a five-year agreement, a board of investigation and award, and a requirement that anthracite prices to the consumer shall not be increased, either as a result of the strike or the terms of settlement.

November 29.—John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, accepts, on behalf of the striking miners, Governor Pinchot's proposals as a basis of settlement of the anthracite strike.

In his annual report, Secretary of Commerce Hoover says that "thanks to elimination of waste and other contributing factors, we can as a nation show one of the most astonishing transformations in economic history."

November 30.—The anthracite operators refuse to accept Governor Pinchot's proposals as a basis of negotiations for settlement of the anthracite strike.

Gov. Miriam A. Ferguson of Texas refuses to call a special session of the legislature to investigate her administration.

Five hundred Protestant ministers, meeting under the auspices of the Greater New York Federation of Churches, demand that the United States join the World Court.

December 1.—Secretary of Agriculture William M. Jardine announces that the Government will assist Iowa farmers in disposing of their corn crop through the Federal intermediate credit act, passed by Congress in 1923.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue issues new regulations to govern the handling of sacramental wine, and directs that all existing permits to obtain such wines shall expire December 31.

The Roumanian Debt Commission agrees to fund Roumania's debt of $44,590,000 to the United States by paying a total of approximately $107,000,000 over a period of sixty-two years.

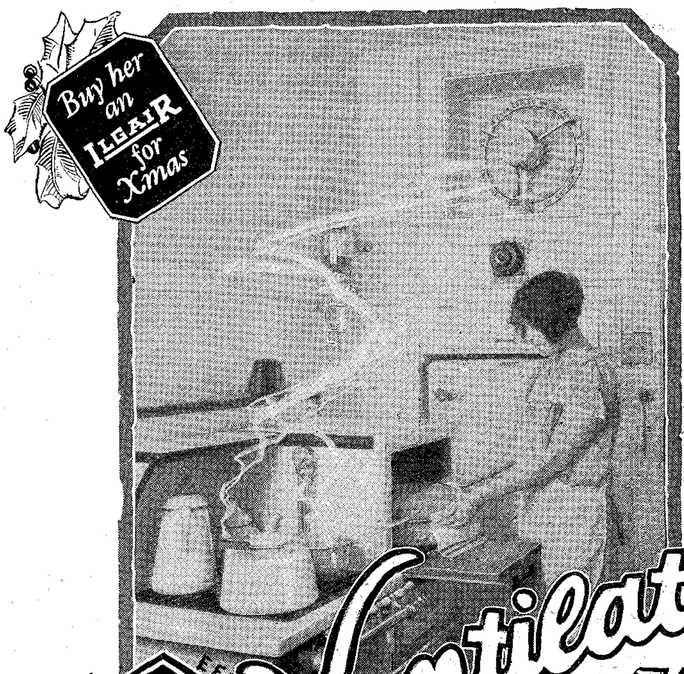
Wind and rainstorms continuing through twenty-four hours on the Florida east coast cause the death of eleven people and property damage amounting to $3,000,000.

Forgetful.—A young woman who had studied in one of the modern universities met a professor who was noted for his absent-mindedness. "Don't you really remember me, professor?" she inquired. "You once asked me to marry you, you know."

"Ah, yes," replied the professor, displaying sudden interest; "and did you?"—*Boston Transcript.*

The Grand Total.—TEACHER (to class)—"Work this sum. Two eggs at 5c. each, a pint of milk at 6c. a pint, and half a pound of sugar at 10c. a pound. What do they make together?"

SMALL GIRL—"Please, miss, a custard."
—*The Progressive Grocer.*


Buy her an ILGAIR for Xmas

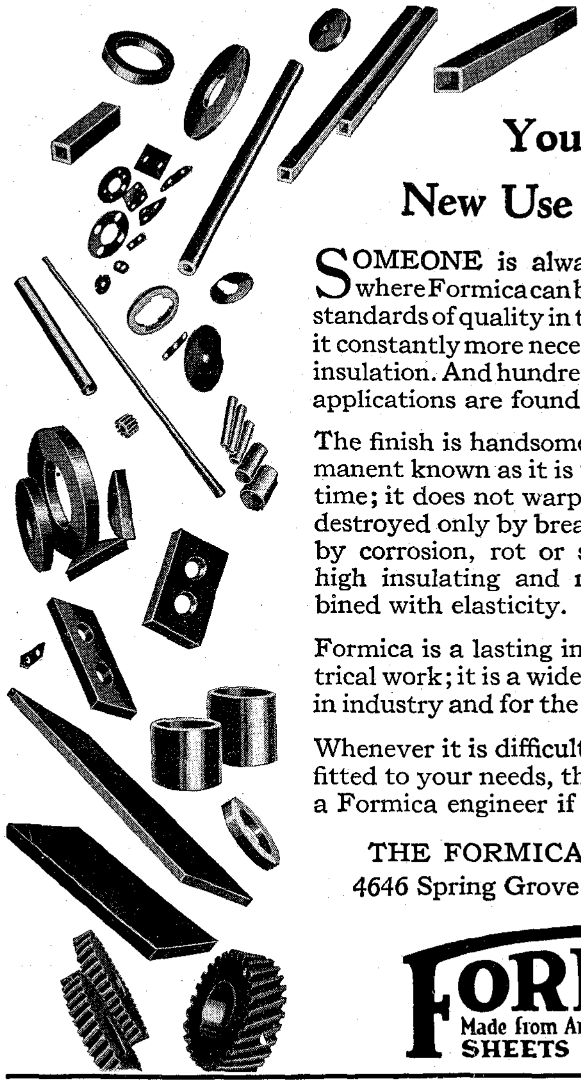
HIGH EFFICIENCY TRADE ILG MARK VENTILATING MACHINERY

FOR OFFICE, STORES, FACTORIES, HOMES, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, RESTAURANTS, THEATRES, GARAGES, ETC.

Ventilation Makes Your Kitchen a Joy spot

AN *ILGAIR* Electric Ventilating Fan placed in your kitchen window, transom or wall opening will remove all fumes, objectionable cooking odors and excessive heat — the change in the atmosphere is delightful. It costs only a few cents a day to operate. See your electrical or hardware dealer for demonstration or write for booklet.

ILG ELECTRIC VENTILATING CO.
2857 No. Crawford Avenue ∴ Chicago, Ill.



You May Have a New Use For Formica!

SOMEONE is always finding another place where Formica can be used to advantage. Rising standards of quality in the electrical industry make it constantly more necessary to use this high-grade insulation. And hundreds of additional mechanical applications are found in diverse industries.

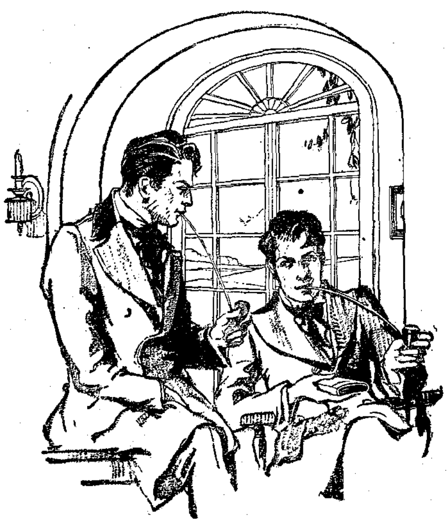
The finish is handsome and one of the most permanent known as it is unaffected by weather and time; it does not warp, swell or shrink; it can be destroyed only by breakage, wear or fire — never by corrosion, rot or slow deterioration. It has high insulating and mechanical strength combined with elasticity.

Formica is a lasting insulator for radio and electrical work; it is a widely used silent gear material in industry and for the timing drive of motor cars.

Whenever it is difficult to find a material exactly fitted to your needs, think of Formica — and ask a Formica engineer if he can help.

THE FORMICA INSULATION CO.
4646 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

FORMICA
Made from Anhydrous Bakelite Resins
SHEETS TUBES RODS



John Bagley built his fame on tobacco smoke

ONE evening, while on the business end of his long clay, John Bagley, Virginia's king of tobacco blenders, stirred an idea.

Why not create a blend that matched in fragrance even the perfumes of nature?

And forthwith he set his genius to work. BUCKINGHAM was the result; a blend so fragrant as to merit but one comparison — the flowering fields of Dixie in June with the wind blowing gently from the southwest.

Like to try this super-fragrant blend BUCKINGHAM? Ask your favorite tobacconist for a tin.

and tonight in your wife's presence —light a pipeful of Buckingham!

If you are unable to obtain Buckingham from your tobacco dealer, just send us his name and 15c—back will come a full-size package.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
New York City

Buckingham
Smoking Tobacco

BUCKINGHAM
BRIGHT CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO

10c in the foil packet
15c in the tin

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Dismembered.—"I Want to be a Lady" (in six parts).—*Table of contents in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Optimism.—The birthday of the umbrella was recently celebrated.

Many happy returns!—*Life.*

Popularity.—"A good chef gets more than a college professor."

"Why shouldn't he? A lot more people take his courses."—*Boston Transcript.*

Some Bird!—
PERSIA'S DICTATOR WAS
AT ONE TIME A PHEASANT
—*Headlines in a New Bedford paper.*

Worth Their Salt.—"Do all the women of your intellectual advancement organization make speeches?" "Oh, no, the more useful ones make tea and sandwiches."—*The Christian Register.*

Credentials.—FOOTBALL COACH (to applicant for place on team)—"What experience have you had?"

APPLICANT—"Well, last summer I was hit by two autos and a truck."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Rest from Resting.—A cessation of governmental inactivities for a brief space at eleven o'clock to-morrow, in observance of Armistice day, was recommended to the country to-day by President Coolidge.—*Hartford Times.*

A Twin Six?—
SEES DEER ROAM
AT NEW CONCORD
Stately Seven Point Buick Protected by
Ohio Laws
—*Headlines in the Zanesville (O.) Times Recorder.*

The Wonders of Radio.—The two minutes' silence at eleven o'clock on the morning of Armistice Day, November 11, is to be broadcast throughout the United Kingdom by the British Broadcasting Company.—*London Dispatch in a Pittsburgh paper.*

The Mailing List Hound.—Geneva was recently swamped with three tons of documents sent from Turkey on the Mosul question. That is nothing at all compared with the result of allowing a Florida real-estate company to get hold of your name and address.—*Judge.*

Too Much Previousness.—Another of Tomahawk's pioneer settlers has gone to his eternal rest, in the person of Charles M. Johnson, who passed away on Thursday November 12, at Sacred Heart Hospital, following an operation performed the following Tuesday.—*Personal in a Wisconsin paper.*

Harsh Measures.—Prosecutor Charles S. Bell and Assistant Prosecutor Louis Schneider, representing the State, asked all the prospective jurors if they would inflict the death penalty "if the evidence warranted it." Those who said they were opposed to capital punishment under any circumstances were executed.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Damaged Deities.—Thirty-five thousand tons of groceries, chiefly canned gods.—*From a fire report in a Florida paper.*

Such Language!—
DISTRICT TO GET
RID OF DAM JUNK
—*Headlines in The Turlock (Cal.) Tribune.*

Black Diamonds.—Polished hard coal is said to make an excellent substitute for jet in the manufacture of rings. The one drawback, of course, is the prohibitive cost.—*Judge.*

Portable Florida Lots.—His savings were in his pockets. A little suitcase filled with clothes and his Florida lots remain as his worldly property.—*From a news item in a Philadelphia paper.*

"Over There."—NEW YORK PATER—"What is there about Europe that's so wonderfully fascinating?"

NEW YORK DAUGHTER—"One meets such nice Americans."—*Montreal Gazette.*

Prohibition Item.—"A deep orange monkey fur is now popular," says a fashion paper. A friend of ours remarks that if he ever saw a deep orange monkey he would stick to soft drinks.—*Boston Transcript.*

Inquiring Autos.—"GENTLEMEN—Enclosing check for Plugs sent on free trial. Have driven my Ford with them over worst mountains in Vermont without changing to low. Other cars would turn and look at me when I went by them."—*From an advertising card.*

A Holocaust.—Thousands of sportsmen from the United States and many from foreign countries have visited the lake every year. A conservative estimate of the number killed on the first day of the open season was 10,000.—*Rhinelander (Wis.) Daily News.*

Don't All Speak at Once.—ATLANTA manufacturing company having a new and proven staple product that can be sold nationally needs $2.00 additional capital. Have a most attractive proposition for any one who will investigate with the view of making this investment. S. U., 72, Journal.—*Ad in Atlanta Journal.*

He Needed Air.—"The City of New York is very proud of Capt. Paul Grening, a splendid type of American sailor," said the Mayor. "I am happy to greet you as a product of our city. You went forth upon the seas. You worked your way up from the bottom."—*New York Herald Tribune, quoted by the Literary Digest and "spotted" by one of our alert readers.*

He Meant It.—Miss Murphy is a teacher in one of the lower grade schools at Northampton, Massachusetts. She was teaching her pupils to repeat in concert the 23d Psalm. She felt that one little boy was not saying it correctly. The next time the class recited the psalm she stood near this boy, and found, when it came to the verse, "Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me," etc., he said, "Surely, good Miss Murphy shall follow me all the days of my life."—*Boston Daily Globe.*